THE CHALLENGE TO WORLD PEACE *by Mahatma Gand*

Liberty

SEPT. 2,
1939

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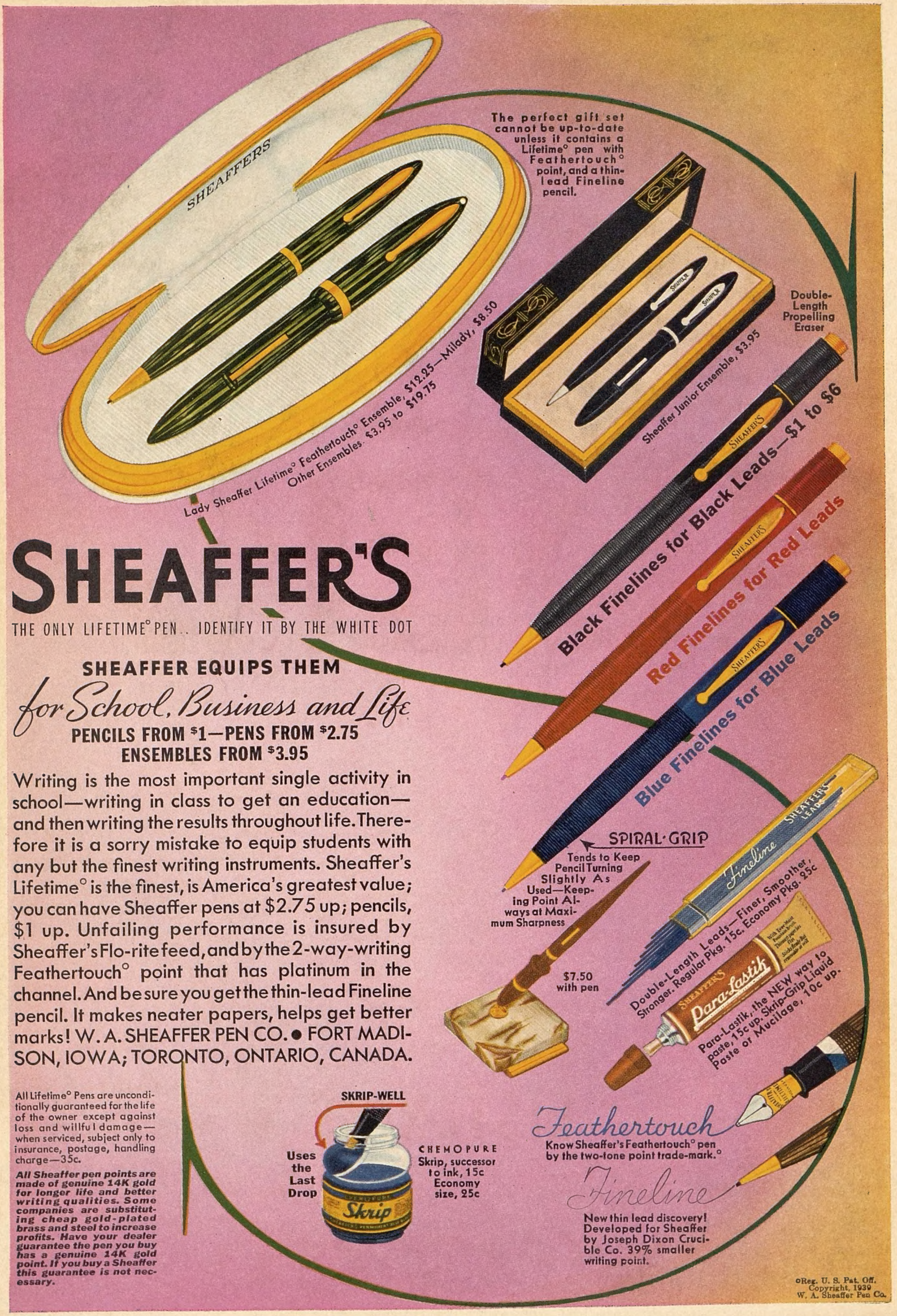
THE MISTAKES OF CASANOVA *by John Erskin*

RACKETEERING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR



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Skrip, successor to ink, 15c
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New thin lead discovery! Developed for Sheaffer by Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. 39% smaller writing point.

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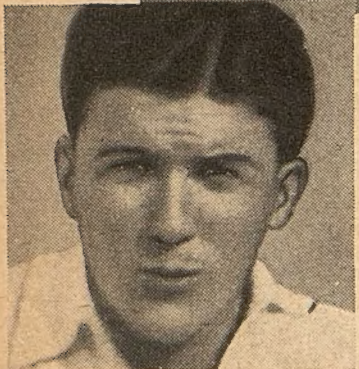
NEW, SCIENTIFIC

DANDRUFF TREATMENT

A NATION-WIDE SUCCESS!

Enthusiastic letters received from all parts of the country describing quick results . . .

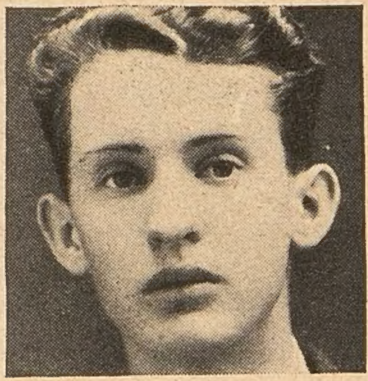


"UNTIL I TRIED LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC I wouldn't have believed there was anything that would really get rid of dandruff."

Mr. Jack Carletto, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"THANKS A MILLION FOR LISTERINE! It is the only dandruff treatment for me from now on."

Mrs. G. A. Marion, Mt. Airy, N. C.



"I BEGAN USING LISTERINE a few weeks ago. Now, with continued daily applications, I am absolutely free from dandruff."

Mr. Elmo Howell, Bexar, Ala.

"ALL I CAN SAY IS, you have underestimated the wonderful effects of Listerine Antiseptic. In a short time m band was relieved of his dandruff and is his cheerf again."

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Easy, delightful home treatment cleaned up symptoms in 3 to 4 weeks in many cases.

If remedy after remedy has failed to give you real relief from ugly, itching dandruff . . . *do not be discouraged.* The most pleasant, stimulating dandruff treatment you have ever tried—Listerine Antiseptic and massage—is now a *proven* success as shown by test after test . . . and countless letters from all parts of the country corroborate its brilliant results.

Kills the Dandruff Germ

Recently, the most intensive dandruff research ever undertaken brought to light a startling fact . . . dandruff is a *germ* affliction. It is caused by the tiny "bottle-acillus," Pityrosporum ovale. *And Lis-rine Antiseptic kills this stubborn germ!*

Time and again, in laboratory and clinic, isterine has shown a positive record of dandruff control. It has killed Pityrosporum ovale in laboratory cultures . . . it has banished dandruff symptoms in clinical tests on human beings.

In one typical test, 76% of a group at a New Jersey clinic who were told to use the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice daily showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a single month.

Don't Delay

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, don't wait until it assumes serious proportions. Start today with Listerine Antiseptic . . . the same Listerine you keep on hand as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle. Feel the invigorating tingle as you massage . . . as Listerine Antiseptic strikes at the seat of the trouble, *the germ* And even after dandruff may be gon enjoy an occasional treatment to gua against possible infection.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, M*

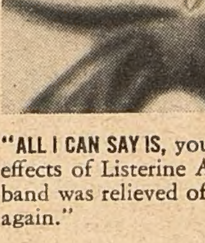
THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

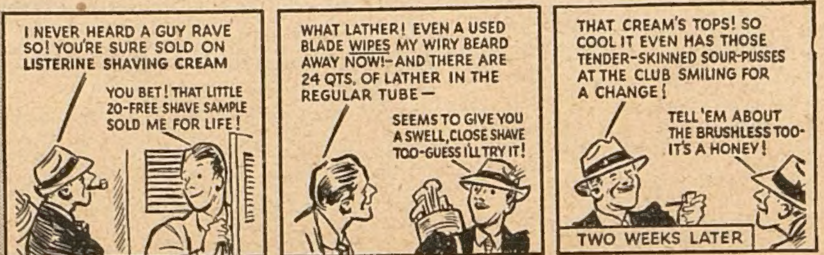
LISTERINE



LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

The safe Antiseptic

HERE'S WHY
WE CAN AFFORD TO OFFER YOU
20 FREE SHAVES



I NEVER HEARD A GUY RAVE SO! YOU'RE SURE SOLD ON LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
YOU BET! THAT LITTLE 20-FREE SHAVE SAMPLE SOLD ME FOR LIFE!
WHAT LATHER! EVEN A USED BLADE WIPES MY WIRY BEARD AWAY NOW!—AND THERE ARE 24 QTS. OF LATHER IN THE REGULAR TUBE—
SEEMS TO GIVE YOU A SWELL, CLOSE SHAVE TOO—GUESS I'LL TRY IT!
THAT CREAM'S TOPS! SO COOL IT EVEN HAS THOSE TENDER-SKINNED SOUR-PUSSES AT THE CLUB SMILING FOR A CHANGE!
TELL 'EM ABOUT THE BRUSHLESS TOO—IT'S A HONEY!
TWO WEEKS LATER

CLIP THIS COUPON

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 95, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Address____________________

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SEPTEMBER 2, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 35

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

AFTER FORTY YEARS—MEDICAL SCIENCE DISCOVERS DIET

BERNARR MACFADDEN

More than half a century has elapsed since I personally discovered the importance of diet in acquiring and maintaining normal health. I was but little more than an emaciated weakling at that time. I had tried the various medicines that were prescribed without avail, and the first diet that agreed with me at that time was the same (crackers and milk) as that discovered by John D. Rockefeller, Senior's physicians several years later.

I will admit this diet has many defects, but it was good beginning in comparison with the complicated assortment of emasculated foods that were considered essential at that time. And, after haunting libraries for years, knowledge was acquired enabled me to become a champion athlete, and achievement opened up a dramatic career me which awakened ambitions and aroused usiasms which have filled my life with in-nsely interesting activities.

The failure of the medical world to officially cognize the importance of dietetic measures has ndoubtedly sent millions of people to a premature eath. Literally thousands of cases have passed rough my hands directly or indirectly, during the eriods of my personal activity in the healing world, which the value of dietetic measures has been roven beyond all possible doubt.

Although there are many progressive doctors who have learned and are now using dietetic measures, a general acknowledgment throughout the medical profession has been lacking.

It is indeed a source of unlimited satisfaction to see that at last we now have an official acknowledgment, in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that diet can cause disease and that it can cure disease.

Dr. Victor G. Heiser, former associate director, Internationl Health Division, Rockefeller Foundation, made some startling statements in this address. They have been published in various newspapers throughout the country, but they could bear many repetitions. They ought to be written on the blackboard of every school in these United States.

He told of various experiments on rats with a diet used by natives of southern India, and numerous different diseases were caused similar to those from which this group suffered.

Another experiment was carried on in which thousands of rats were used during a period which would be equivalent to seventy years in the human world, and all these rats were free from disease. In this experiment the same diet was used which in northern India produces a stalwart, virtually disease-free, handsome, healthy people.

This diet, Dr. Heiser says, consists of whole-wheat flour, unleavened bread lightly smeared with fresh butter, sprouted legumes, fresh raw carrots and cabbage ad libitum, unboiled whole milk, a small ration of raw meat and bones once a week, and an abundance of water.

Compare the above diet with what might be called the American system, with all its variations—white bread, white-flour cakes, hot biscuits, pastries, vegetables with the flavor and vitamins poured away in the water in which they were boiled—and we have a clear explanation for the innumerable diseases from which we are suffering in this country.

At last medical science has acknowledged the truth of the dietetic principles that I have been teaching as a propagandist for more than fifty years, and which I have been advocating in books and magazines and lectures for more than forty years.

The true value of buoyant, vigorous health is rarely recognized until it disappears, and then it becomes priceless in value . . . a treasure for which you often give everything you possess. It is only a vital, vigorous, healthy people that can maintain the prestige and power of a nation.

I am hoping that the dream that has intrigued me for more than half a century . . . an American nation of powerful men and magnificent women . . . will some day come true.

Bernarr Macfadden

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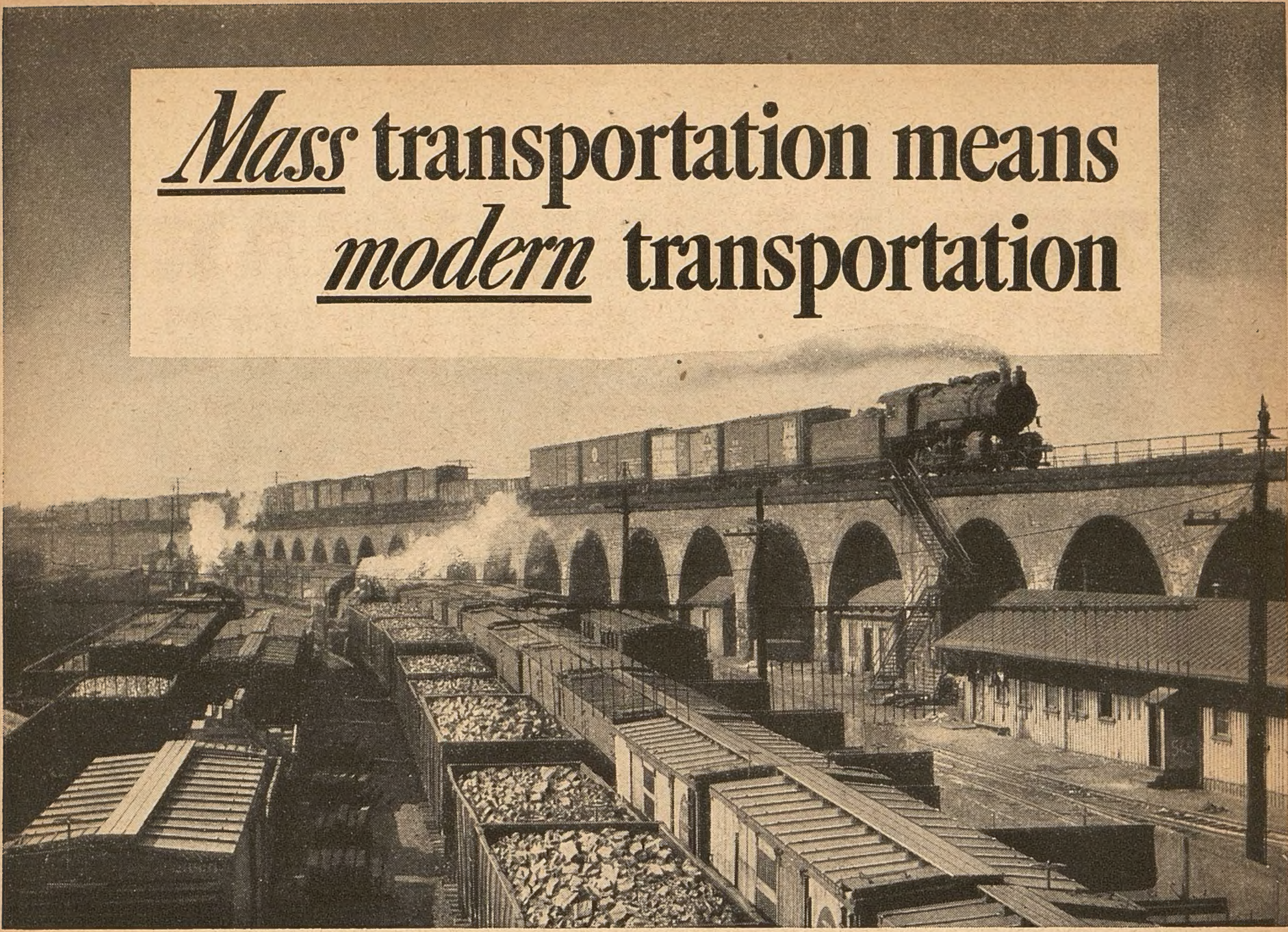
Mass transportation means *modern* transportation



YOU'VE heard a lot about the modern wonders of *mass production* – how it brings down the cost of things you buy—how it makes possible most of the modern comforts we enjoy.

But did you ever stop to think that modern mass production would be impossible if there were no *mass transportation* to carry the raw materials to the factories and carry the products forth to every corner of the land?

The only nation-wide mass transportation in America is the railroads, with their 240,000 miles of super-highways built and maintained by private enterprise, which link the nation together with bands of steel.

Over these super-highways travel some 1,760,000 freight cars – rolling up an average total of 13,000 miles per car each year.

These cars, linked together in trains and pulled by a single power plant, do a mass transportation job which no other common carrier could begin to handle.

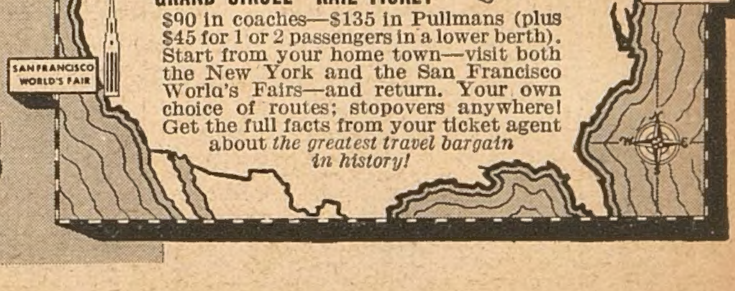
The railroads do this job for an average charge of about one cent for hauling one ton of freight a mile—a shipping cost far less than the average charge made by any other carrier providing general transportation service.

Isn't that what you'd call *modern* transportation—transportation able to carry all the products that modern factories can produce and modern farms can raise, and do it so smoothly that most people never give it a thought?

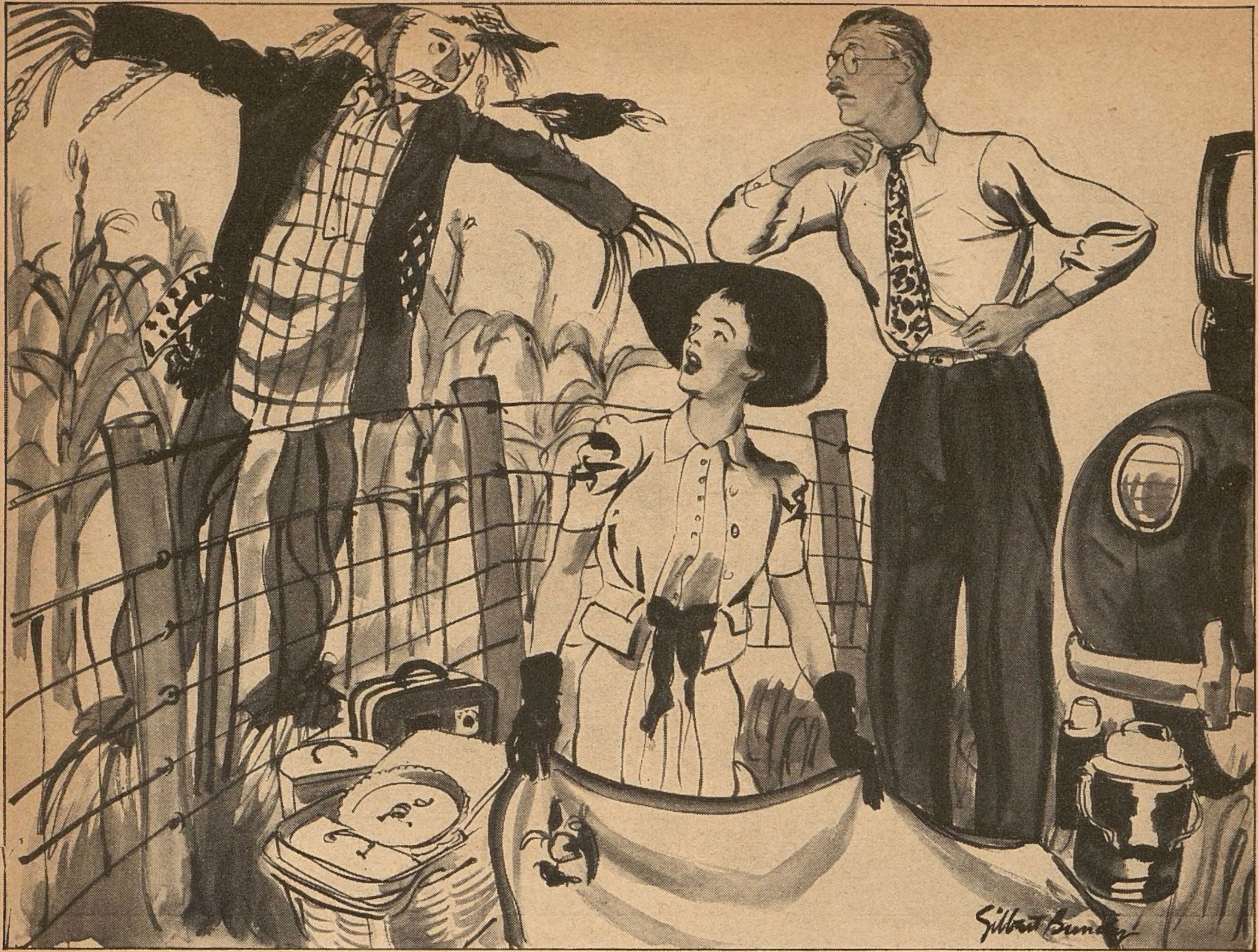
When you look at the record of the railroads and the job they are doing, you can see why government should give all "forms of transportation" equal treatment and an equal opportunity to earn a living.

A FAIR FIELD—
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR— IN TRANSPORTATION

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



SEE AMERICA
from coast to coast and
border to border, on one
"GRAND CIRCLE" RAIL TICKET –
$90 in coaches—$135 in Pullmans (plus $45 for 1 or 2 passengers in a lower berth). Start from your home town—visit both the New York and the San Francisco World's Fairs—and return. Your own choice of routes; stopovers anywhere! Get the full facts from your ticket agent about *the greatest travel bargain in history!*



"Unfair to scarecrows . . . that's what it is!"

LADY: *Who said that?*

SCARECROW: I did. I'm going to strike. Look at your husband over there. He's scaring away more crows than I am.

LADY: *He scares me. I don't know about the crows.*

SCARECROW: Why don't you get the guy some decent-fitting shirts? Look at his arms—dangling a mile out of those sleeves. Look at his collar—tighter'n a hangman's noose. Lady, you oughta be ashamed!

LADY: *Really I do my best! I buy him shirts that say "pre-shrunk" but you just can't depend on them.*

SCARECROW: Of course not. Any fool knows that. But have you ever insisted on the label *Sanforized-Shrunk?*

MAN: *Sanforized-Shrunk? What's that?*

SCARECROW: Sanforizing, my dear innocents, is the process that's *patented* and *controlled.* In fact, it's terrific. The most any Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is a paltry little 1%, by Government Standard Test. That means that no garment labeled Sanforized-Shrunk can ever shrink out of fit.

MAN: *Wow!*

LADY: *How much do they cost?*

SCARECROW: Not a red cent extra. You can get Sanforized-Shrunk shirts and pajamas and shorts all over town now, at popular prices. Why, most of the shirts in the stores are Sanforized-Shrunk this year.

LADY: *Here's where I go downtown and buy George a raft of new Sanforized stuff, from the skin out. And that shrunk shirt goes into the ash can!*

SCARECROW: Hey, what about giving it to me? With my face and his clothes, I'll bet I can scare those danged old crows *white!*

Here's something else to "crow" about—

Many things now have this shrinkage protection. Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

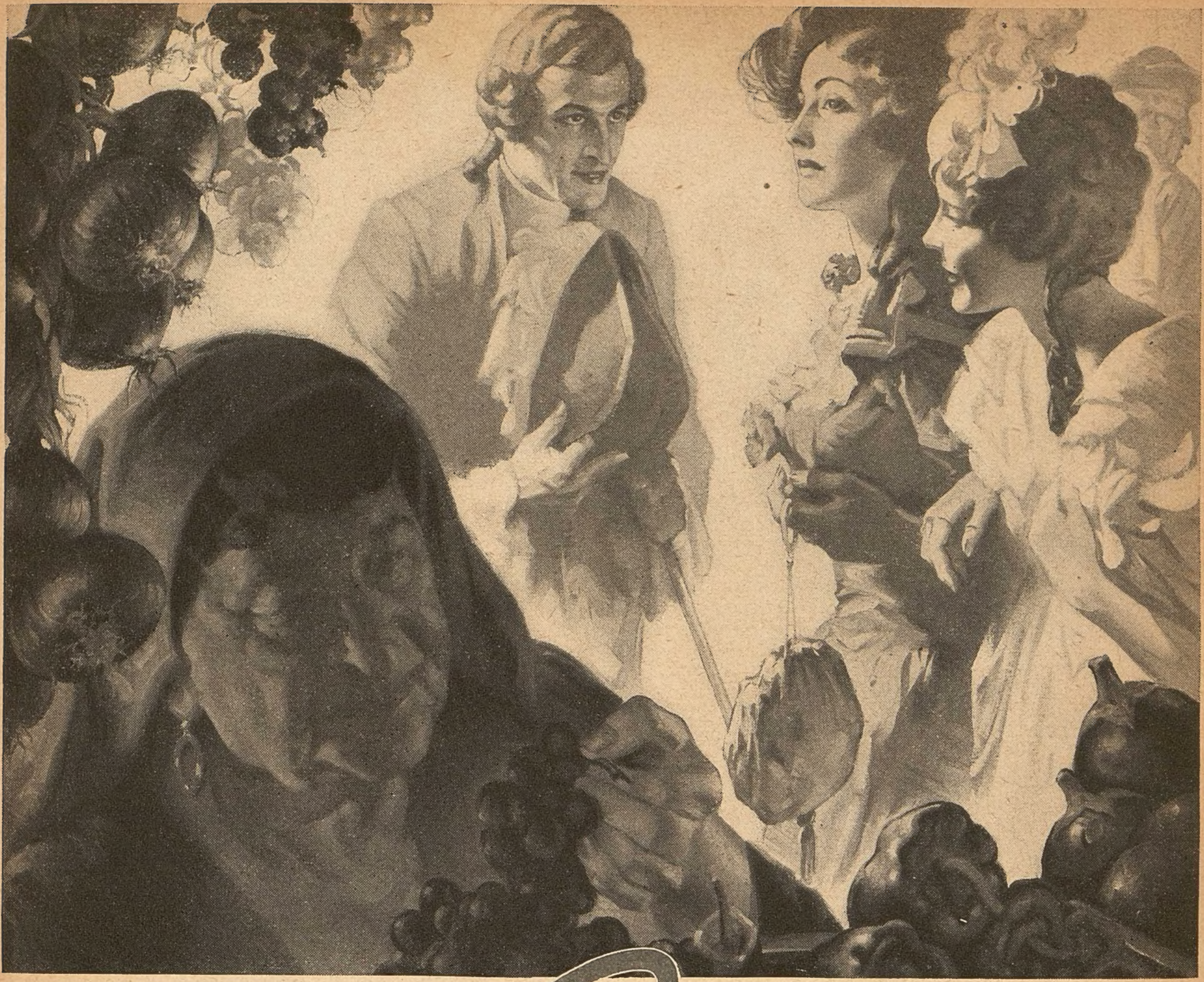
Work Clothes, Overalls

New Flannelettes

Wash Uniforms

Trousers, Slacks

To be sure of permanent fit . . . look for the words . . . Sanforized-Shrunk



He stepped aside and swept his hat low, by way of asking pardon. She cut him dead.

THE MISTAKES OF Casanova

A new novel, brief and enticing, of the Great Lover's adventure with a woman suspiciously eager to be wooed

BY JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF A PROUD LADY

HE met her, as you might say, by accident, in the late afternoon, as he was returning from a quiet but profitable game at the house of Signor Torriano the advocate. He was in a good humor. They passed each other on the street, and naturally Casanova wondered why a fine lady should be walking. Her dress was black, suggesting widowhood, a costume which seemed to him at once becoming and of good omen. She had the whitest of skins, the blackest of eyelashes, the most enticing of lips, even when, as now, they brooded on secret trouble. She couldn't be more than thirty, if indeed she was so aged. Though tall, she walked with a light step, yet with dignity.

He put himself in her path, then stepped aside and swept his hat low, by way of asking pardon—by way also of ascertaining if she really were a fine lady. She was. She cut him dead. He put on his hat again, convinced that luck was with him.

She was not alone, but for the moment he overlooked as superfluous the genial creature who accompanied her, a woman of her own age with encouraging eyes and auburn hair.

At his lodgings in the Corso Vecchio he questioned Riccardo the landlord, and Riccardo answered in a co-operating spirit, since Casanova had paid a month in advance.

" Signore, she is a woman of mystery. For three months she has resided in this quarter, in the Via Barre, the first turn to the right. She calls herself Bonini, Signora Bonini. She appeared in Mantua abruptly, she rented a house larger than a discreet woman has need of, but she receives no guests. On that point there is agreement between my wife Bianca and the butcher."

Casanova laughed. "Your wife! The butcher! In your discourse, Riccardo, you land at wide intervals, like a flea."

"He judges," said the landlord, "by the amount of meat. Signore, she keeps but one servant, an old woman without teeth."

Casanova paused with his foot on the stair. "Have I seen the old woman, by any chance?"

The landlord laid down the mop so he could raise his hands. "God knows what you have seen, signore!"

"On second thought," said Casanova, "I noticed teeth in plenty and her hair was reddish."

Riccardo lifted his eyebrows, dropped his hands to his sides, and picked up the mop as though stirred by an impulse to toil.

"Out with it!" said Casanova.

"Signore," said the landlord, "you have seen what is called the companion or chaperon. Bianca says—"

Casanova started up to his room. "You should discipline your wife, Riccardo. She inclines to gossip."

THE next day at approximately the same hour he met Signora Bonini again. She came walking with the same dignity and grace, and once more he removed his hat, this time not so boldly, rather with a slight personal application, recognizing the fact that they had met before. Instinctively she started to acknowledge the salute, then checked herself midway, courteous but astonished. He thought her adorable.

By her side was the auburn-haired companion or chaperon, ready to be bowed to, but he was concentrating.

At the lodging in the Corso Vecchio the landlord was sweeping his steps, an apron tied around his large waist.

"Does she do her marketing in the afternoon?" said Casanova.

"Signore, to whom do you refer?"

Casanova set his feet in the middle of the spotless steps. "It is very strange, Riccardo. We never meet in one of your intelligent moments."

"Could the signore have been thinking of the Signora Bonini?"

Casanova turned on the top step. "Of the signora and the butcher."

"He hasn't laid eyes on her, signore, no matter what my wife Bianca says. The meat is bought, in small quantities, by the signorina, the red-headed companion. She calls herself Luigia."

"Has she no last name?"

"Not if her parents were like herself, signore."

The man spoke with a warmth that engaged Casanova's attention.

"What has she done to you, Riccardo?"

"Ah, signore, I am married and I fear God. Let her deal with the butcher!"

That evening, as Casanova sat at Signor Torriano's card table with the postmaster and the commissioner of police, Signora Bonini insisted on sharing his attention with the game. He knew that he was in eminently respectable company, to whom his amorous ambitions might not seem in the best taste. For a while he held his tongue, remembering who and what surrounded him.

Signor Torriano, though young, gave the illusion of maturity, since he was thin and his complexion precociously sallow. He affected the Spartan in parlor furnishings, partly because his legal practice was not large and partly because his zest for gaming was. But there was at least the table where the four men sat, and a chair, of course, for each. By the table stood a lamp, between Casanova and his host, and behind the signore hung the one picture in the room, the portrait of his mother before she met his father. Under the portrait was a businesslike desk, the quill sticking out of the ink bottle.

CASANOVA knew better than to launch a romantic theme in a setting so austere, at a moment when the luck ran monotonously in his favor and his companions were out of sorts, but his interest in the lady rose to the boiling point as he dealt the cards afresh, and the others were opening their hands fanlike to see what they had got.

"Anybody here know anything about the Signora Bonini?"

The postmaster, who had two aces, ignored the interruption, but the advocate and the commissioner of police glanced at each other, then put their cards down, face down, and stared at Casanova as though he had suddenly lost his character and they hesitated to associate with him any longer.

"Are you sure you mean Signora Bonini?" said the advocate, who knew how to worry a witness.

"You've answered my question," said Casanova, who knew how to rouse the advocate. "You've laid eyes on her, that's clear."

The advocate permitted himself to smile.

"Your conclusion is not logical, signore; one may achieve a close acquaintance with a woman, yet never discover who she is."

"Admirably put," said Casanova in a tone polite but weary, as though some one else had introduced the subject and he didn't care for it.

"On what occasion," said the commissioner of police, "did *you* lay eyes on the Signora Bonini?"

"It didn't deserve to be called an occasion," said Casanova. "I passed her on the street."

The commissioner was staring at him out of his round face, and when the commissioner fixed his gaze on you the effect was slightly gruesome, since his eyes had no lashes.

"Have you spoken with her?" said the advocate. Now he was staring too, but his eyelashes were intact.

"Tomorrow," said Casanova, "I'm pretty sure to run into her. I'll introduce myself."

"In my opinion," said the advocate, "she is one of those women who should be left strictly alone. Whose play is it? Shall we continue our game?"

The postmaster came out of his trance and laid down a card. Ordinarily he was a cheerful man, with a small nose.

"Was it your turn?" said Casanova, making a mental note that the postmaster possessed an ace.

"I *thought* it was mine," said the postmaster, instinctively putting his hand over the ace to conceal its value.

"It was my turn," said Casanova firmly.

"A thousand pardons!" said the postmaster, withdrawing his contribution.

"If you men have any information," said Casanova, resuming the thread of thought, "you might share it."

"We know nothing," said the advocate.

"The confession is frank," said Casanova, playing a card.

"I made no confession," said the advocate, neglecting to keep his thoughts on the game.

"In that case," said Casanova, "the trick is mine, is it not?"

"There should be no conversation during play," said the advocate. "That error I just made cost me a week's fees."

At the end of the evening Casanova walked home in an uncharitable mood. He was glad the advocate and the commissioner of police owed him more than they could afford; in the luxury of malice he had accepted a note from each. He resented their attitude toward the signora. Here he was, well on the way to being in love with her, and what must they do but imply things, start suspicion, awaken his mind! You can't develop a great passion when your mind is awake.

AFTER a tedious night of unsound sleep, he dressed early and prepared to scold Bianca for not fetching his breakfast promptly. When she appeared, however, he decided not to argue with her. She was somewhat meager and thin-lipped, suggesting power in reserve. With the chocolate and the rolls she brought her mop and dustcloth.

She put the breakfast on a table and opened the window. "Bring your chair over here, signore. I'll push the table."

Together they moved the breakfast where it would be safe from the dusting. Neither wished at that moment to forego the other's company. Waiting till she was in the full tide of effort, he spoke suddenly, watching how her expression might change.

"Who is the Signora Bonini?"

Bianca stopped work promptly and regarded her employer with a wise smile.

"You too, signore?"

"She charms us all," said Casanova. "I see Riccardo is smitten."

Bianca dropped her philosophic calm and blazed out like a wife. "How I have to keep that man under! He was always like that! Fifteen minutes after he led me from the altar a redheaded girl passed, and he became absent-minded."

"Redheaded?" said Casanova. "Her hair is black."

"Oh, it's the signora you like," said Bianca. "You and the butcher. Riccardo is all for her friend, the signorina, God punish her!"

"May I come back to my question?" said Casanova. "Who are these disturbing ladies?"

"If you ask me," said Bianca, "they're two sluts!"

He laughed outright. "They must be very beautiful."

Bianca stuck out her tongue, as though Signora Bonini and her chaperon were present in person.

"Where does the butcher keep his shop?"

"In the Via Bacchio."

"What's the butcher called?" asked Casanova.

"Giacomo, signore. He's a heavy man, and heaven meant him to be good-looking, but he's too satisfied with himself. He thinks the women are standing with their tongues hanging out, hoping he'll give them a thought."

"Giacomo's my own name," said Casanova. "We should meet."

Later in the day he strolled toward the Via Bacchio. Even had he not been infatuated, he would have thought the signora a remarkable person, but apparently she had a gift for provoking antagonisms. Furthermore, the extent of her wealth should be ascertained, at least approximately—not that you couldn't fall in love with the poor, but if you are assuming more responsibility than even normal wedlock involves, you ought to know in advance. How much meat the signora bought was not the question—he scorned to pry into her personal affairs—but he'd like to know whether her bill was paid promptly.

Behind a large oaken block, chipped by the cleaver and stained by raw meat, Giacomo stood with fists on wide hips, in pleasant talk with the redheaded chaperon.

"Thank you, signorina," said the butcher. "A thousand thanks! I'll send it around at once."

CASANOVA stepped closer, not near enough to interrupt, but within earshot, and gazed skyward, toward the upper windows across the street, to show he was in no hurry.

"You are Signor Casanova, are you not?"

The auburn-haired lady was standing at his elbow.

"Your servant, signorina."

She radiated joy. "I knew it! I recognized you at the first glance. How I have prayed for this moment! To think that I have met you at last!"

Giacomo's jaw dropped, and for once Casanova was startled.

"Signorina, have you mistaken me for some one else?"

"Is there any one else?" said she.

"I thought there might be," said he, resuming command of himself.

"How many times," said the auburn-haired—"how many times have I thought if only I could cross his path, get in his way, fall at his feet so that he would stumble, so that even against his will he might look at me!"

"Signorina, no measures so desperate are needed."

She gazed at him as though to memorize the features of her ideal man, the large eyes, the large nose, the arching brows, the spacious warm mouth that seemed about to smile. She herself had good looks, but nothing that he would take pains to remember.

"I shall tell the signora," said she, "I have had my wish!"

"Are you walking home?" He had visions of the signora at the other end. "If you are, let me walk by your side. The streets are dangerous at this hour."

JOHN ERSKINE

musician, poet, essayist, and author of many novels and short stories, was until 1937 a professor at Columbia University. Durthe World War he was chairman of the Army Education Commission of the A.E.F. and later served as educational director of the A. E. F. University at Beaune, France.

She looked startled. "Dangerous? The signora did not warn me." She began to smile a little skeptically. "There are no robbers in broad daylight, are there?"

"Danger is of many kinds," said Casanova gravely. "If you would allow me to escort you to your door—"

"Signore, I beg for the privilege!"

They moved off together under the disapproving eyes of Giacomo the butcher.

"It's a funny thing," said the Signorina Luigia, "but I was warned against you. Haven't you noticed when you're warned against people you're sure to meet them?"

Casanova didn't like forward women.

"Who warned you?"

"The signora. The moment we saw you that first day. If I were wise, she said, I'd avoid you like the plague."

The signora was evidently a strong character who would at first be antagonistic. Another excellent omen.

"She is right. I should be avoided like the plague. That is," he added tenderly, "*some* women should avoid me."

Luigia laughed. "I like unconventional folk, but anything out of rule shocks her. That's why she's taking life so hard."

Casanova raised his eyebrows. "Takes it hard, does she?"

"Very."

He disliked the redheaded girl exceedingly. She had a pleasant voice and an essentially kind face, but she lacked reserve. If she hadn't yet told all, she soon would. Without reserve, a woman has no resistance, and without resistance, no charm.

"Where does the signora live?" said Casanova.

"Yonder—the third house."

"Then, signorina, I leave you in safety."

"Oh, but you're coming in, aren't you? You must! We'll give the signora such a shock."

It was distasteful to owe to Luigia's impudence his first meeting with the dignified well-bred Signora Bonini, but, on the other hand, how else could he meet her? Besides, a glimpse of the house on the inside might explain why she tolerated Luigia, who clearly was as bad as the landlord's wife had indicated.

But Luigia's character and her possible way of life had left no compromising imprint on the signora's parlor. The furniture and the decorations were simple, yet of a rich quality. His feet sank into the carpets, and the curtains at windows and doors made voices sound intimate and soft.

"I'll bring her in," said Luigia cheerfully. "She'll never imagine that we met at the butcher's."

"Will she not?" said a clear voice.

The Signora Bonini came through the curtains of the doorway. Casanova wheeled around and bowed low. When he straightened up, he met her gaze, which was ladylike but keen. Without her hat, in a dark blue house gown, she was even more beautiful than he had thought. He received at once a distinct impression that his presence was not welcome, and he was glad his judgment of her character was correct.

SIGNORA," he began, "I have had the honor of escorting—"

"You don't need to tell me," said she, moving a step or two into the room. "Since when does Signorina Luigia need your protection? I shall be grateful if you will kindly spare her your society."

"But I don't wish to be spared!" said Luigia. "I know he's dangerous, if that's what you imply. Why are we all standing? Do sit down, signore. I fear I've tired you out."

She took one end of the divan, but he remained where he was, facing the beautiful woman in the dark blue dress. From her eyes he could extract not the slightest encouragement.

"If the signora will now permit me to take my leave—"

Signora Bonini inclined her beautiful head. "My thanks for your care of my niece."

"Niece?" He straightened up. How old was the signora?

"She's my aunt," said Luigia cheerfully. "You wouldn't think so, would you? She always sends for me when she needs help."

The signora was losing her patience. "I bid you good morning, Signor Casanova."

For an instant he paused. Were they playing some game at his expense? Four sharp eyes were waiting for his next move, perhaps to see if he could meet a challenge.

"Signora, it was not by accident

that I met your niece. I knew she marketed for the household, and when I visited the butcher, I expected to find her there. My intention, from my first sight of you, was to insinuate myself into your acquaintance by whatever means, reputable or otherwise. Since good fortune has come my way, why should I turn my back on it?"

The signora may have been annoyed but she merely lifted her hands in a little gesture of resignation and sank into the nearest chair.

"I appeal to you," she said, "as to a gentleman."

Casanova pulled up another chair for himself. "Forgive me for doubting your word, signora. Your opinion of me is not so high."

"It isn't, really," said she.

"I noticed at once your intelligence," said he. "No, signora, my character is very much as you suppose. Even when my emotions are untouched, my conduct is usually no credit to my ancestors, and my ancestors were no models. When my heart is engaged, as at present, I take what I can."

"This is adorable!" said Luigia. "He's as good as his reputation!"

"Were we alone," said he, "I could express myself in terms which would more completely reveal my feelings."

"You needn't hint," said Luigia. "I shan't leave the room!"

AS he talked, he tried to fathom the queer company he had got into. Luigia, though she had thrown herself at his head, was apparently delighted to hear him pay court to her aunt, and the signora, though she had asked him to leave the house, was hanging on his words.

"I confess the truth about myself," said he, "for no better reason, signora, than that I believe another course would be idle. One should risk no falsehood unless it is sure to succeed. From what source you have gathered reports of me, I don't know, but I fear you are correctly informed."

The signora was even more charming when she smiled.

"She knows only what I've heard," said Luigia, "and I dare say I've missed a lot."

He was getting used to the girl's interruptions, as you learn to endure a spoiled child.

"Signora, have you any further questions to ask?"

"I asked none," said she. "I requested you to leave."

"My intention," said he, "is to gain your confidence. I hope for the privilege of waiting upon you again. I believe we are destined for each other."

The signora laughed. "This is the most absurd talk I ever heard. What am I supposed to say?"

"My present purpose, signora, is to meet your prejudice with frankness. So long as you believe I masquerade, play a double part, you will never accept the little I can offer."

"And what can you offer, signore?"

"My devoted service, signora."

She was interested. "How could *you* serve me?"

"However you desire."

She studied him with a new thoughtfulness.

"But even here," he added, "I must not deceive you. Though I live comfortably enough, I possess no great prosperity."

"She knows," said Luigia. "I told her you're a gambler."

The signora shook her head as though denying a request. "You have a name for scandalous conduct. You assure me that the worst said about you is only too true. There may be some women who are attracted to a man by outrageous behavior—"

"I am that kind," said Luigia.

"Well, I am not," said the signora.

Though her eyes were on him, she made no further attempt to show him the door. She was willing, apparently, that he should talk on, if he had more to say.

"No one seems eager to hear *my* opinion," began Luigia. "I think you two are unsuited to each other. My aunt is not at all like me, Signor Casanova, and I foresee difficulties. Why don't you set your affections where they would be welcome?"

She finished with a laugh, and he turned his head to look at her. Really, for boldness she matched him. It annoyed him to think that her audacity was beginning to sound sincere.

"Signore," said the Signora Bonini, "are you busy gambling at present?"

"Since I arrived in Mantua I have played almost daily."

"With success?"

"With success, signora."

"Then," said she, "you must have found some of my fellow citizens with more money than skill."

"Did you say fellow citizens, signora? I understood that, like myself, you had arrived in Mantua but recently."

SHE met his eyes calmly. "This is my adopted home, signore. I intend to stay here. Do you?"

"Signora, I leave my residence to fate."

Luigia laughed.

"In other words," said the signora, "you will stay as long as your disreputable friends have money to lose. What after that?"

"They're not so disreputable," said he. "One of them is the advocate Torriano, one is the postmaster, one is the commissioner of police."

A dreamy look crossed the signora's face. He would have explored its meaning if Luigia had not distracted him.

"The advocate would be rich, of course—they always are," remarked Luigia, "and I suppose a commissioner of police picks up something now and then, but I shouldn't have thought the postmaster could afford to play with you, Signor Casanova. Does he pay up when he loses?"

"If they weren't honorable," he said, "I wouldn't play with them."

"It wouldn't be worth your while," said Luigia. "But I *am* surprised at the postmaster."

The signora came out of her reverie. "Is there anything more to say?" she asked.

"Really there's nothing more," said he. "Not at present."

"Not at *present!*" The signora echoed his words derisively. "Then perhaps you will accept a glass of wine before you go? Luigia, bring the old sherry."

"But it's in the cellar, isn't it?" said the girl.

"In the cellar," replied the signora calmly. "It will be a pleasure for you to wait upon Signor Casanova."

"Pray don't trouble," said he, rising.

"No trouble at all," said the signora. "Luigia wishes you to taste our sherry. It's of the rarest."

HE remained standing until the niece had left the room and the sound of her light footsteps ceased. The signora rose quickly, her face suddenly alert.

"We must talk alone, Signor Casanova!"

He tried to conceal his astonishment. "That was my wish, signora."

"It is mine. Tomorrow—no, she will be here then—the day after, at eleven o'clock. I will send her on a long errand."

"Signora," said he, "I thought you disliked me."

She laughed softly. "And you know women?"

"I thought I had failed," he said.

"If you could fail at anything," said she, "I should not want you."

They could hear Luigia returning. He put his arms around the signora, drew her close, helped himself to a long kiss.

"You hold the glass and I'll pour for you," said Luigia. "The bottle's heavy. No—I like to pour."

When they were all served, he raised the wine in salute.

"Your health, ladies."

"Yours," said the signora. "And if for once you've failed to fascinate a woman, Signor Casanova, don't take it to heart. Your general average is still remarkable."

"He didn't fail with me," said Luigia. "I am limp at his feet."

He walked slowly back to his rooms in the Corso Vecchio, trying to puzzle it out. The signora was beautiful, but she ought not to have surrendered so abruptly. It wasn't a surrender; it was a collapse. Why didn't she keep on resisting for a while? Beyond doubt she really was Luigia's aunt; they were two of a kind. He wouldn't go to that house again. That is, perhaps he wouldn't.

What is behind the lady's surprising surrender? Is it love, or a plot? Was Luigia sent to lure Casanova to the beautiful signora's house? Next week the great lover plunges deep into his newest romantic adventure—and emerges more mystified than ever.

RACKETEERING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Why building plans and recovery nationally are held up, remain stagnant

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE nationwide WPA strike against an act of Congress is led by the building-trades unions. Foreign exhibitors at the New York World's Fair protest against exorbitant costs of construction and maintenance and against the building-trades unions. The government of the United States announces that it is launching an investigation of monopolistic practices which have been delaying building throughout the United States and the early announcements of this project include building-trades unions.

Liberty sent me to get at the facts. Men make assertions, but when it comes to figures, costs, names, contracts, they are frightened. They will tell about what happened to some one else, but when it comes to their own story, each one gets a fishy stare in his eye. "Don't involve me!" "They'll slash my furniture!" "They'll throw stink bombs in my building!"

Who is the "they" of whom so many Americans and foreigners are afraid? Why was this hushed up until one man, representing the Netherlands, burst forth with a newspaper story on the experience of foreign exhibitors at the World's Fair?

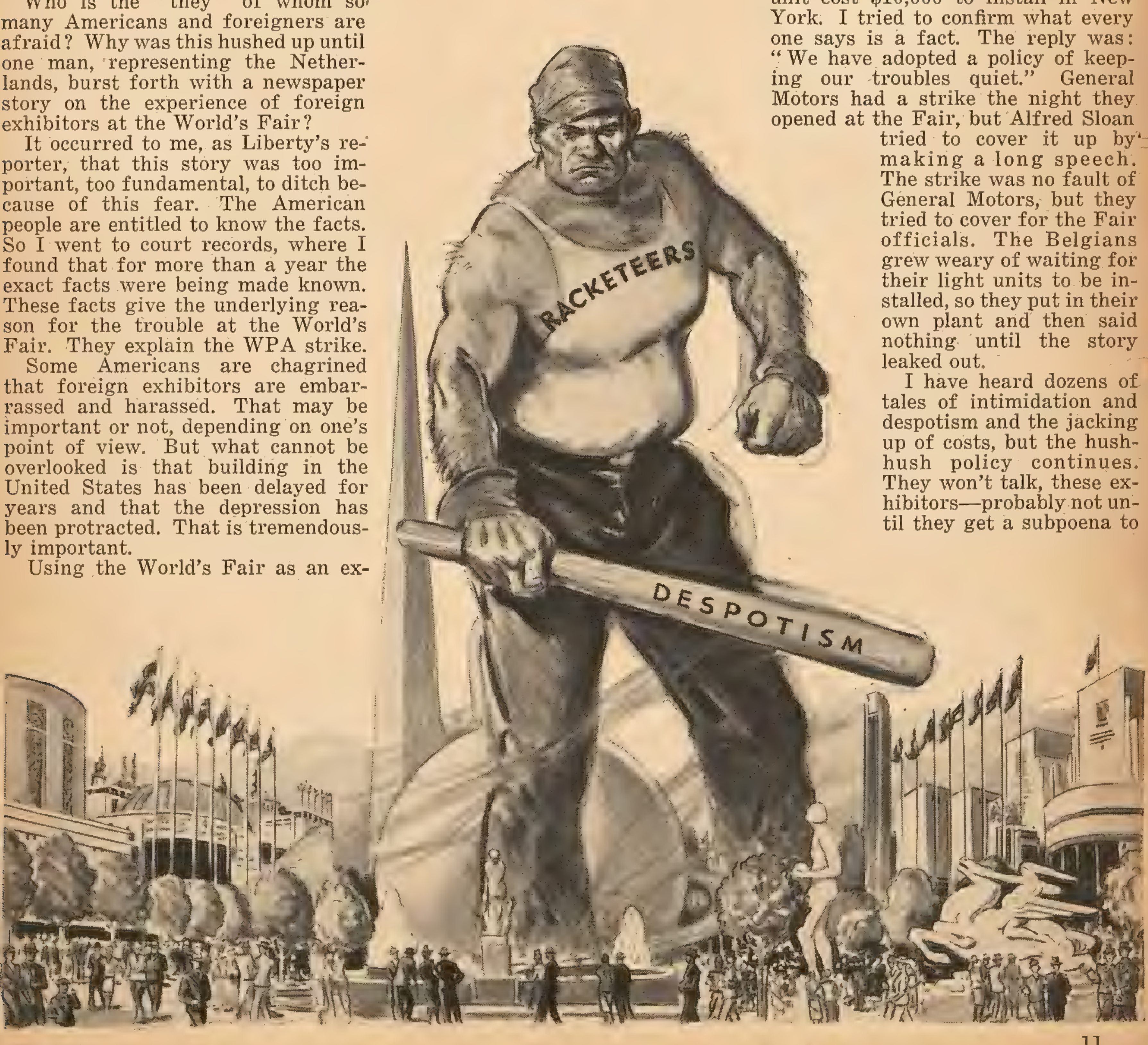
It occurred to me, as Liberty's reporter, that this story was too important, too fundamental, to ditch because of this fear. The American people are entitled to know the facts. So I went to court records, where I found that for more than a year the exact facts were being made known. These facts give the underlying reason for the trouble at the World's Fair. They explain the WPA strike.

Some Americans are chagrined that foreign exhibitors are embarrassed and harassed. That may be important or not, depending on one's point of view. But what cannot be overlooked is that building in the United States has been delayed for years and that the depression has been protracted. That is tremendously important.

Using the World's Fair as an example, the fact stands out that a group of New York labor unions, engaged in the building trades, have utilized the World's Fair to profiteer, to jack up wages and prices, to favor local as against national manufacturers, to maintain standards which did not fit emergency and temporary work conditions such as are inevitable with exhibitions like the World's Fair, to sabotage construction so that overtime would have to be paid, to distress and disgust foreign exhibitors who spent millions of dollars at the invitation of the President and Congress of the United States, and who were treated with petty discourtesy in return for their friendship and cooperation. Exactly what happened at the Fair is made the issue of the WPA strike.

Few of the exhibitors who suffered squawked out loud. For instance, I was told that one of them put up a unit at the Chicago World's Fair which cost $3,000, but the identical unit cost $10,000 to install in New York. I tried to confirm what every one says is a fact. The reply was: "We have adopted a policy of keeping our troubles quiet." General Motors had a strike the night they opened at the Fair, but Alfred Sloan tried to cover it up by making a long speech. The strike was no fault of General Motors, but they tried to cover for the Fair officials. The Belgians grew weary of waiting for their light units to be installed, so they put in their own plant and then said nothing until the story leaked out.

I have heard dozens of tales of intimidation and despotism and the jacking up of costs, but the hush-hush policy continues. They won't talk, these exhibitors—probably not until they get a subpoena to



testify after their testimony cannot hurt the Fair.

Dr. Neil Van Aken, representative of the Netherlands and president of the Foreign Government Commissioners Club, made his story known. The State of Nevada withdrew its exhibit and made its story known. What is the story? What is behind the story?

All economists agree that one of the principal, if not *the* principal, reasons for our continued depression is the dearth of new building. The government has tried hard to stimulate building, but its work has barely scratched the surface. Building with private funds, at a time when funds are available at low interest, lags far behind recovery in the manufacturing industries. The great new industry of fabricated steel houses, which it was hoped would produce a boom, died a-borning.

WHAT is wrong? Where is the responsibility? Builders, contractors, real-estate men, bankers say that it is impossible to pay the labor costs of modern construction. The labor people say that the cost of materials is too high. I say, look at the court records—accessible to any one—and you have the story.

The central character in it is Local No. 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. This union is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, but is so powerful that it can act with utter independence, particularly in large cities. Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., its business manager and boss, is vice-chairman of the Building Trades Council, which controls all union labor in construction in New York City and vicinity.

These unions got an absolute closed-shop contract, governing all construction at the Fair. The electrical union got an agreement providing for only *one-shift* labor on this emergency job, which required speed. They got a two-dollar-an-hour base wage for a thirty-hour week, with time and a half for overtime. The rules which this union and their chosen contractors have adopted are that all workers are selected by the business manager of the union, not by the employer, in all the boroughs except Manhattan; that the workers are under the control of shop stewards appointed by the union officials; that an employer cannot fire a man without the sanction of the union officials, no matter what he does or how he works.

But that is not all. Local No. 3 has arrogated to itself the right to determine what kind of electrical equipment is to be used. It does this, of course, by a camouflage.

Local No. 3 refuses to handle any electrical equipment unless it has been wired in a plant which has signed a closed-shop contract with Local No. 3. Every electrical unit and fixture must have this union's label. But the largest manufacturers of electrical equipment, including the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company in most of their plants, if not all, have signed up with a C. I. O. union. In most instances, electrical manufacturers have signed with C. I. O. unions in conformity with decisions of the National Labor Relations Board. These companies are not fighting unions but are obeying the law of the land. That does not worry Local No. 3. It insists that every unit of electrical equipment used in the City of New York either bear its label or *be knocked down, unwired, and then rewired* on the job by one of its favored contractors. In a moment I shall show you what that costs, and from it you can see why there is all this labor trouble at the Fair.

One pivotal union can tie up an entire industry. That has been made clear in many cities, particularly in Minneapolis, where the Teamsters Union controlled all labor activities by refusing to haul the goods of those who refused to conform. Dave Beck dominated cities on the West Coast in just this manner. So in New York all construction is dominated by Local No. 3 of the Electrical Brotherhood, because when it refuses to do electrical work, the entire job stops. Nobody can work.

NOW to the court records:

In October, 1937, fourteen electrical manufacturing companies, including such firms as Allis-Chalmers, General Electric, and Westinghouse, commenced suit in the United States Court in New York against Local No. 3, complaining that this union would only handle equipment made by members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, even though the manufacturers' employees might belong to another union. In the complaint, these companies pointed out the fact that under the Wagner Act, employers must recognize the union of their employees' choice, whether it be affiliated with the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O. Walter Gordon Merritt, counsel for the manufacturers, early in the suit made the point:

"The suit is not maintained by employers who are anti-union or anti-labor, but by law-abiding employers who now find themselves as innocent neutrals caught in the bitter struggle of these two labor movements."

The evidence adduced in this suit gives the clearest picture of what stymied the work at the World's Fair, and what keeps down building in the United States.

One witness in this suit was Isaac Penner, a colorful self-made man. As an example of what can happen under the new despotism, let me give you the story he told under oath:

Isaac Penner had himself been an electrical worker and a member of Local No. 3 from 1919 to 1936. Having seen his chance, he became a contractor and asked permission to withdraw from the union, which is necessary if he is not to be classed as an anti-union contractor. As soon as he set up a business for himself, he found that Local No. 3 was still the boss. He testified that they told him that he could not accept contracts in New York City, and they tried to enforce this by refusing to permit union labor to work for him. However, they agreed to permit him to bid on contracts and to accept work outside of New York. Incidentally, he was told that if he interfered with the contractors whom the union recognized, he would "get a couple of slugs."

Eventually the union granted him a withdrawal card and construction agreement and he bid on electrical work for the Brooklyn State Hospital in New York. When he asked the union to supply men to work on this job, his troubles started, because Local No. 3 wanted the job for some other contractors. Meanwhile he had bid on some work on Welfare Island, but when the city officials discovered that he was having trouble with Local No. 3, they required him to give up his contract, which he did on March 6, 1936.

The general policy of New York City and its subdivisions with regard to contracts of this nature is found in the now famous Men and Means Clause, which has cost the city, the World's Fair, and everybody who tries construction in New York millions of dollars. The Men and Means Clause appears differently in different city contracts. Two examples:

Example A

The contractor shall not, without the permission of the engineer, employ *men or means* in connection with this contract *which may cause strikes* or other similar troubles by *workmen employed by other contractors or persons on any work.*

Example B

The contractor shall not have *work performed or labor or materials employed* in the carrying out of this contract that would in any way cause or result in a suspension or delay of or strike upon the work to be performed hereunder on any of the trades working in or about the premises herein described, or in or about any other building of the Board, or working upon any of the premises of the City of New York. . . .

THIS clause in any contract practically and effectively excludes any contractor and the products of any manufacturer that the union wants to exclude. In fact, the unions do not need to go on strike; all they need do is notify the city officials that they will or even might strike, and the contractor would lose the work and the manufacturer be boycotted.

How effective this has been is evident from the following testimony: The representatives of the General Electric Company testified that their sales of switchboards and panel boards in the New York area dropped from $475,000 in 1930 to $197 in 1937. In 1937 the General Electric Company bid on $217,567 worth of switchboard and panel-board equipment for installation in New York and sold only

$197 worth—less than 1 per cent. Westinghouse reported that their sales of the same equipment to New York contractors dropped from $244,000 in 1932 to about $8,000 in 1937.

Both these companies had signed C. I. O. agreements during the intervening years, and therefore their equipment had to be knocked down, unwired, rewired, and set up again before it could be installed in New York by a contractor acceptable to the union.

Penner played along with the contractors who worked with the union under a " code " until he found it impossible. Then he went off on his own, bidding where he chose and at whatever figure he chose. So he discovered what sabotage could be. " They plugged up conduits with nails, cut my cables, and placed pipes within pipes to prevent me from installing cables. Even when I was there myself, the men wouldn't work," Penner testified. They kicked his brother off the job and raised his costs so that he would lose money.

Penner himself was permitted to stay on the job only one hour daily, although he had the financial responsibility for the work. He told how he found a worker who did not know how to do a particular job, and taught him the rudiments of it. The worker then turned on Penner and said: " O. K. I've got the idea now and you've been on the job an hour, so scat! "

PENNER said, under oath, that both workers and contractors lived in fear of the union officials who, he said, " soon put a stop to any rebellion by bringing men who expressed opposing opinions up on charges and fining them heavily. Living under the constant fear of being fined or of having their working cards taken away from them, the men soon knuckled under.

" As soon as the union leaders got the power to appoint shop stewards, they put their own men in the jobs. They are stool pigeons, anxious to curry favor with the officials who appoint them. They stopped working for the boss and started working only for the union."

Penner's testimony lasted for twenty-three days and makes the most unsavory reading in American labor history. But the point is that because of this situation building construction is held up, men are out of work, and this country is in disgrace because of the treatment that foreign exhibitors received at the World's Fair.

In testimony, it was brought out that it cost $5,000 extra to do electrical work on the Triborough Bridge to meet Local No. 3's demands; it cost $17,550 more on the sewage-disposal plant on Ward's Island. In one case an electrical firm took an item out of a contract and deducted $3,450 as representing the value of the omitted part. However, when the local New York contractor did the work according to Local No. 3's conditions, the same job cost $9,000. What it means to be favored by the union appeared when the records of one of those preferred firms showed an increase of business between 1934 and 1937 from $269,440 to $1,239,964. Do you recall the data I gave above showing what happened to General Electric and Westinghouse business in New York during those years? It is not surprising that Tom Dewey, New York County's district attorney, indicted nine New York contractors, the favored few, for collusion in bids on city contracts and they pleaded guilty.

THE added costs to the Cancer Hospital in New York attracted attention because of the brave attitude of Dr. James Ewing in making public the facts. What happened in Radio City is not so well known. Switchboards especially built for this magnificent structure had to be rewired. When units had to be especially built, tested, and wired at the factory, the exactions of Local No. 3 became a frightful hardship and led to constant friction between the manufacturers and Local No. 3.

In one case it was reported that one of the favored contractors allowed an item to go in without being knocked down, unwired, and rewired but sent a bill for $594.90 as though this work had been done. In the case of the Cunard White Star, Ltd., it was brought out that six winches were ordered rewired by Local No. 3 at a cost of $369.01, and when the job was done, three were so rewired that the motor operation was reversed.

In connection with the Marine Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, it was brought out that certain fixtures were ordered rewired by Local No. 3, the union charging $1.25 to hang a fixture which the manufacturer said could be hung at a cost of fifteen cents. In many instances the foreman on the job, or a union official, when equipment was rejected because it did not bear the union label, indicated by name the type of equipment that could be substituted—that is, the favored equipment.

The Belgian World's Fair pavilion.

When the City of New York was building its Independent Subway system, a strike was called in 1935 because the Union Switch and Signal Company and the General Railway Signal Company employed workers who were members of the Brotherhood of Railway Signalmen. Local No. 3 did not recognize this union and therefore tied up $12,000,000 worth of work.

No fundamental question of wages, hours, or working conditions arises here. Only one issue is at stake: the right of a union to determine what kind of goods manufactured in American plants by American workers may be used. As it is, Local No. 3 has established a Chinese Wall around the City of New York and inside that wall now stands the World's Fair.

Dr. Neil Van Aken called attention to the abuses. He said that additional costs due to labor demands were draining the appropriations of exhibitors. When foreign artisans were brought in to do special jobs at the Fair, an equal number of union men stood by, watching them and getting paid for it. When there were protests, furnishings were slashed. Is this American hospitality? Were we ever treated that way in Europe?

It is estimated that the foreign exhibitors will have to spend at least $10,000,000 more than their estimates because of labor overcharges.

In New York, Dr. Ewing created the largest and most important cancer hospital in the world, built by charity for the benefit of mankind. He said:

" It is with regret that I have to report that the whole program has been marred from the beginning to the end by the extravagant demands and arbitrary practices of the labor unions, which have increased the cost of the building about 20 per cent."

Instead of costing $3,500,000, the Cancer Hospital cost nearly $4,000,000. The building was reduced from 3,500,000 cubic feet to 3,325,000 cubic feet. The electrical installation jumped from an estimated $180,000 to an actual $240,000. While this building was being planned and erected, electricians' wages went up from $1.60 an hour in 1936 to $2 an hour in 1938, but the work week was reduced from 40 to 30 hours. That means additional overtime charges or delay. Local No. 3 refused to handle equipment made in C. I. O. factories without rewiring, and as in this hospital special X-ray apparatus had to be used, which only factory men knew how to install, there was constant delay.

The C. I. O. is now suing Local No. 3 in the United States courts because material made by its members is being boycotted in New York. But the Cancer Hospital (called officially the Memorial Hospital) stands as a monument to the soulless exactions of the new despotism.

This entire state of affairs requires immediate, instant action.

THE END

THE CHALLENGE TO WORLD PEACE

The great apostle of nonresistance explains the perplexing role pacifists must play in case of war

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HERE is an important letter from a principal who wishes to remain anonymous:

"A troubled conscience seeks the reasoned opinion of others to help to solve the following pressing question: Is the carrying out of the pledge of the Peace Pledge Union (the late 'Dick' Sheppard's organization for opposing war by the refusal to resort to violence under any circumstances whatever) a right and a practicable course of action in the present conditions of our world? On the side of 'Yea' there are these arguments:

"1. The world's greatest spiritual teachers have taught and exemplified in their own lives that an evil thing can only be destroyed by good means, and never by evil means, and any sort of violence (particularly that of war even solely in so-called self-defense) is undoubtedly an evil means. Violence is therefore always wrong.

"2. The real causes of the present violence and misery can never be removed by war. This was proved to the hilt in the last 'war to end war,' and the same will always be true. Violence is therefore unpractical.

"3. Those who feel they must fight to defend liberty and democracy are deluded. War, in modern conditions, even if it ends in victory, means the more certain destruction of such liberties as remain to us than even conquest by an invader might mean, for no modern war can be waged successfully without the complete regimentation of entire peoples. It is better to die in conscientiously resisting oppression non-violently than to live as a pawn in the regimental society which must emerge from another war, whoever may win it.

"On the side of 'Nay' there are the following arguments:

"1. Non-violent resistance can only be effective in resisting people who are capable of being moved by moral and humanitarian considerations. Fascism not only is not moved by such considerations but scoffs at them.

"2. To refuse co-operation in violent resistance (*i. e.*, to be a conscientious objector in case of war or conscription) in defense of democratic liberty is tantamount to helping those who are destroying that liberty. Fascist aggression has undoubtedly been encouraged by the knowledge that the democracies contain numbers of people who are unwilling to fight in their defense, and who would even oppose (and thus obstruct) their own governments if war breaks out or some sort of conscription is enforced. This being so, the conscientious objector becomes not merely ineffective in promoting peace, but actually helpful to those who are breaking it.

"3. War may destroy liberty, but if the democracies survive there is at least some possibility of regaining part of it, whereas if the Fascists are allowed to rule the world there is no chance at all."

Nothing need be said about the arguments in favor of the Peace Pledgers' resistance. Those against resistance deserve careful examination. The first argument, if it is valid, cuts at the very root of the antiwar movement. It is based on the assumption that it is impossible to convert Fascists and Nazis. But they belong to the same species as the so-called democracies or, better still, war resisters themselves. They show in their family circles the same tenderness, affection, consideration, and generosity that war resisters are likely to show even outside such circles. The difference is only of degree. Indeed Fascists and Nazis are revised editions of so-called democracies, if not an answer to the latter's misdeeds.

The Versailles Treaty was a treaty of revenge against Germany by the victors. The so-called democracies have before now misappropriated other people's lands and have resorted to ruthless repression. What wonder if Messrs. Hitler and Co. have reduced to a science the violence their predecessors had developed for exploiting the so-called backward races? It is therefore a matter of rule of three to find out the exact amount of nonviolence required to melt the harder hearts of the Fascists and the Nazis, if it is assumed, as it is, that the so-called democracies melt before a given amount of nonviolence. Therefore we must eliminate from consideration the first and the fatal argument on the "Nay" side if it could be proved to have any content in it.

The other two arguments are practical. The pacifists may not do anything to weaken their own governments so as to compel defeat. But for fear of so doing they may miss the only effective chance they have of demonstrating their undying faith in the futility of all war. If their own governments go mad and make martyrs of war resisters, the governments must suffer the consequence of the unrest of their own creation. The democracies must respect the liberty of the individual nonviolent conscience, however inconvenient it may be. From that respect there will spring hope for the world.

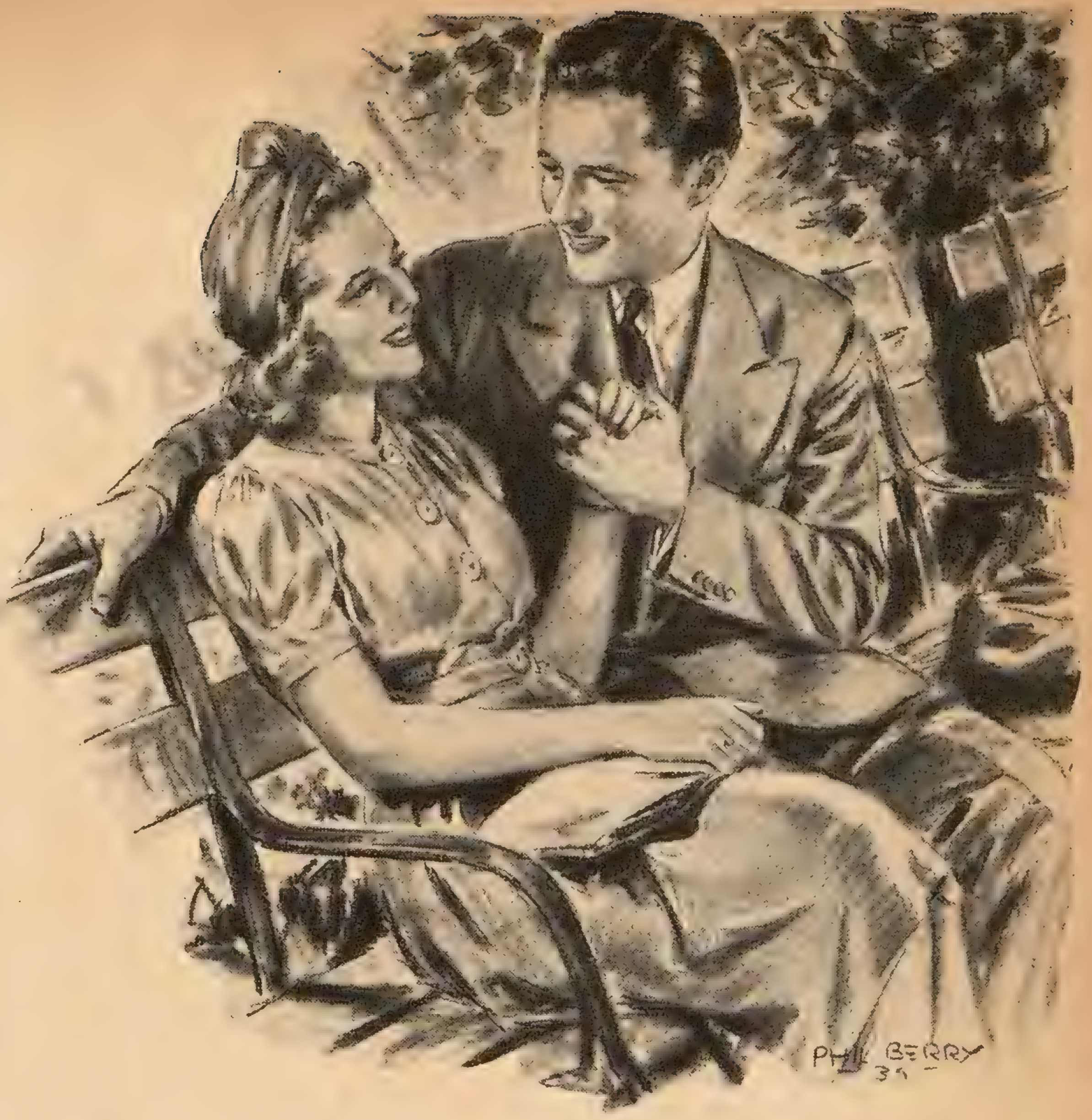
Therefore, it comes to this: that a pacifist must resist when he feels strongly that, whether so-called democracies live or die, the tug of war will never end war and that it will only end when at the crucial moment a body of pacifists have testified their living faith by suffering, if need be, the extreme penalty.

Where the very disturbing but potent factor of faith is part of one's conduct, human calculations are of no avail. A true pacifist is a true satyagrahi (civil resister). The latter acts by faith and is not concerned about the result, for he knows that it is assured when the action is true.

After all, what is the gain if the so-called democracies win? War certainly will not end. Democracies will have adopted all the tactics of the Fascists and the Nazis to compel and exact obedience. All that may be gained is the possibility of comparative protection of individual liberty. But that protection does not depend upon outside help. It comes from internal determination.

In other words, the true democrat is he who with purely nonviolent means defends his liberty and therefore his country's and ultimately that of the whole of mankind. In the coming test, pacifists have to prove their faith by resolutely refusing to have anything to do with war. But the duty of resistance accrues only to those who believe in nonviolence as a creed—not to those who will decide whether to approve or oppose a particular war. *It follows that such resistance is a matter for each person to decide for himself and under the guidance of the inner voice, if he recognizes its existence.*

THE END



"You've got a job!" Jane said. "Cary! What is it?"

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

The story of a girl with a parasite family on her hands and a lover offered a job in a land far away

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

JANE CARMODY sat on a bench in the park and watched the pigeons peck at the crumbs some one had scattered on the path. She glanced toward the street. She had been early today, but Cary Reardon would be along in a minute or two—for it was just after five and this was their trysting place. They had no better. She could not go to his furnished room, of course, and in the Carmodys' apartment they could never escape the other members of her family. For nearly a year they had been meeting in public places—conscious, in their most intimate moments, of the world scurrying past them.

Cary was coming toward her, and she noticed, as always, that no shabbiness could disguise that careless grace of his, that look of distinction. Today there was added eagerness in the way he greeted her.

"Jane!" he said. "Give you three guesses!"

They sat on the park bench, covertly holding hands.

"You've got a job!" Jane said.

"Yes, my little rabbit's foot. How'd you know?"

"Why, there's nothing else to guess about! Cary! What *is* it? Oh, my dear—"

"Be calm, my love. But I admit it's a strain. Me, I want to hug you—want to shout—tell the world. . . . News flash: Cary Reardon offered job. Cary Reardon accepts job. Cary Reardon going to South America—"

"Cary!"

"With his bride. With a beautiful new bride guaranteed to last a lifetime or he gets his money back. Don't mind me. I'm mad—raving—out of my mind."

"But what—"

"Darling, I'm trying to tell you. Three years in a construction camp—and it's going to be work. But it's a swell job for any engineer. A bridge that's going to be a bridge. One of those opportunities you read about. . . . Not very much money, but enough for the two of us to get along on. . . . It was Satterlie," Cary said, going off on a tangent. "You remember my telling you about Satterlie? I talked to him about that San Francisco job three months ago—the one I didn't get. He rang me out of the blue today—just when old Ax-Face was haranguing about the rent. But are we or aren't we going to South America?"

He paused, laughing—sure of her answer, very sure. He had never, she reflected in sudden panic, really understood about her family.

"Jane! What's the matter? I thought you'd be—"

"I am! I'm thrilled! All these months of—of—"

"Of being a bum. A high-class bum. I kept very neat all the time, didn't I? Very neat and self-respecting." Cary sobered suddenly. "Jane, it's all suddenly like a nightmare. I couldn't even take you to a movie—and you pretending you didn't like movies! I think, if you'd been dependent on me, you'd have pretended you didn't like food . . . because that's the kind of little chump you are. But now you've got an engineer with a job. Will you marry me—tomorrow, Jane?"

"When are you going to South America?"

"Why, it's only a couple of weeks. You can chuck your job with the library, can't you? You're not scared of this proposition—?"

He looked at her in sudden anxiety. She had tears in her eyes, but she brushed them away and smiled at him.

"You know I'm not scared, Cary. I'm kind of bowled over, that's all—I mean this has been a shock! Wonderful—but a shock just the same. I'll have to make plans, you know—talk the whole thing over with the family—"

He was looking grim suddenly, and she hurried on.

"It will be all right, Cary," she assured him. "Really it will!"

But the assurance had actually been for her own ears. The problem ahead of her was hers alone. Cary had problems enough of his own. . . .

JANE took off her hat and ran a hand through her thick brown hair. "Hi, you guys—" she said.

Her brother grinned at her over a comic page. Phil Carmody, at fifteen, was an extraordinarily good-looking boy—too good-looking, people said, for his own good. He winked at his sister as the elder Carmody launched forth on the inevitable speech.

"My dear child—!" said Thaddeus Carmody. "Do you think it altogether wise for a librarian to adopt these barbaric phrases? Oh, I know it's all in fun, but you remember the old saying, 'First pity, then embrace—'"

Jane bent over and lightly kissed the top of her father's great leonine head.

"I'm sorry, father! But I have to be so exceedingly cultured from nine to five—when I get home I just naturally bust out with a yell. . . . Where's mother?"

"Your mother is having culinary difficulties."

"Jane! Oh, *Jane!*"

Florence Carmody was in the kitchen doorway, her plump amiable face puckered—ready for tears.

"Oh, Jane, it did sound the most delicious recipe! In a casserole, you know. But I baked it forty minutes just the way it said—and it's turned out to be a sort of—of nothing! I could *cry!*"

"It doesn't matter," Jane said hastily. "We can have bacon and eggs, can't we?"

Her mother brightened. "So we can! Jane, you're such a comfort to me. You always think of something!"

Jane smiled at her.

"It took brains," she agreed.

Her father, suddenly, was rattling the newspaper.

"Why, these—these imbeciles!" he roared. "These fools! These preposterous, dangerous idiots! When what we need in Albany—"

He broke off—struck, Jane knew, with a phrase too good for the indifferent ears of his family. He would be writing one of his letters to the newspaper again.

Jane sent Phil to the corner delicatessen for half a pound of bacon. Florence Carmody, humming a little, was scraping the casserole concoction into the garbage can. Thaddeus Carmody uncapped his fountain pen and cleared the end of the dinner table. The scene was sharply defined for Jane tonight—it was so absurdly and pathetically typical of all the nightly scenes in the Carmody apartment. Phil talked fitfully, during the course of the meal, of automobiles. Automobiles had become a sort of madness with Phil—an obsession. He spoke, now, of a guy who could let him have a car for thirty-five dollars—a good car, that only needed overhauling. There was another guy who knew where he could get hold of an even better car for only forty bucks. . . . His mother smiled at him, exactly as she had smiled when he was a baby, wanting the chocolate cake. His father, Jane knew, was composing scorching phrases for his letter about the legislators in Albany. . . .

"Oh, *Phil!*" Jane said. "Why can't you lay off once in a while? You're too young for a car!"

"Well, look, sis. How about me getting one on my sixteenth birthday? That's being fair enough, isn't it? Because you know I can drive, don't you?"

"Ye-es. But there's another angle, sonny boy. The upkeep on those cheap cars—"

He sent her his irresistible grin.

"Oh, I'd let you buy me a good car, sis!"

"I'll bet you would," Jane agreed, smiling reluctantly.

Phil was, of course, very nearly a problem child. He needed a firm hand. But who had the firm hand?

"Anyhow," Phil said, as he pushed his chair back from the table, "can you let me have a quarter, Jane?"

Jane hesitated. She had tried, so many times, to keep Phil within his allowance. Indulgence was bad for him. Besides, she wanted desperately to save these few spare nickels and dimes. . . . Her head was beginning to ache.

He shrugged, suddenly, when he saw no sign of yielding.

"Oh, well, if you're going to be like that—"

He turned to the door.

"Where are you going, Phil?" she demanded, rather anxiously. "Your homework—"

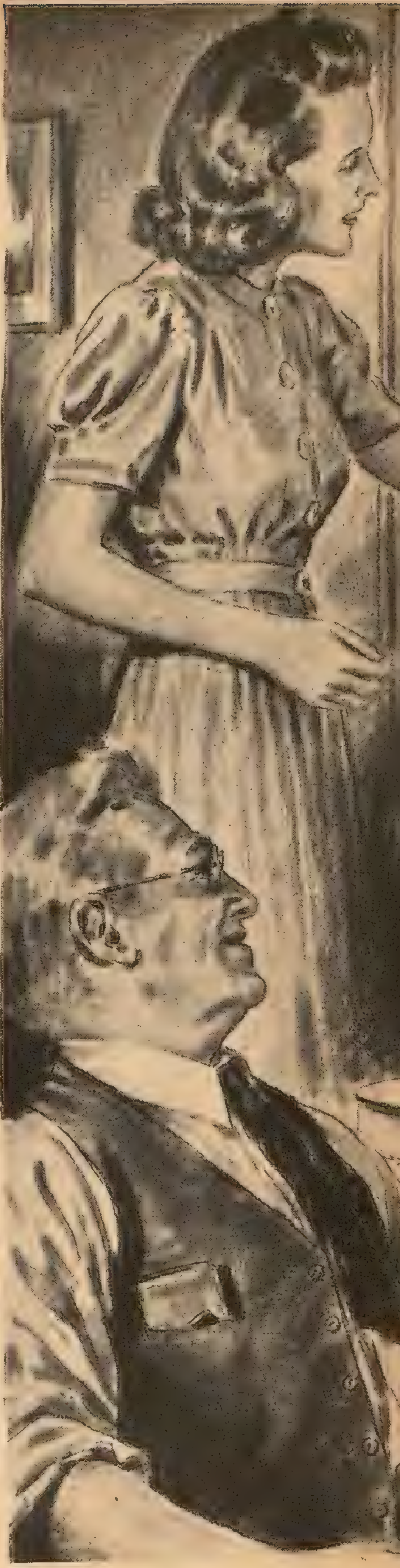
"It's Saturday! I should upset myself about any old homework. I'll see what the other fellows are doing."

Jane frowned. She hated Phil's being out on the street, loafing about. "You can have the quarter," she said.

AFTER they had done the dishes, her mother announced her intention of calling upon an acquaintance in an apartment downstairs. That left Jane with the coast clear for a talk with her father. But when he had addressed his envelope, with a flourish, to the Editorial Department of the New York Globe, she spoke to him hesitantly, dreading the task before her.

"Father," she began, "you haven't told me lately what the prospects are around town—all that."

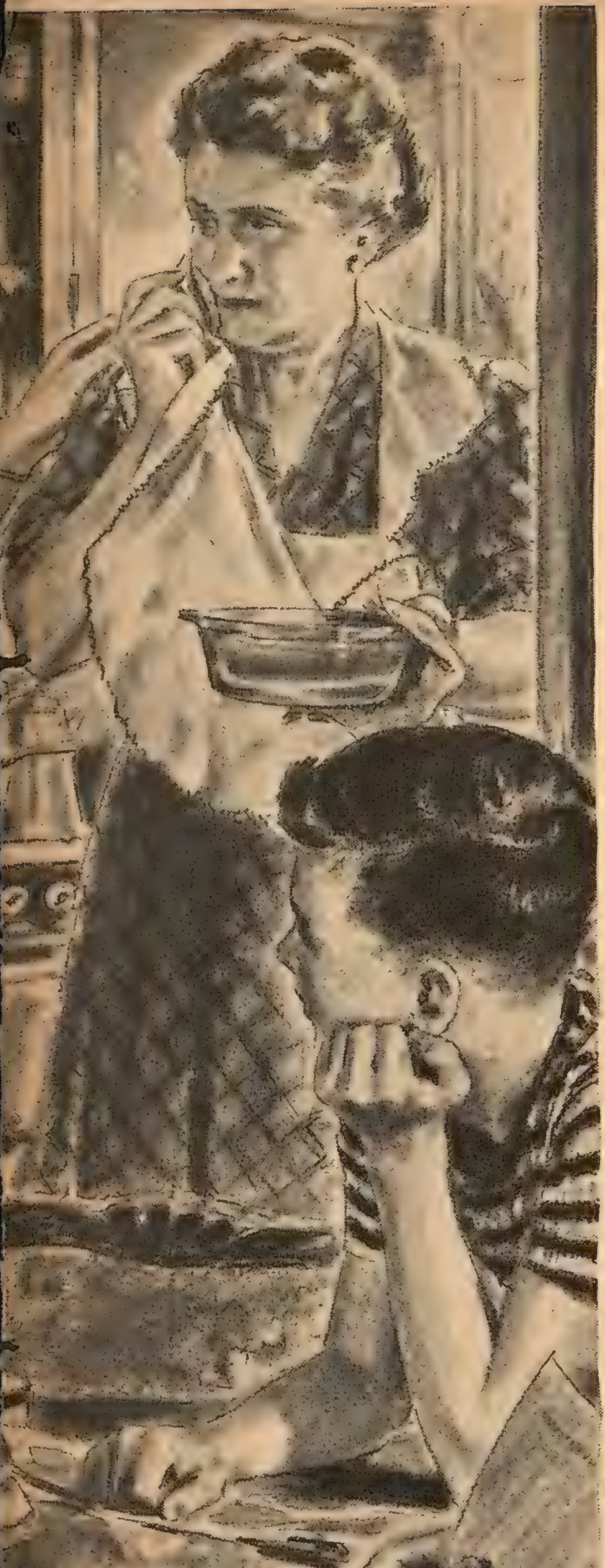
The silly roundabout query put her at a disadvantage. But she couldn't say, "Father, when are you going to get a job?" She couldn't be blunt with him. He was too lovable—and, somehow, too vulnerable. She was ever and loyally fighting the knowledge that he was a lazy and self-satisfied old humbug. . . . He was looking at her now with a hint of apprehension.



"Please don't think I'm nagging, father! You see, I—well, I only thought I'd ask," she ended lamely.

He recovered himself.

"Now you know, Jane, as well as I do, how things are," he said accus-



"It doesn't matter," Jane said hastily. "We can have bacon and eggs, can't we?"

ingly. "You know that for a man of my age to find any work—this whole situation is a bitter pill for me, Jane, a bitter, bitter pill!"

"I realize that, father," she said. "But if you kept on looking—"

She faltered then—he looked so cruelly hurt.

"I do keep on looking, my child. From the moment I leave this place in the morning. . . . Of course I could leave here an hour or so *earlier*, if you like. . . ."

"No! Oh, no—"

"Tramping the streets," he said, with a rueful little wag of the head. "I do my best, Jane. Tramping the streets . . . tedious if not remunerative, my dear."

She nodded meekly. It was impossible to disprove this statement—impossible to tell him, coldly, that she knew quite well how he actually spent his time. . . .

TWO years ago, when Thaddeus Carmody lost his proofreading job with the Sayers publishing people, he had sincerely intended to get another job without delay. No one could have been more astounded than Thaddeus Carmody when the publishing world ignored him—brushed him politely aside. It was finally decided, in the Carmody family, that he should look for another kind of job—in fact for any kind of job. Thaddeus Carmody, in making this high resolve, had looked extraordinarily noble—rather like an early Roman emperor. For a time, too, he had dramatized the mean events of the day's vain search.

But then, when Jane got her raise at the library, other interests began to absorb him. He made one or two seedy acquaintances who suffered him to talk while they listened respectfully; he developed a fanatical zeal in writing his everlasting letters to the newspapers; he carted home rain-specked and abstruse volumes from the secondhand bookstalls. And, away from home, he whiled the hours away in the parks, in the lobbies of third-rate hotels. More and more transparent became that pretense of job hunting. Meanwhile the family had managed to get along fairly well on Jane's salary. . . .

"Well, father," she began again desperately, "it's only that this means so much to me, you know. I—I want to get married."

He chuckled.

"Oh, now, now—I'd like to keep you with me a little while longer. A child like you!"

"I'm twenty-four. I think you forget, father."

Her head was throbbing violently now. There seemed to be no weapon against her father's kindness.

"Well, now," he was saying, pursing his lips. "Well, now—I have an important interview tomorrow, child. Something might come of it. It's a big thing, you understand—a *big* thing!"

She had long since lost faith in these important interviews—in these "big things." She asked no questions now. But she knew the curious way her father's mind worked. He believed in his own story easily enough, and the promise of an imaginary interview was already to him an accomplished fact. The hope of any serious discussion between them had come to its inevitable end.

CARY REARDON was still walking on air. He came to the apartment for Jane, ignoring the fact that her father treated him, as always, as if he were an amusing but slightly preposterous youth of Phil Carmody's age. Jane hurried Cary out of the place, lest he should say anything about the South American venture.

Cary took Jane to a movie—because Satterlie had given him a drawing account—and then to a small restaurant for sandwiches and coffee. Afterward, though, they had to walk about the streets. Cary had a thousand things to talk of—the plans for their wedding, the trip ahead of them, the adventure of the job, the exciting prospect of actually living together in a strange country. . . . She walked beside him, but scarcely said a word.

"Jane!" he said, in sudden apprehension. "Your end of it—that's going to work out all right, of course?"

"We-ell, there's no 'of course' about it. I haven't told the family yet. But—"

"But—look, Jane. Let's get this straight. You could go on for the rest of your life sacrificing yourself to your family. They're already beginning to think of it as the normal way of things. Oh, I haven't said as much about it as I've wanted to—I didn't have a regular job and I couldn't ask you to marry me without one. But now this thing's got to be settled! There's your father, and there's your brother—"

"Phil?"

"Of course. He could get work after school hours. He's fifteen. He could bring in *something*. This is our chance and we've got to take it—you see that, don't you?"

"Yes, I see it all right," she said slowly. "But, Cary, I can't let them go on relief!"

"They wouldn't have to. They'd get things to do—the kind of things I've been doing for the past eleven or twelve months. And you know I'm no hero!" he added hastily. "I'm no exception!"

"Yes, you are," she said, smiling at him. "You're a very splendid, very exceptional hero! If you weren't you wouldn't be worthy of me at all."

They laughed, immensely amused by their own foolishness. But when the time for them to part came near, Jane was silent—and thoughtful.

"You know, that movie tonight—" she said abruptly. "I wish you and I were living back in those days. If we could just go away in a covered wagon!"

"I guess they had their troubles, Jane."

"Yes," she said. "But at least they could marry! Marriage in those days was a necessity—now it's only for people who can afford it! Isn't that a strange thing to think of, Cary?"

"You're tired, darling," he said. "You'll see your way clear in the morning."

IT was so simple from Cary's point of view—so simple, logical, unanswerable. *Forsaking all others.* . . . Had she not the authority of all the ages? Their longing for each other was natural and right. And against this was merely the attitude of three people grown selfish and lazy. . . .

But, like so many fine arguments, this argument could not be cut and fitted neatly to the situation at hand. The situation inevitably resolved itself into three unhappy and pathetic human beings who depended on her, who needed her. . . .

"Jane," her mother said, "that Mr. Emerson came round again today."

"Oh! What's Phil been doing now?"

"Well, nothing too terrible. Just not studying, and cutting his classes. . . . That Mr. Emerson is very nice, though, Jane. You'd never know he was a schoolteacher, let alone a principal. I made him some tea and—"

"Yes, but—mother, what are we going to do about Phil? If he doesn't graduate, you know, it's going to be such a handicap for him! We can't let him drift this way—"

"Oh, well, I guess he'll graduate all right!"

The trouble with her parents, Jane thought, was that neither of them ever actually saw the point of anything. They always went gaily off on some tangent. But that was all right, of course. After all, Phil was their son, their problem, their responsibility. He was at a dangerous age right now; he needed careful guidance during the next year or so. And yet—and yet she owed her first loyalty to Cary, not to Phil!

YOU'RE going with me," Cary said grimly.

"Cary, I'm not! I can't! I tell you I *can't!* Why, I haven't even been able to bring up the subject—"

"I don't care. You're going with me."

"I haven't said anything at the library. I haven't bought any clothes. I haven't packed—"

"Doesn't make any difference, darling. I'm counting on you. We'll leave all the money we can for your family—for them to go on. They'll have a fit at first—feel abused—but they'll adjust all right. They'll get on with their own lives, darling, and leave us ours. Because we've got to have our life together, Jane."

Incredibly, the situation remained unchanged. She had encountered in him a resolute purpose—a hard streak—that dismayed her a little. It was as if, having found his job, he had at last come into his own—he could assert himself as a man, as a master of their lives.

On the day Cary was to leave, Jane went to his room. It was all right, he explained—old Ax-Face had been told they were to be married immediately. But it was the first time she had ever come into his room, and she caught her breath when she saw how small and mean and miserable it was. Here he had mended his shirts and polished his shoes and read the want ads. . . .

"Oh, my dear," she said brokenly, "I do hand you so much!"

He was pleased—a little embarrassed.

"That's a nice romantic thing to say—"

"I mean it with all my heart. If only Phil—"

"Forget Phil. He's going to be all right. I spoke to Satterlie about him this morning. Satterlie's promised to get him odd jobs in the office. If the boy's worth his salt—oh, well, we can forget about Phil, can't we? We've got a lot to do. Not more than six hours before we take that train!"

"*We?*"

He went over to her then and pulled her close to him.

"You're coming with me, Jane. All you've got to do is pack a suitcase. You can buy some more clothes in Houston. I've got our tickets. We're going to be married in Houston."

"Cary—"

She stopped helplessly. For in that moment she had found in his eyes all his need of her—all the long months of waiting. And she responded with a passion that had too long been checked and guarded and beaten back. . . .

"I'll go with you, Cary," she said at last. "I don't care what happens to anybody—but you and me."

SHE had courage, now, to face the family. She went quickly up the stairs, almost calmly ordering all the statements she would make, the answers she had ready for all their protests. Nor was she ashamed, now, of her own happiness, of her own fierce, exultant, ruthless happiness. She turned the key in the lock and walked determinedly into the room. . . .

She stood for a moment, her back against the door, looking at the scene before her. Carl Emerson was pleading gently with her mother—who was rocking back and forth in her chair, sobbing hysterically. Thaddeus Carmody turned from the window, his plump face mottled.

"Jane!" he said. "Thank God—here you are, Jane!"

"Well, yes, here I am, father. What's up? Has Phil—"

"He's quite all right!" Emerson said, turning quickly. "He's quite all right, Miss Carmody—no bones broken or anything like that. But I came over from the school when I heard some rather distressing news. This afternoon your brother—er—appropriated some one else's car, Miss Carmody. They've booked him at the station, of course, and later on he'll have to appear at the Juvenile Court. But I think if both you and I are ready to vouch for him—"

He stopped, a bit embarrassed. He had quite unwittingly ignored the existence of Phil Carmody's parents. But neither Phil's mother nor his father was aware of the omission. Florence Carmody was still weeping and Thaddeus Carmody had suddenly launched upon a long, irrelevant speech of his own.

"Criminal folly!" he roared. "To permit these car owners to walk away, leaving their cars unprotected! That driver is the man who should be brought to court—not my son! I shall consider it my duty to the public to point out—"

"But please, father!" Jane said. "Mr. Emerson, if you would tell me—"

The story, as Emerson presented it briefly, was simple enough—ordinary enough. . . . Young Carmody had been lounging before a tobacco shop, idly engaged in watching the automobiles roll by, when a rather inebriated young man had pulled to the curb a particularly fine and costly car which, of course, had caught Phil Carmody's eyes at once. The driver had left the keys in the car and ambled drunkenly into a small hotel next to the tobacco shop. Then, Phil Carmody had confessed, the temptation had been too much for him. He wanted only to slip behind the wheel of that car and drive once, just once, around the block. . . . No one, he was positive, would be any the wiser.

The truck had crashed into him just as he had turned the corner. The truck driver was at fault. All the witnesses were prepared to say that Phil had used his head like a veteran, otherwise the accident might have been much more serious. But none of these excuses had altered the single damning fact—Phil was driving a car that didn't belong to him, without the knowledge or consent of the owner.

JANE had told Cary she would be at the station. He was there before her, pacing up and down in front of the information desk. He hastened to greet her—but the light went out of his eyes almost at once.

"Jane!" he cried incredulously. "Your—your suitcase. . . . You're letting a porter bring it down, of course."

"No," Jane said. "No. I'm not going with you, Cary."

She jerked out the words. She was going to be most careful not to say too much. For Cary must not be told about Phil. If he were to know about Phil, he'd abandon the South American trip. He'd stand by her at any cost—she knew that. And it was too much to ask of him. She had made up her mind what she was going to say. Better to destroy Cary Reardon's love and his faith in her than to keep him forever at the mercy of problems that weren't his problems. . . .

"Your family have talked you out of it—" he began.

"No! They don't even know about it, Cary. But—I'm just not a gambler, that's all. Three years in South America—the whole thing—not having any security—I've come to my senses, I guess. I'm just not the—the right wife for you, Cary."

She hoped wildly for a moment that he would not believe what seemed, to her, so obvious a lie. But this was against her better judgment.

"Will you swear to me, Jane, you've said nothing to your people?"

"Yes. . . . Yes, I swear that, Cary. I'm afraid, my dear—" She bit down hard on her lip and hurried on: "I'm afraid you'll just have to give me up as a bad job!"

He didn't know her very well. It would have taken years of marriage, she told herself dully, for them to know each other. For, not knowing her, he was accepting her words in good faith—after that first incredulous protest.

"Well—" he said inadequately. "Well, this is sort of a blow, Jane. I'd never thought you—well, I thought you wouldn't mind taking a chance, if you had only yourself to consider. But I realize, of course, that from a girl's point of view—"

Trying to make it easy for her, she thought. Trying to make a rotten little coward feel all right about herself. Nor must he ever know she wasn't a rotten little coward. He'd get over this. He'd find another girl. . . . She held out her hand abruptly, rather awkwardly.

"Good-by," she said. "Good-by, Cary!"

There was a sort of tragic humor in this. She knew he had taken her hand for the sake of appearance—for the benefit of all the porters and other travelers brushing past them. They'd always had to be thinking of other people. Perhaps that was one reason they didn't know each other very well. . . . She watched him turn and walk quickly toward his train. Then she herself hurried away in the opposite direction, her swift and uncontrollable tears blurring a confused vision of red caps, steel girders, labeled baggage. . . .

THE judge was kind.

"I'll parole your brother—in your care, Miss Carmody," he said. "Mr. Emerson tells me he's fundamentally a good youngster . . . and more intelligent than the average. It seems to be a case of misdirected energy." He spoke to Phil then, rather sharply. "So I'm letting you off lightly this time, young man. I won't be so easy on you next time!"

Phil was thoroughly chastened. "There won't be a next time, sir," he said. "It was a dumb thing to do."

Afterward he had smiled at Jane a bit sheepishly.

"I guess I'm more trouble than I'm worth, sis."

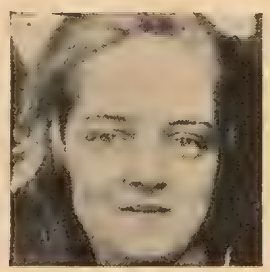
"Well," she said, forcing a smile, "it's going to be all right from now on. This is your big leaf-turning day."

"Oh, you won't know me!" he said, with a sudden flash of his old grin. "I'm even going to get a job—a coupla hours every day after school. A man called Satterlie wrote me. You'll be proud of me yet, sis."

He chattered on, obviously conscious of her heaviness of heart, guiltily ascribing it to his own recent sins.

She was thankful, though, that none of the family was really very curious about her. She had told them Cary had gone to South America. They had been only mildly interested. They had never really believed she was engaged to Cary—after all, she had never had an engagement ring!

20 QUESTIONS



1—A two-time winner of the annual award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, this actress has distinguished herself in pictures as varied as Dangerous, Of Human Bondage, and Juarez. Whose childhood photo is this?

2—How are the Territories of Hawaii and Alaska represented in Congress?

3—What state is called the Buckeye State?

4—Why is the phrase "Trojan horse" used as a synonym for treachery?

5—What had the following people in common: Baron Frederick von Steuben, Count Casimir Pulaski, the Marquis de Lafayette, and General Thaddeus Kosciusko?

6—Is Paris green a new fall color?

7—When congressmen hold the floor to delay legislation, what are they conducting?

8—How many round trips has Admiral Byrd made to the Antarctic?

9—What was the title and name of Pius XII before he was elected Pope?

10—What peculiarity of the camel makes it suitable for desert travel?

11—Can you give the names behind these alphabetical combinations representing United States government organizations: FBI, NYA, FLA?

12—What Boston event made a governor of Massachusetts a national figure?

13—Whose gift to the United States was the Statue of Liberty?

14—Out of seven all-star baseball games, how many were won by the American League?

15—What President of the United States was grandson of what President?

16—If goldenrod gives you hay fever or eating fish gives you hives, what have you?

17—The Land of the Rising Sun is another name for what country?

18—Is the Continental Divide the watershed created by the Appalachian Mountains, the Rocky Mountains, or the Sierra Nevadas?

19—What represents a later stage of evolution, bituminous or anthracite coal?

20—Who wrote and acted in The Song and Dance Man?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

The week-end passed with Phil behaving in such an exemplary fashion that it would have made her laugh at any other time. As it was, Phil's boyish boasting frayed her nerves—as did her mother's constant chatter, her father's futile roars over the news from Washington and Europe.

But it was no better in the library. Monday was an interminable day—and the mechanical work at hand could not drive Cary from her mind for a single moment. Yet she hated the day to come to an end—to come to the hour of their tryst.

She walked slowly down the library steps. Across the street was the little park. An old man was scattering corn to the pigeons; a blonde girl in a bright red hat was standing on one foot, shaking a pebble from her shoe. And—Cary was there.

She was in his arms without even thinking about it—without even trying to understand this miracle.

"But—!" she said then, looking up at him with wide eyes. "But I saw you go! I really saw you go, Cary!"

"I did go, my sweet. I got as far as Houston, still trying to dope out that speech of yours. Then at Houston I bought one of the New York papers. . . . Tell me! Did Phil get out of that jam all right?"

"Yes, but—how in the world did you know about it? They promised it wouldn't be in the papers!"

"It wasn't—as a news item. But your father—God bless the man!—he'd written one of his letters." Cary grinned down on her happily. "You know. Something about temptation to youth and speaking 'as one whose own son has been the victim of this criminal carelessness.' And so of course, my angel, it clicked. That performance of yours made sense. I took a plane back."

"But your job!"

"The hell with it," said Cary.

AFTERWARD, over the checked tablecloth of an Eighth Street restaurant, he enlarged on the point.

"I can get another job," he said confidently. "In fact I'm going to look for two other jobs—one for me and one for your father. But we won't go so far away that we can't take the family with us . . . keep an eye on that brother of yours. You'll see. The whole thing will straighten itself out. I've already talked to Satterlie. He's been swell about it—given me office work to tide us over. And he's going to keep me in mind, he says—"

"Oh, but it seems such a *shame!*"

"Jane—listen to me, darling. We're getting married right away. We're not going to stall around on this marriage proposition until we're old and gray. Remember you said marriage was a necessity—back in the covered-wagon days? Well, I guess it still is. Or what would happen to the human race? Ever think of that, my little chipmunk?"

"Still—it's a gamble for you, Cary," she said breathlessly. "Father might never—"

"What if he doesn't? Won't we get past those Indians?"

She smiled at him. They had the illusion of privacy in the little booth.

"We-ell, we're jogging along all right, darling."

"Yep. Those plains look pretty fine, don't they?"

They laughed, and looked at each other with glowing eyes. They knew, then, what the pioneers had known—that youth is eternally valiant, that love and trust are eternally the victors over weariness and hardship. . . . Then Cary took Jane's hands in his own. The table, fortunately, was a narrow one. . . . Jane lifted her face for Cary Reardon's kiss. By this time a middle-aged woman was looking at them in dour disapproval, but they were blind to the middle-aged woman. For this kiss was not brief and hurried—not furtive. This kiss was a pledge—the token of a promise, brave and unswerving.

THE END

HAWAII STRIKES

In a recent Liberty article Rear Admiral Yates Stirling asked, "Can We Trust Hawaii?" His answer was "No!"

BY SAMUEL WILDER KING

Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Hawaii

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MORE than forty years ago a small nation that had never felt the heel of a conqueror was voluntarily annexed to the United States. That nation had been both a kingdom and a republic. Its laws, customs, and language followed the pattern of the great Republic of the New World. And, however small, it was an equal partner in the negotiations which bound it to the United States as an integral part.

That nation was the Republic of Hawaii, now the Incorporated Territory of Hawaii and in the same status once held by twenty-nine of the forty-eight states.

Mainland Americans are fascinated by the undoubted glamour in these beautiful semitropical isles of dance and song, color and fragrance. But if Hawaii were a slag heap instead of a garden, its importance in the economic and national defense picture would still overshadow any comparable area under the flag. It purchases more goods from the rest of the United States than any but five foreign countries. Annexation cost nothing, but since 1898 the territory has paid into the federal treasury over $150,000,000 in excess of the amount expended upon it. The strategic location of the area caused our nation to create there our most powerful naval station and our largest army force to defend our shores. This mighty outpost renders the entire nation invulnerable to an attack from the west, in the opinion of competent observers.

How, then, does one account for the vicious attack on Hawaii by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., retired, published in Liberty of June 17, entitled Can We Trust Hawaii? This article demands an answer. To establish my qualifications for the task, I may say that I am a native of the territory, fifth in descent from a Yankee sailor, Oliver Holmes, who settled in Hawaii in 1793 and there married a ward of the great Hawaiian chief Kamehameha, the man who first consolidated the islands under one rule. Moreover, I am a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, with a record of twenty years' honorable service in our navy.

"Statehood," Admiral Stirling writes, "would work immeasurable harm both to the physical defenses and to the morale of the defense forces in the islands. One hundred and thirty million people whose safety depends upon the security of these outposts in the eastern Pacific cannot afford to take such a gambler's chance."

To support his thesis, Admiral Stirling resorts to one of the cruelest weapons ever used—race prejudice. Further, he presents alleged facts which he should have known to be untrue. For example, he states that "of the 370,000 inhabitants, 40 per cent are Japanese," and that his eyes have been opened "to our situation in the islands, with 40 per cent of the inhabitants still loyal to their native country."

The fact is that, of the approximately 400,000 persons in the territory, there are but 8.9 per cent alien Japanese—this according to the annual report of the governor of Hawaii to the Secretary of the Interior for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1938. The great majority of these would embrace the opportunity of naturalization if this were not forbidden by our own laws. Of the whole population, more than 81 per cent are native born, which is a higher percentage, for example, than there is in California, where the Admiral was born. If the people of Hawaii are to be catalogued according to race rather than citizenship, then who is an American?

At this point let me quote from a report signed by twenty-three of the twenty-four members of an official Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives which visited Hawaii in 1937:

"The loyalty displayed by the people of Hawaii during the World War, when they exceeded their draft quota, can certainly be expected to be repeated if America should again be engaged in war, regardless of who the enemy might be."

Contrast this Congressional statement, made following an exhaustive investigation, with Admiral Stirling's allegation that "America would be leaning upon a very slender reed if it counted upon the loyalty of the Oriental citizens."

He betrays either ignorance or race prejudice when he says the Japanese "vote in a solid bloc, . . . are stanch supporters of statehood and are sure that if it is granted the American citizens of Japanese ancestry will be able to dominate the government and elect a governor of the Japanese race."

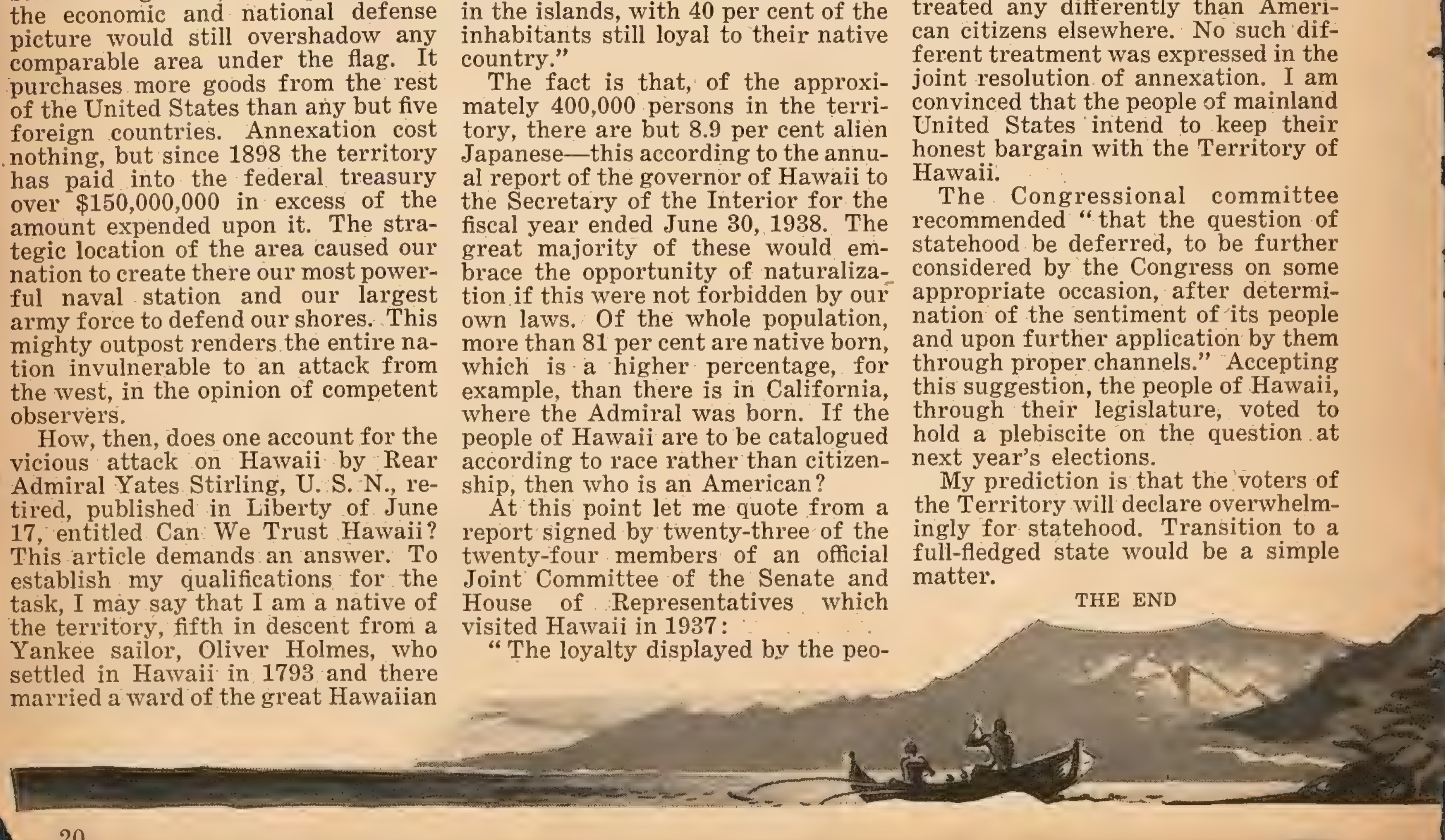
The Congressional committee found that the number of voters of Japanese ancestry was outnumbered by the Caucasian and also by the native Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian groups. The committee observed that racial voting "seems to be indulged in less in Hawaii than on the mainland. It will be noted that no one group dominates the electorate nor seems likely to do so." Further, the committee says: "The Americanization of the Japanese in Hawaii has perhaps made greater progress than it has with many immigrant groups of longer residence in America living in mainland communities."

I refuse to believe that the American citizens of Hawaii are to be treated any differently than American citizens elsewhere. No such different treatment was expressed in the joint resolution of annexation. I am convinced that the people of mainland United States intend to keep their honest bargain with the Territory of Hawaii.

The Congressional committee recommended "that the question of statehood be deferred, to be further considered by the Congress on some appropriate occasion, after determination of the sentiment of its people and upon further application by them through proper channels." Accepting this suggestion, the people of Hawaii, through their legislature, voted to hold a plebiscite on the question at next year's elections.

My prediction is that the voters of the Territory will declare overwhelmingly for statehood. Transition to a full-fledged state would be a simple matter.

THE END



BACK

From a number of good Americans in Hawaii came indignant protests. Here are two from men prominent in the islands

BY LAWRENCE M. JUDD

Former Governor of the Territory of Hawaii

As a former governor of the Territory of Hawaii, I reply: "Yes, Admiral Stirling, Hawaii can be trusted."

As you point out, the geographical position of the Hawaiian group in the Pacific "has made them the nation's spearhead of defense in that ocean." But there are many considerations other than purely military ones that underscore Hawaii's importance to the nation; to mention only one, her industrial development. It has established a rich trade between the mainland and the territory, exceeding the commerce of the nation with any of twenty countries. It enables the islands to buy approximately $100,000,000 worth of goods from the mainland annually, directly benefiting every state in the Union. And in 1938 it resulted in the territory's paying more taxes into the United States Treasury than any one of fourteen states—typical of her record for years. Decidedly, every one of our 130,000,000 people has an economic stake of huge importance in the Territory of Hawaii.

Says the Admiral in his article: "From the former collection of pleasure-loving Hawaiian communities has slowly developed a mechanical mixture of Oriental and white business and political intrigue and chicanery."

What kind of "intrigue" could build up industries that supply the nation with over $130,000,000 worth of needed foodstuffs yearly? What kind of "chicanery" pays wages which, at their lowest, compare favorably with the highest in similar fields in certain sections of the mainland? And what kind of "intrigue and chicanery" has developed the Territory of Hawaii into a modern American community with all the benefits of civilization?

It is difficult to perceive precisely what inspired the statement that the islands are "overrun with a mixed population of about 370,000, mostly Oriental, many of them from the dregs of Asia." The facts are that out of a total population of approximately 400,000 there are 328,000 American citizens — in the vast majority of cases, by right of birth on American soil. In the Territory of Hawaii more than 81 per cent are native born; in the State of New York, only 74.6 per cent (1930 census). And, thanks to one of the most advanced and comprehensive school systems in the United States, virtually 100 per cent of her native born are literate. Moreover, they show an ability to assimilate not only American education but American culture and ideals as readily and as deeply as any racial stocks under the flag.

Said President Roosevelt on his visit to the islands: "There are indeed many parts of the mainland of the United States where economic and educational levels do not come up to what I have found here."

Can it be that Admiral Stirling is ignorant of the truth? Or is it that race prejudice has completely blinded a former admiral of the United States Navy? How else explain the reference to Hawaii as "an Oriental land"? Or the declaration that there is an exodus of "white Americans of moderate means" from the islands, a movement that is purely a figment of his fancy?

How else account for the flat contradiction of known fact in saying that "Japanese . . . vote in a solid bloc"? In the report of the Joint Committee on Hawaii, submitted to the Senate February 15, 1938, are these among similar statements: "The results of elections do not furnish any evidence that any group is addicted to voting across party lines to any great extent because of racial ties. . . . So far it is safe to say that elections have been decided on individual merit and party allegiance, rather than racial ties; and no good reason exists for believing that any different policy will be accepted by the citizenry in the future."

It is upon distortions of these plain recorded facts that Admiral Stirling bases the preposterous crux of his diatribe: That "the restraining hand of Washington" must be retained upon Hawaii by keeping her a territory. For if she were made a state it would "work immeasurable harm both to the physical defenses and to the morale of the defense forces in the islands"!

So that, Admiral, is what is making you lose your rest! We have, as you point out, spent over $100,000,000 on the naval base at Pearl Harbor alone. The army maintains its largest single body of men in the islands and has fortified them into one of the most powerful military strongholds in the world. Yet we are asked to believe that making Hawaii a state would loose a horde of some kind of termites that would work havoc with her defenses and with the morale of our fighting men!

No part of the Union has more vital reasons than the Territory of Hawaii to welcome every military measure for sharpening the nation's "spearhead." In no other section of the country is there a closer liaison of the people with the army and navy, not only in sentiment but in carefully planned preparedness for complete co-operation in the event of war. There is no phase of national defense in the islands which the federal government does not have under full control, whether Hawaii remains a territory or is made a state.

The Admiral complains about the "generally exorbitant sums . . . awarded by the Hawaiian courts" for land purchased for national defense. They happen to be not local but federal courts! I cannot agree at all with the Admiral's low appraisal of their efficiency and integrity, much less extend it to our departments of national defense.

I feel safe in the opinion that if the Admiral's question were put to the country at large, the faith and spirit of fair play of the great majority of our 130,000,000 people would be expressed in the reply: "The answer is *yes*, Admiral Stirling."

THE END

READING TIME • ONE HOUR

WORD MAZE

By Harold Hart

There are at least seven fruits in the Word Maze below. Can you find them? You move from letter to letter in any direction in one continuous line until you have spelled out the name of a fruit. You may begin in any square you wish. You may not jump a square, nor may you enter the same square twice while forming any single word.

(The solution appears on page 46)

P	E	F	M	N
N	A	R	I	E
E	T	G	V	L
C	U	A	D	A

3 GUESSES

WORDS—Their SOUND
SENSE
SOURCE

SOUND

GUESS: The preferable pronunciation of GALA.

Rudy Vallee, speaking of the Yale prom some years ago over the radio, called the occasion a gala event, pronouncing it GAH-LA, to rhyme with Walla Walla. Did he do right?

SENSE

GUESS: What is the meaning of HECTIC?

Wasn't it Flaubert who maintained that for a certain meaning only one single word would do? Many writers describe as *hectic* any occasion full of excitement, trying on the nerves, or out of the ordinary. What do you think *hectic* means?

SOURCE

GUESS: Why is our first month JANUARY?

Do you know where the name for the first month of our year comes from?

(The answers appear on page 46)

"Nix, Butch, nix! Some other time!"

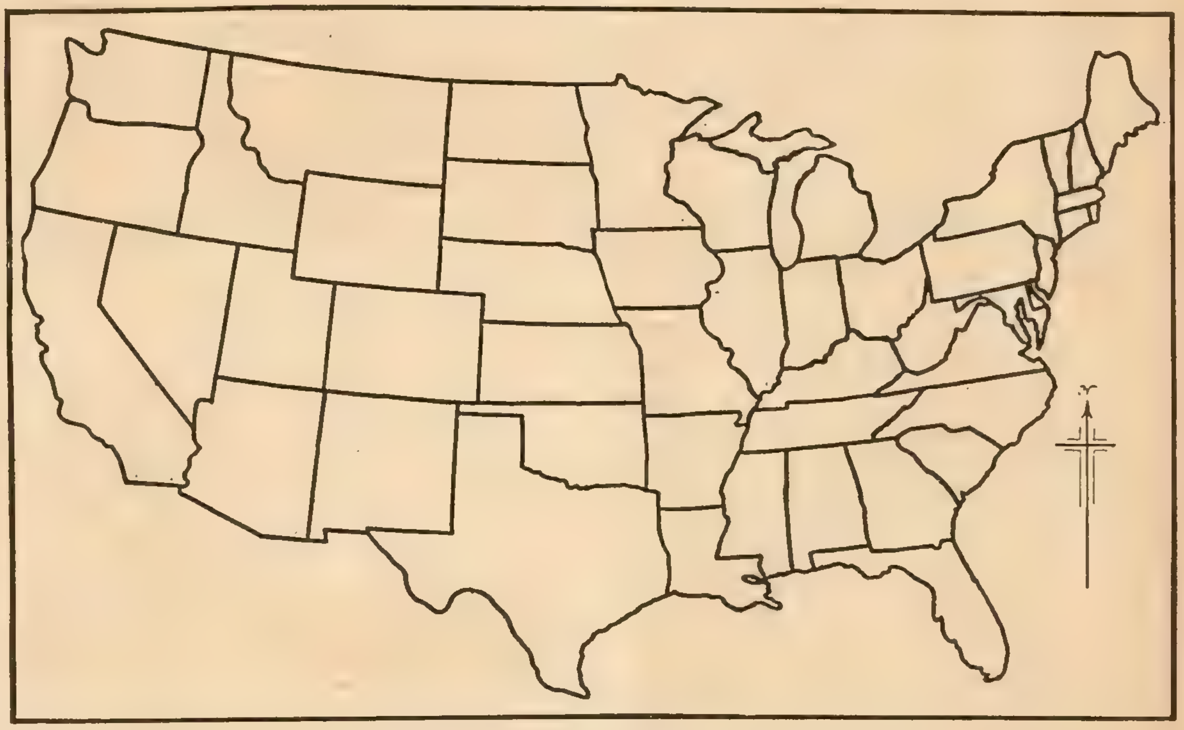
GEOGRAMS

Professor Molay started a stratosphere flight at Frankfort, Kentucky, at 9 A. M., August 11. His balloon continued to rise steadily for 11 hours, at which time it maintained the same altitude for 4 hours and 15 minutes. During all this time a wind of 40 miles an hour was carrying him in almost a due southeast course. At this point the professor decided to descend and let some gas escape from the bag.

As he started his descent, however, he encountered a wind which, while having the same direction, had lost 10 miles an hour in velocity. Professor Molay took 9 hours to make the descent and landed in a field. A passing automobile gave him a lift and, traveling at 25 miles an hour, carried him to the city in 1 hour and 21 minutes.

In what state and at which capital did Professor Molay end his trip?

(The solution appears on page 46)



IT HAPPENED IN—

Truth Is Funnier than Fiction

TULSA, OKLA.—Tom Bailey's case came before Police Judge A. A. Hatch, and Tom didn't know whether or not he had been tipsy.

"Did anything sort of wave up and down like this?" asked the judge, waving his hand. "And did you feel mighty happy and grand, and love every one in the whole world? And did you also feel like you could whip the pants off any mother's son alive?"

"Yeah," said Tom Bailey. "That's it."

"You were drunk," ruled the judge. "Five dollars and costs."

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

While sitting one day so ---- and cozy,
My friend had ---- of African wilds,
And told many tales of ----, and the shooting
Of tigers, ----, and crocodiles.

(The solutions appear on page 46)

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

SOCIAL SECURITY

This here is a fine idea. We been socially ossified by quite a lot of the neighbors. It don't matter none to me, but a little more Social Security would make my wife feel better.

SOUND CURRENCY

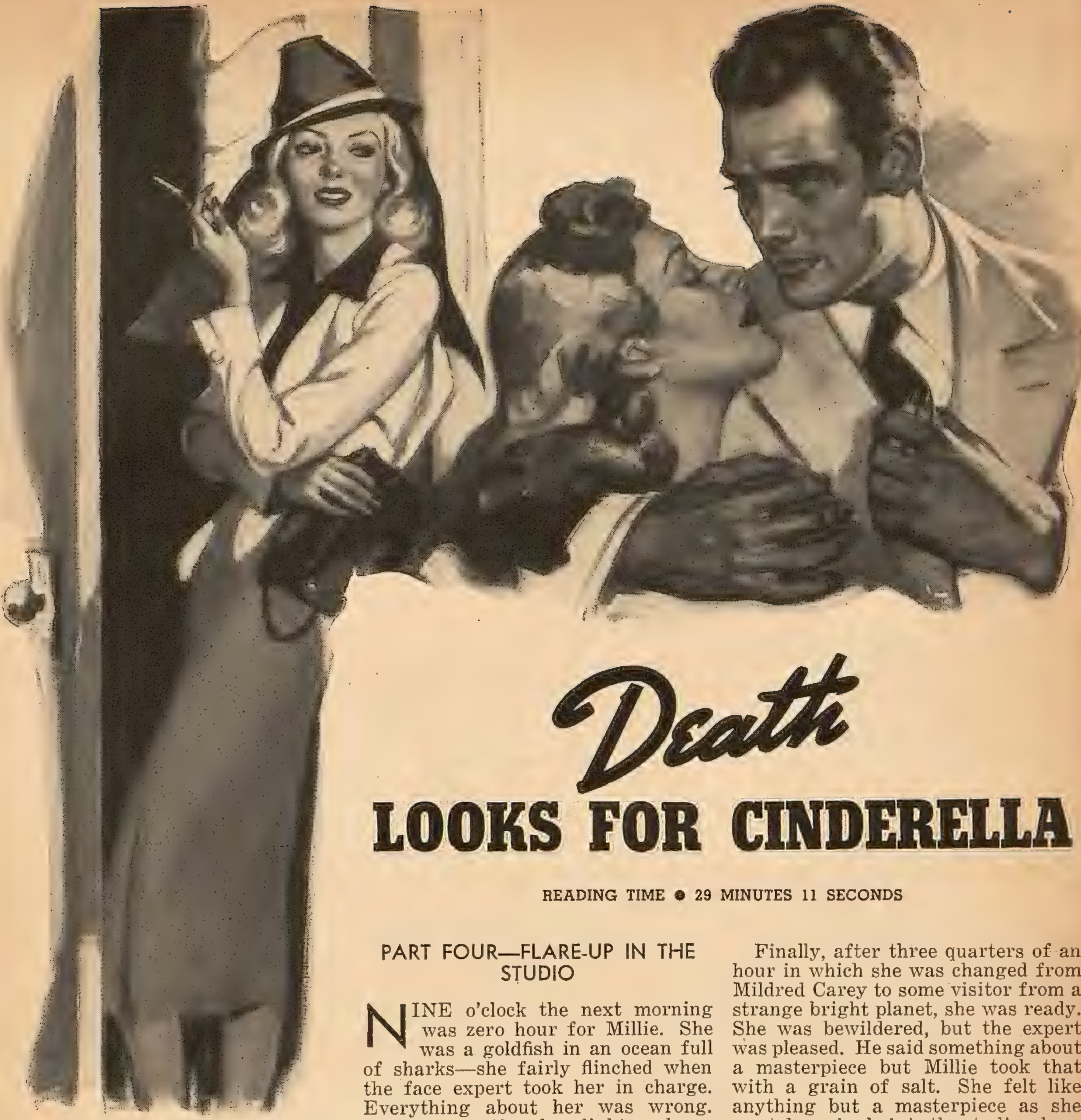
I got these in my Radio. I moved the arial & tied the ground wire on the bathtub, but it still squeeks and knocks purty bad. I will be very glad to have Govt Export come and try to get the sound currency out of it.

BIGGER NAVY

My brother-in-law Jake was in the Navy oncet, and he says what they need is a smaller Navy instead of a bigger one. Jake wants a Navy which can get up the Missipi River, he says he seen all the girls in the Coast ports, and he would like a new face fer a change.

MONETARY STABILIZATION

This is what my brother-in-law Jake is sufferin with, and I would like to know how you cure it. He comes home with a bun on, he is monetary stabilized the first minnit, but the nex minnit he falls over.—EZRA DILL.



The voice gave the impression of being hung with icicles. "I didn't realize the girl friend was here."

Death LOOKS FOR CINDERELLA

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

The romance of a girl who found the land of Heart's Desire but it was too late

ILLUSTRATED BY

A. N. SIMPKIN

by Margaret E. Sangster

PART FOUR—FLARE-UP IN THE STUDIO

NINE o'clock the next morning was zero hour for Millie. She was a goldfish in an ocean full of sharks—she fairly flinched when the face expert took her in charge. Everything about her was wrong. She was wasting her light under a bushel of imperfections.

"We want to emphasize the width between your eyes," the expert told her. "We want to accentuate your high cheekbones." Accentuate was a word the expert loved.

Millie sat, patient as a statue, while her mouth was accentuated and her nose was accentuated and the natural wave in her hair was accentuated.

"Good grief," she said finally, after forty-five minutes devoted to accentuating, "I'm not being married or anything!"

"Marriage is a deal easier than a screen test," said the expert. "And heaps less painful," he added.

Finally, after three quarters of an hour in which she was changed from Mildred Carey to some visitor from a strange bright planet, she was ready. She was bewildered, but the expert was pleased. He said something about a masterpiece but Millie took that with a grain of salt. She felt like anything but a masterpiece as she went draggingly into the studio where Boris Kahan, the director, and Wally Blake were waiting for her. Indeed she felt like a child up for inspection before a dancing teacher when she came to a dead stop in front of Kahan.

"He's just a fat little man," she told herself savagely. "He had to reach up, yesterday, to pat my face. I'm not afraid of him." But she was.

She came to learn in time that Boris Kahan traded on that quality of breeding fear—that it was his ace card.

"He'll make me do things I don't want to do." She cringed mentally.

Off duty, Boris Kahan was nothing to write home about. In the studio he grew inches taller and his voice had a lash like a Cossack whip.

"Stand over there!" he bellowed at Mildred. "No, *there!* Haf you no sense?"

"I don't need to take this," said Mildred in a whisper, but she stood over there.

Wally was laughing. The bandage was gone from his forehead—only a square of adhesive showed where the cut had been. His arm, too, was out of a sling, but he still held it gingerly.

Mildred asked, "What are you laughing at?"

"I was watching you react to the master's voice," said Wally. "How're you going to shoot her, Boris—and where do I come in?"

Boris said, "Always you come in at the close-up—and you know it. Lucky you did not make on that pudding face of yours much damage." He addressed an invisible man who sat somewhere aloft in a box. "Lights!" he said sharply, and Mildred felt, in the answering glare, that her every beaded eyelash was star-tipped. She blinked and wanted to cry.

"Now," Kahan yelled, "say 'I lof you'!"

"I love you," repeated Mildred. She might have been ordering steak and French-fried potatoes.

Wally was laughing harder than ever, and Boris turned on him savagely.

"So I vaste my time and you laugh!" he mouthed. "Get over beside her—quick. Take her in your arms."

"Just what the doctor ordered," said Wally. He moved over beside Mildred and took her in his arms. He seemed to enjoy the sharp lights that slanted down on them.

"Here's the way I say it," he murmured in Mildred's ear—"I love you." His voice was dripping with emotion.

Mildred struggled in his arms. "No!" she said.

"Easy on my right, darling," said Wally. "Don't bite and kick. This is just work." He shouted at the director, "Shall I kiss her, Boris?"

"Not yet," the director shouted back. "You—you Mildred—vhat is wrong vith you? Haf you no passion? Haf you no spirit? Say '*I lof you*'!"

Mildred again said, "I love you." Her voice trembled.

"It isn't necessary," she whispered to Wally, "to hold me so tight."

"Boris insists on realism," Wally told her. "I can't let my director down." He yelled, "When do I kiss her, Boris?"

Boris was moaning. "Vhen I say, and not before," he told Wally. "You think I go to all this trouble to gif you the field day, Vallace Blake?"

Mildred was angry. Field day, was it? She turned in Wally's arms—leaning back, as far as possible from his tantalizing grin. She didn't know that her throat made a lovely line, but Boris knew and so did Wally.

"Atta girl," he told her, very low.

Mildred fired back, "If you and that Russian think you're having fun, you're making a mistake. I don't want a screen test—I never did want one and I never will want one! And if you try to kiss me, I'll—"

"You'll what?" asked Wally.

Boris Kahan was waving his hands. He was a grotesque, commanding figure.

"Listen here," sputtered Mildred. "I have ribs, you know." But Boris yelled, "That iss perfect, Vally. . . . Mildred, she iss the right height for you."

"Just as high as my heart," said Wally. "Eh, what?"

Boris laughed. "Cut out the clowning," he said, and his voice momentarily sounded American. "Mildred, do your stoff. 'I lof you!' Say it vonce more."

Mildred jerked her body from Wally's arms, and he nursed his injured right wrist. She faced the director.

"Mr. Kahan," she flared, "I don't want to be in the movies and I don't want to say 'I love you.' This is ridiculous."

"Say it!" ordered Boris.

Mildred—her eyes on his face—a Trilby to his Svengali, said, "I love you." Her voice had a strained, husky quality, and the director nodded. "Now," he said, "now, Wally, you may kiss her."

"Thanks," said Wally and took Mildred into his arms again and kissed her. Not once. He kissed her twice, three times. His lips were warm and firm and compelling. Mildred, moving her head rapidly from side to side, could not escape them.

"Oh!" she shrilled. "Oh, you—you—" She wrenched herself free and turned, flushed and furious, on the director.

"I hate you!" she screamed. "And I hate Wally! I hate this whole damn racket." She stamped her foot violently and one carefully arranged lock fell across one carefully arranged eyebrow. "I won't be kissed, I tell you. Not unless I want to be kissed. I hate you both!"

"Dat iss goot," nodded the director. His fat face was creased and beaming. "Ve vill do it again, please. Joost that vay."

Mildred's rage had deserted her. She felt like a burned-out fire—a yesterday's fire—on a cold hearth. Her hands were hanging limply at her sides. Her whole body was dejected.

"You mean—" she asked weakly.

Wallace chuckled. "Boris likes women with spirit," he said. "That's why he chose Nadine to play opposite me in the last picture—but she fooled him; she had too much. . . . That's why, if your test works out, he'll choose you to play opposite me in the picture we're beginning now. Eh, Boris?"

"No," objected Boris, "no, Vally—not opposite you in the picture we're beginning now. Millie needs practice. Nadine will be your leading woman once more."

"Aw, say!" objected Wally, in turn. "Nadine's off me."

"Don' you believe it," said Boris. "She came to call at my house last night, and she told me—" He broke off. "Yes," he said, "she came and I told *her* she vas not on the skids—yet." His voice grew thoughtful. "In this picture," he said, "Mildred vill play Nadine's sister, and she vill vatch and listen and gain experience. In the next picture—"

"I don't think I'll be here for the next one," uttered Mildred faintly, but Boris swept aside her haunted whisper with a flick of one pudgy wrist. "Vhen I haf you trained, I vill be glad to geeve Nadine the good-by," he said. "She fights with me."

"Besides," said Wally, "she's almost as tall as I am."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

When Mildred Carey hears that, in the doctor's judgment, she cannot live more than six months, she quits her boresome job, breaks with her beau, Harry Todd, and decides to squander her hoarded savings in a final spurt of freedom. Buying a secondhand car and a supply of pretty clothes, she sets out, heading west. In Arizona, Mildred is warned to watch out for a tall handsome polite bandit who is ruthless and clever.

She listens indifferently. But a few hours later she becomes aware of a big fellow signaling her on a lonely road that his car is stalled and he needs help. Losing her head, Mildred runs over him before he can get out of her way. Panic-stricken, the girl speeds off, but her conscience compels her to return to the man's assistance. Stanching a head wound, she drives him to the nearest town and doctor. Diagnosis shows that his right wrist is out of commission.

Mortified, Mildred learns that her handsome highwayman is none other than Wally Blake, top screen star, and that he is immediately due in Hollywood for a new picture. To make amends, she offers to drive him to Los Angeles. Wally accepts, and tells reporters that she rescued him after a terrific hold-up!

During their trip to the Coast Wally tries to make love to this girl whose imperturbability lures him on. Why is she immune to masculine charms? When they arrive at the studio she is equally indifferent to a proposed screen test. Then she meets the poisonous Karen Cathcart, journalist, who has the reputation of making or breaking Hollywood stars. Furious at this insulting female, Mildred suddenly announces that she will take the screen test. Wally is delighted. But his leading lady, Nadine Blythe, is fearful of the result to herself.

"That," agreed Boris, "iss the truth. Also her face iss much like yours in structure. You might be brother and sister—vhich iss bad for a love scene."

This moment was entirely unreal to Mildred—just as Wally and Boris were unreal. Just as she was unreal.

"I think," said Boris, "that ve are beginning to arrive somevhere. Ve vill start from the beginning and this time the camera vill go vith us. Eh, Millie? Eh, Vally? Are you ready?"

They were ready and the camera went along all the way.

PRISONERS' REST was going to be Wally's greatest picture — that's what everybody told Millie, but Millie didn't know. She was desperately unhappy as she followed Nadine Blythe —who loathed her and was her screen sister—into drawing rooms and bedrooms and dining rooms. She looked juvenile with her hair cut in a bang and her wide eyes, but she hated that, too. Nadine didn't help her to learn the ropes—not so's you'd notice it. And when there was a love scene with Wally, and Mildred was in the offing, Nadine went to town.

"Do you think she's trying to make me jealous?" asked Mildred one day, as she and Wally walked across the lot. Wally eyed her strangely and said, "What do *you* think?"

The first day Mildred blundered—blundered so often and so badly that Boris Kahan frothed at the mouth and called her names that really belonged on fences. Mildred would have quit that night — would have left Hollywood under cover of the friendly darkness—if Nadine Blythe hadn't been so obviously pleased at her discomfort. The second day she girded up her loins and beamed whenever Boris goaded her and was slightly—oh, very slightly—better. The third day she got through an entire scene without criticism, and when Boris praised her Nadine had hysterics. The hysterics affected Mildred oddly. She felt exhilarated—the old champagne-cocktail feeling! That night, when she and Wally dined together, she told him that she was beginning to like her job.

"Mildred," he asked suddenly, "have you hired a secretary yet?"

Mildred laughed. "I can type my own letters," she told him, "if I ever have any letters to type."

"Well, then," asked Wally, "have you taken on a press-clipping bureau?"

"Why should I?" queried Mildred.

"You're breaking into print, my dear," said Wally, and his tone was not entirely jocular. "How's it for coming out to my house?"

"When?" asked Mildred.

"Right now," said Wally. He added, "When we get there we'll have coffee and liqueurs and I'll show you the works."

"I suppose," she said, "the publicity boys did us proud. They were so nice the day we landed here."

"The publicity boys and then some," said Wally. He signaled a

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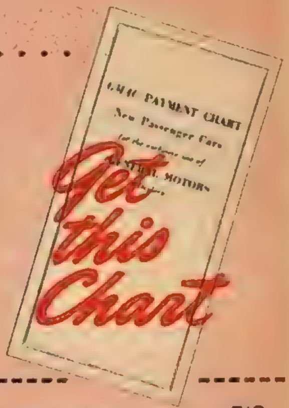

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waiter and paid the check. "You forget so easily, Mildred."

"Forget easily?" echoed Mildred. "That's all you know! I spend most of my time remembering."

"Remembering what?" asked Wally.

"Oh, things," said Mildred vaguely. "Just things. You wouldn't be interested."

"That's where you're wrong," said Wally. "I'm interested in everything you remember." He helped Mildred tenderly into the white fleecy jacket she was wearing. "Come on, let's go."

Wally was driving a car again—not the car that they had left back in Craneville but another one. It seemed that he had a fleet of them. When Wally swept up the driveway and parked, the door opened as if he had touched a spring, and a little Oriental stood there.

"Evening." The Oriental bowed from the waist. While he was bowing, the Great Danes rushed past and hurled themselves upon Wally. After he had said, "How're you, pups?" to them, they hurled themselves, a trifle more gently, on Mildred. They knew her by this time—she'd been to Wally's house before.

Wally stood aside and the Oriental stood aside and the Great Danes stood aside and Mildred entered the foyer that would always remind her of a railroad station. It was so big and so filled with marble. She threw her coat carelessly on a huge chair and stooped to pick up one of the Siamese kittens rubbing against her leg.

"Well, Wally—" she said.

Wally told her, "We'll go into my den." He told the Oriental, "You can serve coffee and liqueurs," and the Oriental hissed, "'Ess," and vanished.

THEY went into the den together, the dogs and kittens trailing them. The den was a pleasant masculine room done in browns and rusty yellows, with wide French doors that looked out to a flagged terrace. There were books on the shelves of the den—not Hollywood first editions in leather bindings with uncut pages—strange books that made Mildred like Wally. There was something very young about the books and there was something very young about Wally when he threw himself into a deep leather chair and took the other Siamese cat on his knee.

"Well, Millie," he said, "she gave you the works."

"Who gave me the works?" asked Mildred.

"Karen Cathcart," said Wally. "I've been wanting to tell you all day. You see, I knew it was coming and I *did* subscribe to a press-clipping bureau in your name. . . ." He stopped stroking the soft beige fur of the Siamese and reached for a folder that lay on top of his desk. "The nice ones are first," he said, and handed the folder to Mildred.

Mildred opened the folder and saw her own face staring up from a two-column newspaper clipping. It was a good photograph of the girl she might have been. She read the first story through carefully—after that she skimmed. The first story told of her meeting with Wally, of how she had rescued him on a lonely road as he lay bleeding and spent—the victim of thugs. The story glorified Mildred, and it was so well written that she almost believed it herself.

Ten, fifteen, twenty press clippings. Mildred went through them with relish. It was like sitting down to a dinner you hadn't cooked yourself. And then she came to Karen Cathcart's syndicated column. There was a photograph of her, brought down to thumbnail size, in the center of a column—but it wasn't one of the better photographs. It was one that had caught her squinting under the hard blue light when Bert the photographer turned it upon her.

Mildred read the first few lines and gasped.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, Wally!"

Wally nodded. "I thought you'd feel that way," he said. "Pretty terrible, isn't it?"

MILDRED didn't answer. She was reading the column. Reading hints about a girl that Wallace Blake had picked up in one of those dusty little border towns where girls were easily picked up. She was reading about a trip up to Hollywood, with stops at various hotels and rooms with connecting doors—Karen had done considerable research. She was reading about a miraculous screen test. "Tested one day," said Karen, "and shot into a big part the next. It must be love. Or something."

"Oh," said Mildred.

Wally told her, "Go on."

Karen's next was a shorter article with a wide black headline. It was titled, Who's Going to Scratch the Eyes Out of Whose Head? and told of Millie's meeting with Nadine Blythe at the Brown Derby. The third article had to do with the terms of her contract. The length, its option, and so forth. "Mildred Carey," read the third article, "asked the company to hold her salary until the end of Prisoners' Rest. Maybe she'll need it—by then."

Mildred looked up from the clipping. "How does she know so much about me?" she asked, and Wally shrugged.

"Out here," he said, "most folks get their cash on delivery."

Mildred told him, "But I have plenty with me. I don't need money."

Wallace said, "To Karen it looks as if you're being kept. And when your friends back home see the blurb—"

Mildred said, without meaning to, "My friends wouldn't recognize these pictures of me. . . . To them the name would be just a coincidence. There must be a million Mildred Careys—"

Wally laughed. "But your reputation, Mildred!" he said.

"Oh, reputation," shrugged Mildred.

Wally became serious. "Karen's trying to scare you out," he said.

"I don't scare easily," Mildred told him.

"I'd suggest," said Wally, and his tone was a trifle embarrassed, "that you go to see the gal. Take her a present or something—Karen loves presents. Tell her you didn't mean to get her goat—crawl on the old knees if you want, darling. . . . If Karen writes a couple of nice things about you, people will forget the nasty ones."

"I wouldn't take the trouble," Mildred said. "Memories are short—so's life. Maybe before I'm through I'll give her something to talk about, really."

Wally set the cat down carefully on a rug that was softer than its sensuous fur. "Mildred," he said, "I said it before and I say it again—I don't get you. You keep me at arm's length all the time and yet you've a curious, uncanny bravado. If you don't care what people think, if your reputation doesn't matter a hoot, if—"

Suddenly he was on his feet, coming toward Millie. "I *am* crazy about you, Millie—I'm nuts about you. You're different from anybody I ever knew!" He had her in his arms. "I'm nuts about you," he said against her lips.

Mildred had been getting used to Wally's arms, to his kisses in the last week or two, for Boris Kahan had tested them in one scene after another. But this was different. The folder with its columns of publicity, with its myriad photographs of herself, slipped to the floor and the pages scattered.

"EVERYBODY thinks," Wally told her, "that you and I are—" He kissed her. "They'll think it more than ever, now that Karen's got a good start. . . . Millie, you're the first girl I've given a hoot about for a long while." He kissed her again. "It happened when I came to—back there on the road—and you were bending over me, mopping my head. Millie, won't you—can't you—"

The voice that spoke from the door was not cool, but it gave the impression of being hung with icicles.

"I rang," said the voice, "and when Kato didn't answer, I walked right in. I didn't realize that the girl friend was here. It was stupid of me." Her tone belied her words, and Millie thought, She's probably been waiting for just this moment. She disengaged herself from Wally's embrace, and Wally spoke.

"Hello, Nadine," he said, but his tone lacked some of its usual steadiness.

Mildred was patting back her ruffled hair. She bent over and picked up the Siamese kitten that Wally had dropped. The one she had dropped came creeping close and she picked it up too. "Hello," she said.

Nadine told her, "Cats become you, Millie. Well, why not? . . . I suppose you were rehearsing?"

"As a matter of fact we were," said Wally.

Nadine seated herself on a carved Italian chair. Millie dropped back in her chair, and after a moment Wallace retreated to the place that he had left vacant. "Now we're cozy," he said.

"Very," murmured Nadine Blythe. She asked, "Were you rehearsing for the lead in Wally's next picture, *Miss* Carey?"

"No," said Mildred.

"The way you've been mooching around Boris Kahan," said Nadine, "you'll probably get it."

"I'm not mooching," said Mildred, "and I don't want it. I don't even want the part I've got."

"Oh, yeah?" said Nadine. "I suppose Boris Kahan threw it at you." She leaned forward. "Hasn't it ever occurred to you, Miss Carey, that something's fishy in this thing? Girls don't come up from nowhere, with no screen or stage experience and no looks"—she paused to let it sink in—"girls like that don't get themselves a screen test one day and a fat part the next."

"Listen here, Nadine," said Wally. "You've been reading Karen's stuff. You sound like a phonograph record. Read some of the other press stories. Mildred rescued me and I put her in a picture out of gratitude, and she's made good. It's very logical—"

"Out of gratitude for *rescuing you?*" sneered Nadine.

"Uh-huh," said Wally.

NADINE laughed. She rested her elbows on the arms of her chair, put the tips of her fingers together. "Well," she said, "what if I have been reading Karen Cathcart's column? So have loads of other people. Even—Miss Carey herself."

"Yes, Miss Blythe," nodded Mildred. "I've just this minute been going through La Cathcart's daily dozen." She indicated the folder with its scattered contents. "I was—amazed. But definitely."

Wally spoke up from the depths of his chair. "Millie's not afraid of Karen," he said.

"But you are, darling," Nadine told him, "and Karen hasn't even started on you yet. Maybe you can think up another publicity story in the next month or two." She rose suddenly. "I came to tell you, Wally," she said, "that I'm through. I've a half dozen letters of yours and a little gold key—the one you had made for me. I didn't use it tonight. I rang the bell, but I guess I told you that." She opened her purse deliberately and drew from it a thin sheaf of envelopes and a little gold key that tinkled on a gold chain, and dropped them deliberately at Mildred's feet.

"Good-by," said Nadine. "And tomorrow, Mildred Carey, don't get in my way on the set or you'll be sorry." She turned and walked swiftly to the door.

Wally sat sprawled in his chair. He didn't attempt to stop Nadine—or follow her. After a moment he spoke. "I gave Nadine that key when everybody in Hollywood was talking about gold keys," he said finally. "You remember, don't you, Millie—it was in all the papers."

"I must have missed it," said Mildred.

"Well," Wally told her, "it was just a gag. It's not really the key to my front door."

"It's not necessary to explain," Mildred told him. "I don't care if it is."

Wally got up and started to pace back and forth across the room. The kittens watched him with wide turquoise eyes.

"The letters, Millie—you can read 'em if you want to," he said as he paced. "They're just goofy stuff. Nadine brought 'em back because she was trying to start something."

Mildred sighed. "I don't want to read her letters," she said. The old sharp pain was tugging at her heart—or was it the same old pain? She rose and deposited the kittens on the chair she was vacating. "I won't wait for the coffee and liqueurs, Wally," she said. "I'm dog-tired."

"You look it," said Wally. "Maybe you'd better lie down—" His voice grew suddenly tender. "Nadine doesn't mean anything to me—she never did—"

"But she might—again," said Mildred. She was very serious. "Wally, wouldn't it be a good idea," she asked, "if I quit the cast of Prisoners' Rest? Nadine Blythe was right—I don't belong in pictures, but she does and you do. I don't belong—"

"You belong to me," Wally told her, suddenly savage, and she was in his arms again. "I love you, Millie. Why—" But Millie had disengaged herself.

"I'm going home, Wally," she said. "I want to do a little thinking, and lately"—she gulped—"I can't seem to think when you're around. . . . No, Wally, I'll take a cab."

PRISONERS' REST went on and on. . . . They told Mildred that it was going swimmingly, but to Mildred it was torture dragged out until it was as thin and fine as lace. . . . She was working harder than she had ever worked in the Spiegel office. After all, in the Spiegel office a job started at nine and ended at five. Here a crazy director—and Boris Kahan was more than half crazy—might ask you to get into a bathing suit at six o'clock and stand on a springboard until your toes were paralyzed while they shot you by synthetic moonlight. Here you could do the same thing fifty times and the fifty-first time it would still be wrong. Back in the Spiegel office a neatly typed letter was the height of ambition. Here one never reached the height.

Since the evening at Wally's when Nadine Blythe had dropped a thin packet of letters and a gold key at her feet, Mildred had been watching her step. There'd been no more luncheons at the Brown Derby, no more casual dropping in at Wally's house of an

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evening. She avoided him and she tried to keep out of Nadine's way. Was it, she asked herself, because of Karen Cathcart's radio talks and columns? Or was it because Nadine—by proving Wally inconstant—had given her a thinly veiled warning? Or was it because, that night, Wally's kisses had awakened an answering something in her soul? She didn't know. She only knew that her fingers tingled whenever he pressed them nowadays, and that she lay awake at night while the old pain faded to a nagging whisper and fought with the new pain that was half ecstasy.

TWO weeks, three, four weeks—another month gone by. The heavy of Prisoners' Rest fell and broke his ankle, and there was a lot of reshooting to be done with the man they rushed from Broadway to take his place. Rain—which they never have in Hollywood — descended on those days that should have been sunny, and held up production, and the lace dresses from Paris were all too large—because every one had lost weight. . . . Nadine Blythe gave a cocktail party and Mildred went to it because she was afraid to stay home. Karen Cathcart was at the party and asked Mildred mockingly in front of a score of interested people, if she'd mind being interviewed. Mildred told her that she wouldn't mind. . . . Wally asked her to go to Malibu with him for a week-end. . . . Boris Kahan gave a cocktail party and introduced Millie as his discovery, and she was more embarrassed than she'd ever been in her life. . . . Wally asked her to go to Catalina with him for a week. . . . The studio gave a cocktail party and Mildred found herself being pursued and called Mystery Lady by feature writers who were kinder than Karen but who faded away when Karen entered the long reception room. . . . Wally bought her a star-sapphire ring, but she sent it back, and it was another month. Three in all, or thereabouts.

And then one day, when she was eating a sandwich in the studio lunchroom, Wally came and sat beside her and regarded her with anxious eyes.

"You look seedy as all get-out," he told her.

Mildred wanted to say, "And I'll look worse before my six months are up." She only said, "Pictures, Wally—they're hard work."

"You need a little relaxation. Why don't you come somewhere with me? We can just take the car and go off batting. . . . Remember our ride to Hollywood, Mildred?"

"Yes," said Mildred. She added, "If I look so seedy, I'd scarcely be worth taking—for a ride."

Wally said, "Oddly enough, I don't care how you look any more. You're so darned stand-offish." He ordered a ham sandwich and milk. "Mildred, you've dropped me like a hot potato. Ever since the night when Nadine brought the letters back. I wish you'd read them, Millie, then you'd know it was all so much fluff."

Mildred crumbled a piece of pound cake. "Wally," she asked, "you don't think I'm staying away because you wrote a couple of letters to Nadine?"

Wally nodded.

Mildred went on, "You don't think I dropped out because Nadine told me that you—well, that you get tired—easily?" She sighed. "It isn't that—you'd scarcely have time to get tired of me. I've said so right along, to myself."

"Not in a lifetime," vowed Wally.

Mildred told him, "That's unnecessary and you don't mean it. And besides," she sighed again, "when'll they be finished with Prisoners' Rest, do you think?"

Wally told her, "Two-three weeks more of it, I guess. . . . Mildred, am I—" All at once he was embarrassed. "Don't you—I mean when you're with me—"

"We won't go into that," said Mildred. She rose from the table. "Boris told me to hurry back," she said.

Wally's sandwich and milk arrived inopportunely. He reached for his glass. "We could go to Europe," he said, "when the picture's over. You and me, Millie."

"I'm such a poor risk," said Mildred. She started away from the table. "Boris is going to rehearse me in that scene where Nadine and I quarrel and I faint."

IT was hot that afternoon. Nadine was mocking, annoying, provocative, and very beautiful. As they rehearsed the quarrel for the thirteenth time, Millie tried to keep her mind on cool, pleasant things. Tall drinks in frosted glasses and beds with crisp linen sheets and the sea lapping against a dim silver shore. But the thought of the sea brought her back to the thought of Wally and a trip to Europe with him. . . . London and Brittany and castles on the Rhine and snow-peaked Alps and Wally always there with that smile of his and the laughter in his eyes—and his gaze grown suddenly serious.

Oh, God, she thought, and bit her lips to steady them, if we'd been a couple of other people it might have been so sweet. If I belonged here—if I weren't a Cinderella waiting for the clock to strike, it might have been so dear."

Boris Kahan's voice was calling her from her reverie. "Mildred," he was shouting, "vhy do you look at Nadine like the hurt puppy? She hass not slapped you, *yet*."

"Oh," said Mildred. She came back from Paris in the spring, from the Riviera in autumn. "I'm sorry, Boris."

"Thinking of something else?" taunted Nadine.

"Why, yes," said Mildred. "Something else."

"Something pleasant?" sneered Nadine.

"Quite," answered Mildred wearily, and wondered if she could get through the rest of the session. She was feeling lightheaded. Queer. Her voice was unrelated to her body.

Wally was sitting in his chair, back by a clump of apparatus. "Say, Boris," he muttered, "Mildred—she's feeling—well, she's tired. Why don't you call it a day?"

"Every time I call it a day," snapped Boris, "it costs the boss money. . . . Listen, Mildred. It iss so-o easy. Your sister—you adore her and she iss about to make the beeg mistake. You argue—you plead."

"I argue," echoed Millie. "I plead."

"You adore me," sneered Nadine.

BORIS raised his clenched hands over his head. "These cat fights," he said, "I do not like them."

"I don't, either," said Mildred. Again her mind was far away. A ship at night with waves curling around the bow and phosphorescence on the water and Wally's arm around her. *Tight.* A happy landing in some blue harbor. . . . A happy landing—

Nadine asked out of an approximately clear sky, "When I struggle with her, may I really slap her? I mean *really?*"

Boris said, "Yes, but of course—"

And then it happened. It was as if something had snapped—some tension, some thread of decency. It was as if a storm that had been brewing for days, for weeks, had suddenly burst. Nadine's open palm came crashing against Mildred's face, and Mildred—her eyes wide—was backing away.

"Why," she said vaguely, "you *meant* that. You wanted to hurt me."

"I want to kill you," said Nadine, very low. "It would be a pleasure." She was walking softly toward Mildred and again Mildred thought of a streamlined panther stalking a bird. It was a thought that had occurred to her when she first glimpsed Nadine in a famous restaurant at noon.

Wally was rising in his place. "Listen here—" he began doubtfully, but Boris silenced him with a hand.

"It iss goot," he said. "A scene like this—it vill make history. Leave them alone—"

"I'll be darned if I will," said Wally. "Millie, I'm going to take you away. I'm—"

But Mildred was not conscious of his voice. . . . She was staring into the face of the woman who hated her, but her eyes saw the lovely features hardened by rage through a fine sleetlike mist.

"So," she said finally, "so you'd like to kill me? Oh, Nadine, you're so foolish. . . . It would be such a waste—of talent."

And then suddenly she was slipping through darkness—thick, soft, eerie darkness. It was like a falling-through-space dream, but there was no bump at the end of it.

What will be the outcome of this vicious slap in the face? Has Nadine started a far-reaching row? Will it end in her own defeat, or will Millie quit the picture game and continue her journey toward oblivion? New twists and turns multiply swiftly in next week's Liberty.

CHINA'S *Heartbreak* TRAIL

China still fights on! And Liberty's reporter continues the thrilling story of his journey in the wake of munitions trucks along the new China-Burma highway that leads to Chungking. It is a story of peril and strange adventures, and gives a stirring picture of the courage and endurance of a beleaguered people.

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WE were traveling along a road carved out of the side of a mountain so precipitous that it had been necessary to slice a thin pie-shaped piece a hundred feet deep out of its side in order to find a level space wide enough for two cars to squeeze by each other. The newly cut wall towered on one side of us, and below was a drop of five hundred feet almost as sheer as the wall itself. Any object which toppled over the edge, whether a pebble or an ammunition truck or a comfortable passenger car, such as the one in which we were traveling, would not stop bouncing and rolling until it reached the bottom.

A few feet ahead of us the road disappeared, for there was a sharp turn. Just as we reached the corner a heavy ammunition truck bore down on us. We were on the wrong side—the outside—of the road, and it was toward the abyss that our driver swerved to avoid a head-on collision. There was no parapet here, nothing to save us if we should get an inch too far.

We nosed past the front of the truck, but it had also swung sharply, and the wide rear body gave us a swipe that knocked us toward the edge. One rear wheel sagged menacingly, but our driver turned the car directly toward the wall and then back again, so that in an instant both rear wheels were on the crown of the road, and we were off to turn more dangerous corners and get enough thrills in a day to last a lifetime.

This was on the new road by which I entered China through the back door from Burma. There can be no doubt that it contains more dangerous spots than any other road in the world. It was built by the Chinese, who were in a desperate hurry to provide a route by which they could bring ammunition out of Burma, so it is a wartime highway and has all of the menacing aspects that should be associated with war. I am glad that I spent two thrilling weeks on this road—thankful that I was not one of those whose cars carried them to death on the rocks hundreds of feet below—but I have no desire to make the trip again.

At hundreds of places there are sharp turns where the road seems to end in space. There is nothing ahead of you but a chasm, with rocks or trees on the opposite side. On your left is a high wall of clay or stone, every square foot marked with the scars made by Chinese hoes or chisels. On the right a view across a vast level valley a thousand feet below you. Only a foot or two separates you from the edge of the road. A skid, or a broken steering wheel, or a moment of inattention on the part of the driver, and the chances are that the car would roll over a dozen times or more before it crashed onto the valley floor.

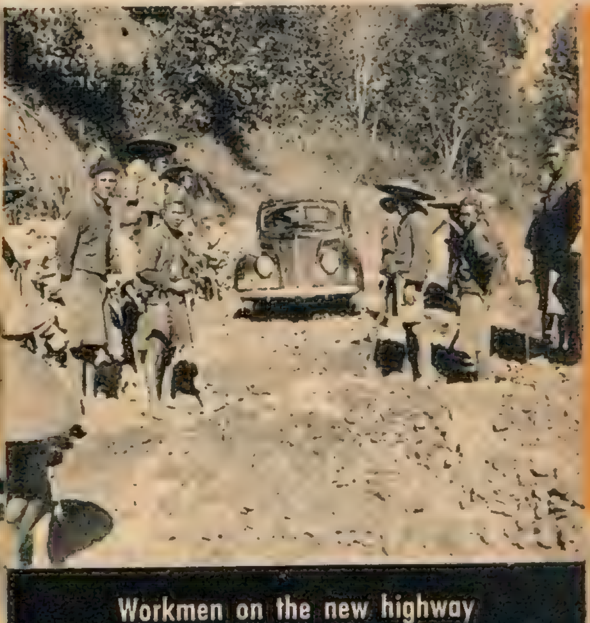
A modern miracle, this 2,000-mile road, built literally by hand, to supply China's armies

BY CARL CROW

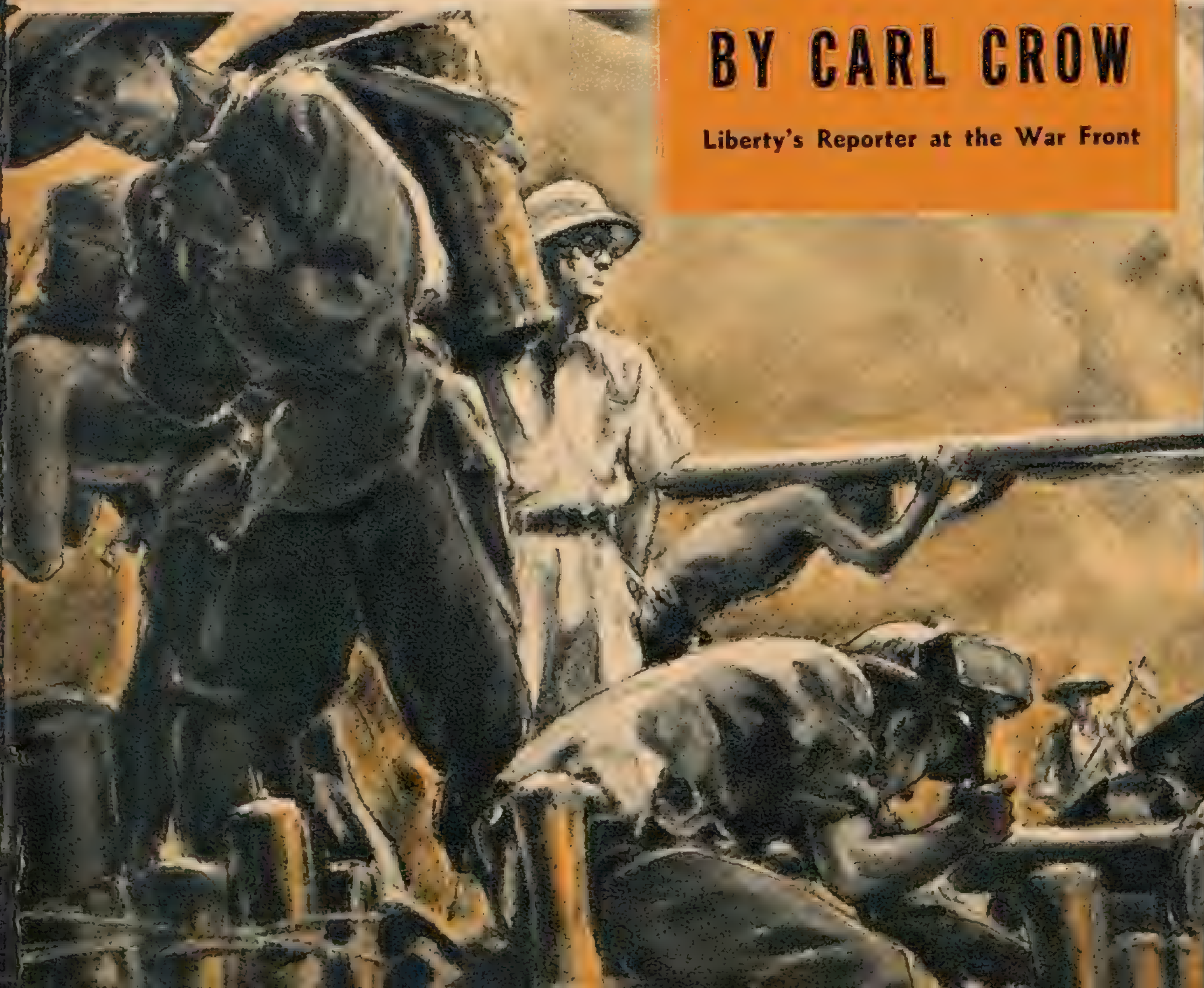
Liberty's Reporter at the War Front

Such a multitude of mountains. I marvel at the courage of the first men who crossed them and wondered what motive could have driven them toward a goal which held out so little promise. Occasionally we saw the answer—land, for which hungry man has always been willing to work and fight.

In the midst of mountains where there are no inhabitants, where the soil is so barren that nothing grows but a few stunted trees, there is a turn in the road, and suddenly we see that most perfect utilization of soil that man has yet devised—a terraced rice field. Here, centuries ago, tiny level patches were made in the side of the mountains by building small retaining walls and filling in the surface with fertile soil garnered from between the rocks and carried in by baskets. The water from a mountain spring was diverted to the topmost level and then led down to lower levels until the whole was irrigated. These terraces are not built by one family in one lifetime, but are the work of generations, each adding a new level or improving the old ones until the barren hillside has been turned into a series of productive plots on which men have been feeding themselves since before the birth of Christ.



Workmen on the new highway



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The road, of almost two thousand miles, was completed in less than two years from the time it was projected and is one of the world's great engineering feats. The only reason the Chinese knew that there might be a practical route to Burma was the fact that pack-horse trains had been traveling the route for centuries and that when the last Ming emperor was driven from Peking by the invading Manchus, he had fled over this route to Rangoon.

But the marvelous thing about the road is not the fact of its existence, but that it was built in a remarkably short time with nothing but human labor. There were no steam shovels, steam rollers, or pneumatic drills. There were practically no tools except the heavy iron hoes of the farmers and the chisels of the stonemasons. Instead of motor trucks, there were many carts of local design with spokeless wheels of wood. It was with tools and with workmen like this that the Tower of Babel and the Temple of King Solomon were built.

There was no dynamite available, only the noisy Chinese gunpowder which is used for making firecrackers, and by its use, many huge sections of mountains were blasted away in tiny fragments, blasted away in cubic inches rather than in cubic yards, in pounds instead of tons.

The only equipment which remotely resembles the appliances of modern road building are huge road rollers, to be pulled by oxen when they are available—but more often by man power—and they were made by hand. The largest ones are about four feet in diameter and weigh three tons. They were chiseled out of huge granite boulders which had first to be dragged from the river bed by man power.

THE road is completed so far that it is possible to ship ammunition over it with reasonable speed and safety, but work is still going on. There were very few stretches where we were out of sight for more than a quarter of an hour of workers repairing and improving the road, and I would guess that I saw ten thousand of them.

In addition to the thousands working on the road, there were many other thousands preparing road-building material. Mountain men cut timbers and carried them for miles on their backs. Those which were too heavy were dragged by oxen or mules or donkeys or water buffaloes. Sometimes men and women were harnessed to these beasts and pulled with them. In the dry beds of streams, hundreds of girls and boys were panning the debris as carefully as if for gold, sorting out pebbles and gravel into orderly heaps to be carried to places on the road where it may be needed when the rains come and there are washouts and landslides.

Something unexpected was always happening. One day we were very high in the mountains when the car suddenly stopped when the chauffeur changed gears. We had been climbing steadily all afternoon and the engine had run a temperature. The red fluid in the thermometer had gone clear to the top.

The chauffeur opened up the hood, tinkered with something, but fifteen minutes of work with screw drivers and wrenches produced no results and I had visions of spending the night on the mountainside and waiting until morning for some ammunition truck to come along and pick us up.

Suddenly I heard the chauffeur give a little suppressed cry; he jumped back from the car. It wasn't until I piled out, as did the other two passengers, that I saw that the car was on fire, several small but indisputable flames coming from various parts of the engine. I was sure then that we would spend the night on a mountainside, as there was nothing we could do but get to a safe distance and watch the car burn, for we had no fire extinguisher. Then I remembered my portfolio which not only contained my passport and all of my money, but some extremely valuable papers which I was taking to Chungking, and ran back to get it.

The chauffeur ran with me. On the way he picked up a handful of loose dirt and gravel from the road and threw it into the flames. All of us followed his example, and in five minutes the flames were out, but the engine was half buried under gravel and dirt and sand.

We started cleaning this out, for no particular reason that I could see except to make a useless engine more tidy. The temperature indicator had dropped to normal. When the dirt had been cleaned away, the chauffeur went to work again with his screw drivers and wrenches, and in fifteen minutes we were ready to be on our way again.

The chauffeur was born inside the walls of Peiping and saw his father killed in the outskirts of that ancient capital when the Japanese occupied the place. The Japanese impressed the young man as a laborer and put him to work helping the drivers of army trucks. He worked in this way for several weeks, gaining the confidence of his captors so that they no longer watched him carefully. Then one day when they were in an isolated part of the country and the Japanese driver had gone into a shop, he took the wheel of the truck, drove away and through the side roads and delivered to the Chinese guerrillas a very valuable cargo of ammunition.

After that he wandered from one place to another, like the millions of homeless Chinese, and now he was more than a thousand miles from his birthplace, helping to maintain the highway with which ammunition was being brought to the Chinese army.

There are no official figures as to the number of trucks which are carrying ammunition from Burma to China over this new road, but I was able to form a fairly accurate idea as to the volume of traffic. I didn't actually count the trucks because the Chinese government officials had asked me not to make public any figures as to the number in operation. Japanese secret agents have been trying to get this information, and the Japanese consul in Rangoon cross-questions every returning traveler who will accept his hospitality. I will quote no figures, but I can assure him and the Japanese army officials that munitions and other supplies are moving over the highway at a very satisfactory speed.

All of this would not be possible without the cheerful and patient—one might almost say the enthusiastic—help of the Chinese laborers. They were employed, impressed, and conscripted, anything and everything done to keep them busy on the road. When the importance of their task was impressed on them, when the stories of Japanese atrocities in the coast ports reached them, their latent patriotism came to life and they worked even longer hours than the already long hours they were supposed to work. Each has contributed his measure to the construction of the road. The work of each has been like a grain of sand on an ocean beach, but the total has added up to one of the world's great achievements in building.

Chinese labor has acquired a new dignity. The English-speaking Chinese engineers—many of them American university graduates—no longer refer to them as coolies but as workers. Without exception, the Chinese believe that the war with Japan will end in such a way that they will be able to call this great highway "Victory Road." No one can travel over the road without agreeing with them, for a people with such indomitable perseverance and patient energy can never be conquered.

IT was only by accident that I became the guest of one of the kings of the little known Shan States on the western border of China. I wanted very much to visit one of these states, which few foreigners have ever seen, but my itinerary provided that I travel through them without stopping, except for the night. Then the Chinese Minister of Communications, Chang Chia-Ngau, arranged for me to stop at Manshih, the most important of the Shan capitals, and wait for a special car which he would send for me to take me on my way to Chungking. The king of Manshih was traveling with the minister, and when we were introduced, he promptly offered me the hospitality of one of his palaces, which serves as a kind of guest-house for Chinese officials who travel through his territory.

And so I became the guest of a king—a very small king to be sure—but still a king, with palaces, a standing army, and slavishly obedient subjects.

It is very ungracious and certainly the height of impoliteness to criticize the hospitality of a host, but if I say anything about the king's palaces, I must say that they look more like barns and (Continued on page 34)

GET

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You do many types of driving!
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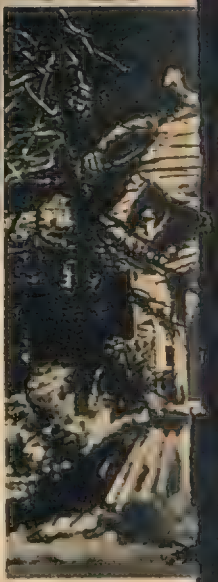
GELETT BURGESS, creator of the Goop books, author of "The Burgess Nonsense Book," "Two O'Clock Courage" and other best sellers, is one of America's favorite satirists. Here he presents intimate glimpses of some of his more eccentric leisure activities, written in characteristic vein for the friends of *Schlitz*

There's a surprising difference in *Hobbies*

If you want to acquire a brand-new sparkle in your eye, have a hobby. Fun and enthusiasm keep you young, aid the digestion and remove that awful sourpuss look. Social life is often a bore, and you can't go to the movies or eat *all* the time. A hobby demands so much love and attention that it's almost as good as a wife.

My own hobbies began with making model houses of cardboard, with trees, bushes, flowers and everything. Then I made a deserted Haunted House. It's five inches square without a straight line or right angle or an unsmashed window in it. That's the way to get atmosphere. You can almost see the ghost.

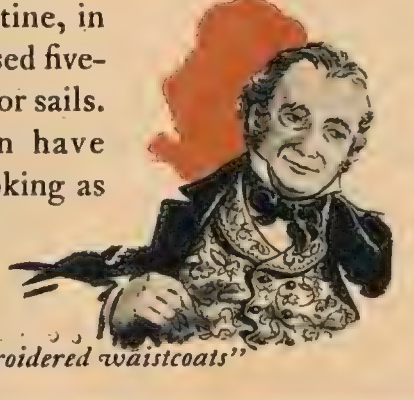


"You can almost see the ghost"

My last attempt was a street of six wobbly little houses with cockeyed gables, crazy windows and walls sloping in 17 different directions. Even then it wasn't screwy enough to satisfy me.

Shelley's hobby was sailing toy boats in the Serpentine, in London. He used five-pound notes for sails.

Many men have taken up Cooking as a hobby. Who would ever have heard of Cardinal Richelieu if he hadn't invented Mayonnaise Dressing? What are the novels of Alexandre Dumas compared with his Cook Book telling 56 ways of gastronomifying eggs? If you want a neat little hobby try new dishes, as a famous English naturalist did, of kangaroo ham, panther chops, elephant trunk and rhinoceros pie. I worked over the cook stove until I had concocted one perfect food. I call it Gefoojit. That means Apple Mess.

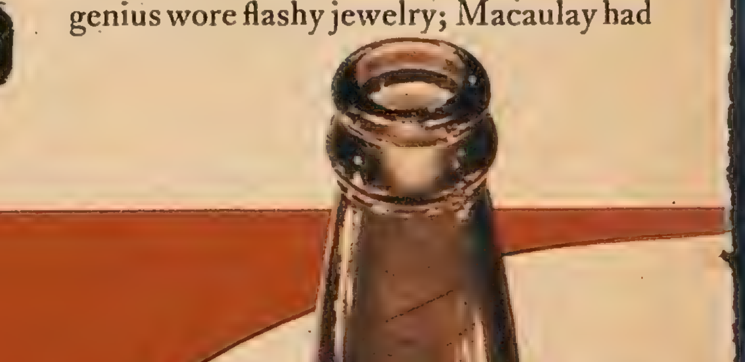


"—magnificent collection of embroidered waistcoats"

Or you can make Dress your hobby. One genius wore flashy jewelry; Macaulay had

There's an amazing difference in beers!

Taste *that famous flavor* today



Copyright 1939, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

magnificent collection of embroidered aistcoats. Or you might wear green loves all the time and a new necktie very day, like Franz Liszt. Or sleep in our spectacles, as did Schubert.

For years one of my favorite hobbies as been cutting out the pictures of aughing faces from magazines and newsapers and pasting them into scrapbooks. No matter how bad your tummy ache, r your income tax, when you look over hose smiles you can't help grinning. I end the books to sick or discouraged riends and to the hospitals. Doctors ell me I have disovered a new therapy. Do try it on some old rouchy uncle.

—*"inexcusable" hobby*

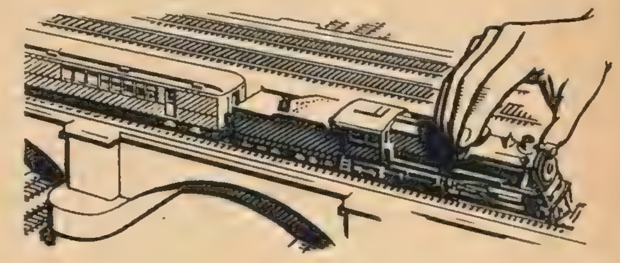
"A Woman Talking"

The celebrity who uilt the first Eddytone lighthouse amused himself by devising mechanical ghosts. I had a hobby almost as inexcusable. I spent days constructing a Cubic Cross-Word Puzzle. Diderot used to take machines apart to study them. I put machines together to amaze my friends. I am the sole inventor of the only Nonsense Machines ever made out of spools, pencils, rubber bands, hairpins and cigar boxes. They are lively, noisy and complicated and they accomplish absolutely nothing. I call my Model 7, "A Woman Talking."

Hobbyists are of various kinds. For instance, there are the collectors of things—Autographs, Butterflies, Compliments, Doodads, Elephants and so on to X, Y and Z. Next come the reproducers of things in miniature — such as R. R. Stations and State Capitols made of lumps of sugar, matches, shells or Schlitz bottle caps. Some paint fans, as did George Sand, or draw with both hands at once, like Landseer.

In a class apart are the true Hobbystocrats who invent their own unique diversions. Beau Nash was one—he delighted in stunts such as sending for an ambulance to take a bruised camellia to the hospital. A modern example is the fellow who makes a hobby of blowing square soap bubbles.

But the greatest of all are those whose hobbies are Themselves. Victor Hugo went to sleep when they weren't talking about him. Rembrandt painted his own portrait twelve times in a year, and one of the leading novelists of the 19th century tipped his hat every time he passed the London house where he wrote his greatest story.



Sure. Egomania is the grandest, easiest and pleasantest hobby of them all. If you're too lazy for anything else, be crazy about yourself. You will be in splendid company. Speaking of good company, for any occasion, consult your refrigerator—*provided, of course, it's provided with Schlitz!*

rinking Schlitz is more than just a hobby
it's a pleasant duty you owe to yourself if
u love real beer.

In Schlitz you enjoy all the crisp, aromatic ng of the hops, *with none of the bitterness.*

You delight in all the full-bodied luxury the malt, *with none of the sweetness.*

That famous flavor, created in the world's eatest brewery, is acclaimed by epicures in ery quarter of the globe.

t famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in y bottle. Here's why: The air that sustains life destroy beer flavor if sealed in the bottle. SO— E TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE TTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE T THE BEER IN. An amazing new hod that assures brewery-fresh goodness always.

Schlitz

The beer that made Milwaukee famous

is made *Exclusively* in Milwaukee

Dry... NOT SWEET... NOT BITTER!

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

(Continued from page 31)

resemble palaces only in comparison with the mud-walled hovels which surround them. The rough wooden floors of the palace in which I am staying have never been scrubbed and rarely swept. There is no running water except that which runs through a muddy ditch in the palace grounds. Water for cooking and washing is dipped from the ditch and stored in huge earthenware jars in the kitchen.

The communal washroom where you wash your hands and face and brush your teeth is a wide marble balustrade which overlooks nothing but the mud walls with which the palace grounds are surrounded. Just why there should be a marble balustrade in the awkward-looking building of unpainted wood, I have no idea, but if the king wanted one he could well afford to build it.

Although the servants heat the water for you and bring it to you, there is no indication that they ever use any of it themselves. I discovered the complete and perfect filthiness of the kitchen crew the first morning after my arrival. I was up very early, brushing my teeth on the marble balustrade just when the cook and his helpers were building the fires for the morning meal. When one of them saw me reach into my mouth and yank out a complete set of upper teeth, he let out a yell which brought all the kitchen help to the spot. They stayed until both dentures had been scrubbed and put back into place. They did not leave until I drank a glass of tomato juice. The sight fascinated them. Here was a funny-looking foreigner who could pull his jaw out and put it back again and then drank a glass of blood for breakfast. What a man! What a man!

I DRINK the king's beer, but I will not eat at his table. I like good Chinese food but not when prepared in a Shan kitchen. As I will have to travel far before I can replenish my scanty supply of provisions, I am on short rations. My maximum food allowance for a day is a small can of tomato or orange juice and either a can of baked beans or a can of soup, supplemented by a half dozen crackers. There are some variations, but I cannot exceed that bulk and am thriving on it.

The king's beer is of a very good German brand, bottled in quarts, as all good beer should be bottled. But the sun is hot and the beer is decidedly warm. I don't suppose there is or ever has been a piece of ice in two hundred miles of here. Even when warm, however, the beer is not so bad, but were it as cold as it should be, I would still willingly trade several quarts of it for a drink of water from the spring at Stepping Stone Farm. It has been more than a week since I had a drink of water and may be several more before I know its familiar taste again. There are plenty of fine springs in the mountains which surround us and many streams of water flow through the town, but by the time the water reaches the little mud capital, it has flowed through paddy fields and probably provided baths for a number of pigs. It is deceptively clear but no one would think of drinking it until after it has been boiled and diffused with tea leaves.

My thermos bottle is as indispensable as my can opener. At least once a day I put in a lot of tea leaves and have it filled with boiling water. To make sure that the water is boiled I go to the kitchen and superintend the operation.

Salt is another problem here. The king's Shan servants brought me some of the royal salt, which consisted of dirty gray lumps which could be crumbled into a powder. The salt is made from sea water evaporated in beds of mud, and it is sold with a large part of the mud still mixed in it. Nor could any one be sure from the taste just what the powder was, for it is only faintly salty. A Chinese traveler gave me about an ounce of pure white salt and I'll make that last as long as possible.

Sugar is another luxury here. No sugar is used in the food, for there are no sweet dishes. You can buy a few feet of sugar cane for a couple of coppers and chew it, thus getting pure sugar at the least possible cost.

Can courage and the will to work and win save China? Next week Carl Crow describes his arrival at Chungking, the provisional capital, and tells of the effect on its inhabitants of Japan's relentless campaign of terror.

The king has a number of palaces, for he has to provide one for each member of the royal family. He has two of his very own, one known as the official palace, where he transacts all of his business; the other his residential palace, where he lives. It is in the former that I am now staying, as his residential palace is closed while he is away. It contains more sleeping quarters than offices and possibly dates back to the Manchu regime, when the Shan kings maintained many concubines. The old republican government of China frowned on concubines, and the new Nationalist government frowned still harder, while Chiang Kai-shek won't stand for them at all. Chinese engineers who are maintaining the new highway now live in the concubines' rooms.

The ruler of Manshih is not only the king but also the only landlord, for he owns all of the land, amounting to several hundred square miles. He can quite truthfully boast that he collects no taxes, for every one must pay rent. The farmers give him a very liberal proportion of their produce and the few shopkeepers pay a rent in cash. Every one was vague about the amounts paid, but it is easy to see that even in this poor district he might well collect a revenue of a million Chinese dollars a year.

He spends no money on public works other than what a penurious landlord would be compelled to spend. He has to support his numerous relatives and maintain a number of retainers, including his standing army of a hundred desperate-looking characters armed with antiquated rifles. All the local people talk about him with extreme reluctance, so it was difficult to get any accurate information, but it is believed that he has a great deal of money deposited in the banks of Rangoon, safe from the prying eyes of the Chinese government.

It would be difficult to find a greater mixture of peoples living in such a small area. A schoolmaster listed seven of them for me, including a small number of Chinese. Each of the seven peoples wears a distinctive costume and speaks a different language.

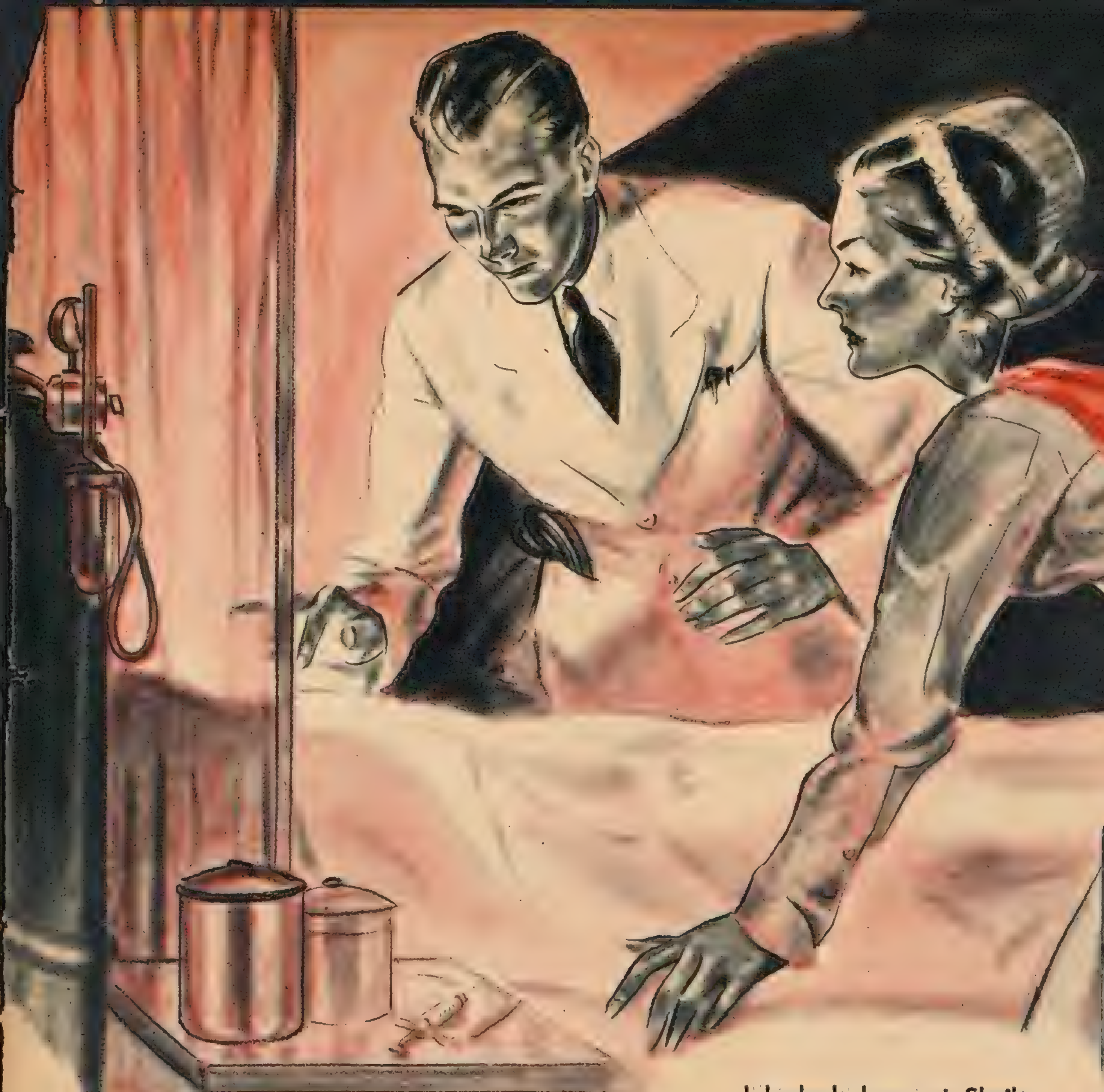
THE seven tribes have some characteristics in common: shyness, timidity, and gentleness. It is true that foreigners traveling in the interior have been murdered, but that was because of the fear in which the timid hill people held them. I suppose deer would gang up on hunters and kill them if their instinct for self-preservation had been properly developed. But it is difficult to imagine anything approaching violence among these gentle people.

The abbot of a Buddhist temple told me that in Manshih the people are so quiet and peaceable that even husbands and wives do not quarrel. I have heard no bickering or angry voices. One of the weekly fairs was on the day I arrived and the main street was lined with stalls and there were thousands of wild mountain people in to sell their produce and make their purchases. In a crowd of Chinese like this there would usually be many arguments about prices, but here there were none.

With a gentle and industrious people like this the kings who have ruled the district for so many centuries might have made it a little earthly paradise. They have done nothing but collect their rents and the people are poor and diseased. One cannot escape the constant impression of the imminent presence of death.

If it had not been for Japan's invasion of China, this sorry little kingdom of Manshih might have continued as it is for many more centuries, for this is one of the most remote and isolated parts of the world and of little interest to China. But with the building of the China-Burma highway it is at the moment on one of the world's most important thoroughfares, and is a center of activity for the Chinese government. One hears English spoken everywhere, for the place is full of Chinese officials. Experts are here to combat the ravages of tropical malaria. One of the king's large private houses has been taken over and is being remodeled into a hotel which will be ready for guests in a few months. The tenth century has met the twentieth face to face, and there can be no doubt as to which will survive.

THE END



I looked down at Sheila. Sally came in and was on the other side of the bed.

AMBULANCE at Dawn

A fast-moving tale of murder and mystery involving a lovely girl

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES WITTLIG

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

SALLY said: " I know you, Willie. You always want to make accidents into murder cases whenever there's a pretty girl involved."

I shook my head and stuck a cigarette between my lips. I was swinging a stethoscope around in my hand, and my eyes went in the direction of the emergency ward. A taxicab had hit this girl on Thirty-fourth Street and I had just brought her in. They were working on her now. So far as I had been able to diagnose, the injuries were mostly internal.

" Honest, Sally," I said, " I've seen that kid before."

" Possibly while you were two-timing me."

Sally was small and pert, with jet-black hair and eyes darker than that. She looked like a bundle of love in the starched white nurse's uniform, and why she should think for a moment any one would want to two-time her I don't know.

" Listen," I said; " be serious."

It might have been, as Sally pointed out, just another accident case. Yet the moment I had seen that girl on the street, lying where the cab had knocked her, I had felt a shiver go all through me. There was in the beauty of her young face a haunting, tragic quality; and she seemed to me as familiar as the stars that shine at night. I felt, even now, that I must know her. Yet I didn't even know her name.

It shouldn't have mattered. Internes, they say, are coldly impersonal, and a guy like me that rides an ambulance all day meets a lot of people, most of them dead or dying. Bums and debutantes; business men and shot-up cops. We walk through the muck of tragedy and intrigue, suicide and murder, and you can't help getting hardened to it.

Only maybe it was a little bit different with me. Not much, at most; but perhaps there was this thing, instinct, that my friend Lefty Magee, the homicide dick, keeps talking about. My father was once a police commissioner, and though I chose to be a doctor they've told me some of that police blood flows in my veins. It's just possible that that is how, out of maybe fifty cases I'll bring to the ward, one will strike me as odd and arouse my curiosity to an intensity that is frightening until it is released. Some small thing will get me wondering; angles that regular cops miss because we see it from a different side of the fence. When that happens I do a little investigating. Lefty Magee gave me a special-deputy badge so that I could. The cases I look into I put down here, to remember. I simply call this Willie Wayne's log.

Sally saw I wasn't fooling. " She *is* pretty, Willie," she admitted. " I could tell in a glance."

I dropped the cigarette and stepped on it. My lips were thin and hard now. " Listen. Get me a gauze mask and rubber gloves."

" You're going in to see her? "

I breathed the word " Yeah."

" I'll come with you, Willie," she said.

A COUPLE of minutes later we stood beside the operating table. A resident interne had been working on her, and there were two nurses; but they had stopped momentarily, and the patient lay quietly. She had reddish hair, and a face that was like an oval; her eyelids were pretty and the lashes long. But her cheeks were pale and there was scarcely any color in her lips. She had a beautiful and delicate figure. Doc looked up.

" Get her name? "

" No. Purse only had a few dollars; no identification."

He nodded.

I tried to seem casual. " Will she live? "

" Maybe."

I was looking down at the girl, and I could feel my heart massaging my side. I smiled emptily. She was beginning to stir. A nurse let up on the ether cone, glanced at the doctor. He made a motion with his hand to let her come out of it.

" Mind if I talk to her? " I asked.

" Go right ahead, Dr. Wayne," he said. " I can't do anything more until I can check her reaction."

The patient's eyes fluttered open. They were green eyes and awfully pretty. She was still dazed and the ether must have been swirling in her brain. She didn't know where she was. Something tingled through me, and on impulse I bent close to her ear.

" Sheila Gray? " I said.

Her eyes grew frightened, and then she seemed to be confused again. Her lips moved softly and she whispered: " Yes; what is it you want? "

I glanced up at the doc. " Listen. Do what you can for her. You save her, will you? "

He must have thought I was crazy, but he knew a little of the police work I had done, and he could not help but feel my sincerity.

" Everything I can, kid," he said.

I turned toward Sally. " Come on."

I SAT down in the office. Sally came in and perched herself on the desk. I was trembling. I tore off the mask, jabbed a cigarette against my lips. It broke in two and I threw it away.

" For the love of Jupiter, Willie! "

I looked up. " All right. You don't know what this means. You don't know anything about it. But her name came to me just as she opened her eyes."

" So what? "

" So what? Sally, this is big! Remember two days ago? "

" Sure. It rained, and I tore my stocking getting on to a bus."

" Sally, two days ago a mug from Miami was murdered. He was a guy who ran a joint in Florida, but he'd never been in New York, and not many people down South knew him very well. He came originally from California. He used to own gambling ships there, and when it got hot he opened the place in Miami."

" And I suppose Miami got hot? "

" Not exactly. He became prosperous. He came to New York and opened a cabaret. He'd only been here a week. He'd found a torch singer in some little Florida town and she'd been making a sensation in his Miami place. He brought her to New York with him. He had her on a seven-year contract at fifty a week. He was a cheap skate, but smart. A lot of people hated him, and he wasn't seen much around town. Just a glimpse now and then. Always with a bodyguard. They say he was a Croesus."

" What was the angle about the girl? "

" I guess you didn't read the papers that day, worrying about your forty-nine-cent stockings," I said, " because it was all there. It came out after the murder. Down in Florida a rich young man by the name of Lester Reid took an awful tumble for her. The columnists mentioned it. He wanted to marry the kid, and this big shot, figuring he couldn't open his New York place without her, said nix. He told Reid to beat it; he had her on contract. Reid tried to buy the contract, but he couldn't make a deal."

" What was the big boy's name? "

" Harmon. Bill Harmon. He was willing to sell the contract, but the price had to be big. Well, shortly after Harmon arrived in town, who breezed in but the rich boy Reid? What happened was this: He got into Harmon's office. They must have had an argument. A shot was fired. The bodyguard was nowhere around, but two janitors, sweeping up, saw Lester Reid beat it out the side door."

" Playboy murders restaurant owner," Sally said. " Where's the hitch? "

" The hitch is that next morning they found Sheila's coat, a purse, and her shoes in the East River. Sheila Gray was the singer all this squabble was about. They didn't find her body, just that stuff. She had left a suicide note in her apartment which said in effect that she had tolerated Bill Harmon's unreasonable attitude as long as she could and she had killed him."

" Boy! "

" The police were searching for Reid. This threw a wrench into the thing. After all, they only *suspected* Reid. He might have come in *after* the shot was fired. Sheila could have been in the office and done it herself. This bodyguard was across the street playing a pin game. Both Sheila's fingerprints and Lester Reid's were on Harmon's desk, and there were no other clues."

" Lester Reid is still missing? "

" Yeah."

" And the torch singer? "

" That's her in the emergency ward right now. I recognized her picture from the papers. You know how they play up pretty girls when they're in the center of a murder triangle."

Sally was trembling now, not me. It was off my chest, and I felt better. I knew where I was going.

" You'd better get Homicide and call Lefty," she said.

" No. I'm going to talk to Sheila first. She must have had some reason for wanting people to think she was dead. The cops would only come down here and scare her, and we might not get anything."

Sheila was not out of danger by eight that night, but they moved her upstairs and screened her bed off. I got permission to go and see her. There was just one small blue light burning, and Sheila's face was like ivory in it. She stared up at me.

" I—I've seen you before," she whispered.

" Downstairs, Sheila," I said.

" Sheila—" She sucked her breath in sharply. " You are mistaken, doctor."

" Is it terribly important that people think you dead? "

THE green eyes were frightened, and they searched my face. At last: " Yes, terribly! "

" You want them to think Sheila Gray committed suicide? "

" Yes! "

I leaned forward. " *Did you* murder Bill Harmon? "

" Yes."

" You lie, Sheila! "

" Please," she said, " please, I beg that you—"

" All right," I said. " I'm not a cop. I'm not going to hurt you. It isn't even any of my business. But were you in the office when Bill Harmon was shot? "

She waited a moment. " No," she whispered bleakly.

" Where were you? "

" I was at home."

" You just heard that Lester Reid had run out of the place after the shot was fired, so you decided to take the rap for him—"

" Nothing that happened was Lester's fault. You must believe that. Mr. Harmon was a desperate, unreasonable man, and he—"

"You figure if Lester shot him, Harmon had it coming?"

She looked up at me and she didn't answer.

"You took the blame with that farewell note," I went on; "then you were going to leave town—disappear."

She smiled faintly. "Yes, but a cab hit me."

"Destiny is a strange thing," I said; "maybe it'll be better that way."

"But you mustn't tell them who I am, please!"

I was looking down at her. "I won't. Not for a while."

I left then. Sally was waiting for me in the hall.

"Just like I thought, she didn't bump Harmon."

"What a story you've got to tell Lefty Magee!"

"Yeah. Only I made a promise."

"Oh, you fool, Willie!"

We were going down the stairs now. "I don't know. This is a funny case. Maybe we can get angles." We arrived on the first floor and went into the morgue.

"This Harmon guy here?"

"Nope."

"Who took him out?"

"His ex-bodyguard."

"Did you weave the usual red tape before releasing the corpse?"

"Yep. Three friends of his were here to see him. We even had a couple of federal agents in. They seemed touched. If you want to know any more, Willie, they took Harmon's stiff up to a mortuary on Seventy-second Street."

"G-men, eh? I didn't know Bill Harmon had been a guy with a record."

"Well, he wasn't. The boys were just curious, that's all."

"Strange," I said, "that they'd be sticking their noses into a local murder."

I was getting a rapid pulse beat. When we were in the hall, I said: "Sally, we're going up to see Lefty. I want to know more about the dead man. But first let's take another glance through the things Sheila had in her purse. I'll tell you why. I'd like to find Lester Reid, and she was awfully in love with him. Do you see?"

"The *cops* haven't had any luck."

"I know it. But they didn't have the advantage of going through her purse! Sometimes women will destroy every other shred of evidence, but through sentimental reasons keep some little token that reminds them of a man. I mean, women are like that!"

"Sure," said Sally; "I've saved your discarded razor blades for years."

"All right! Be funny!"

We went through Sheila's stuff. There wasn't much. The purse was new; she had left the old one on the dock. In it there was a compact, lip rouge, a packet of matches, a stick of gum, several dollars, a handkerchief, and a little card that told her how many pounds she weighed.

"I guess she didn't save souvenirs," Sally said.

"I guess not," I replied, and I stuck the packet of matches in my pocket and put the rest of the stuff back. That little hocus-pocus missed her completely.

Homicide Detective Lefty Magee is a big blond guy, half Irish, half Dutch. Nothing had turned up for the cops on the Harmon murder case; and I guess they had been running him wild. The moment I mentioned Harmon's name he pounced on me.

"What do *you* know about Harmon, Willie?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Then why the interest?"

"Well," I said, "politics and crime fascinate me. I just thought I'd come down and chin with you."

"Fine time for that!" he said. He glanced at Sally, and then he sat down. "They're driving us nuts. The papers are eating our hearts out. Willie, if you know anything, for the love of Mike spring it!"

I wanted to tell him then, but I remembered that girl back in Bellevue.

"You drew a blank on me, pal," I said.

Lefty rested back. He jabbed a cigarette into his mouth, scratched a match on the chair bottom, and lit up. "This Harmon was a honey," he said. "A secretive guy. Well known in California, but he spent a year in Miami and he didn't mix much. For

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years he's been running cabarets with gambling joints in the back of them, and coining dough right and left."

"I hear G-men were chasing him."

"Sure. And why, do you think?"

"Don't keep us in suspense," said Sally.

"Income tax," Lefty roared. "The dirty rat didn't pay a cent of tax in all the years he operated. Of course, if he did, they'd got him on the gambling rap. But he was smooth. Never under arrest in his life. The federal men had been working on his books for eight months. This week they were going to arrest him, break the headlines, and send him to the Rock."

"And he goes and gets murdered!" said Sally.

"Sure—he gets murdered! Can you imagine a lousier trick? These poor government men work on him eight long grueling months — and Harmon wasn't even man enough to stay alive for the big blow-off!"

"Who do you think killed him?" I said.

"Aw, how do we know? Maybe this kid Lester Reid. Maybe the girl that jumped in the river. If we could find Reid we'd sweat the truth out of him. We've had men on the railroads, the steamship lines, the buses, the planes. We've had out-of-state cops watch his folks' home."

"So the case is hung up?" I said.

"Yes, and it's killing me," wailed Lefty. He dropped the cigarette on the floor and rubbed his heel over it. Sally was sticking something under her coat.

It was raining when we came out of police headquarters, and I scooted Sally into a cab. I wanted plenty of time to think. I told the cabby to drive uptown, and then I sat back, Sally very close to me.

"The case is red-hot," I said. "What we've got to do now is find this Lester Reid. I want to spill what I know to Lefty, but I can't until I find Reid."

"Of course the *cops* couldn't find him," said Sally sardonically, "but us—"

"Hush," I said.

SHE reached up and gave me a kiss; then she said: "Willie, I've been with you long enough to sense what you're going to do next." She pulled something out from under her coat; but she wouldn't let me see it.

"You've never seen Reid—how are you going to find him?"

"Go to a newspaper, get old pictures of him from the files."

"I got this. There were six of them on Lefty's desk." She turned the card over, and it was a nice clear photo of Reid. One of these "Arrest this man on sight" pictures. He was good-looking, blond, with a hard jaw and prominent cheekbones.

"Handsome, for a murderer," said Sally.

"And clean-cut," I replied.

"Well," she said, "I've always liked my murderers clean-cut."

I dug out the packet of matches I had taken from Sheila's purse. The Frau, on East Eighty-sixth Street. There was a flock of small night spots there. I figured, if Sheila had been out at all, she must have been with Reid, and it seemed likely that if he was venturing out on the street at all he might return to the Frau. Human beings are creatures of habit; they come again and again to a place where they have once known a happy moment. I leaned forward and gave the cab driver the address.

THE Frau was packed. There was a dance floor, and a band was playing. Sally took one side of the joint and I canvassed the other. I watched particularly for guys at a table alone, and then I went along the bar. I must have drunk half a dozen beers standing there and trying to peer into faces. But Les Reid wasn't there. We went next door. It was small, but more or less the same set-up. No luck. It was around eleven o'clock. We went up and down the block. Eighty-sixth Street was the only hope we had that we might locate him, but it was beginning to look bad. At midnight we were back in the Frau. He was there this time.

I wanted to laugh. The guy was as conspicuous as a cat in a canary's cage. He needed a shave and he was wearing dark glasses. He had a lot of little whisky ponies in front of him and all of them were empty. Maybe it was that he had reached a point where he just didn't care.

I sat down across the table from him, and Sally sat at his side. That was so she could throw the chair back and trip him if he jumped up and tried to run. But he had no such intention. I don't think he could have run if he wanted to. I reached over and took the glasses off, and he blinked, rubbing his eyes, and stared at me. Then he laughed and put his chin in his hands.

"I've told you six times before," he mumbled, "that I'm not going to buy you and your wife any more drinks."

"I guess you've got the wrong people," I said. "We're cops."

He stirred a little and looked up again. He opened his mouth to say something; but his jaw clicked shut. He rubbed a hand down across his face. He was doing his best to straighten himself out, but he couldn't.

"Got sore at Bill Harmon and murdered him, didn't you?"

"No," he said.

"Then why did you run away?"

He mumbled incoherently, then lifted his head. "Because I was framed!" His head dropped again. He was awfully drunk. "I was scared and I didn't know what I was doing. I was framed pretty, that's all."

"After Sheila Gray confessed and committed suicide, you were clear. Why didn't you go to the police?"

"Because Sheila — Sheila, she—well, listen"—he was struggling with the words—"listen to me, mister. Sheila and me, see? We were like that, see?" He lifted two fingers close together. "After she died, well—school didn't matter any more. School could keep or not. To hell with it. Because Sheila and me, see—"

I looked up at Sally. "Come on, honey. We're taking him out of here."

We had an awful time. Two of the waiters had to help us. I got Reid into a taxi and told the driver to take us to the hospital.

Sally looked up. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Honey," I said, "I'll tell you a funny story. I happen to believe the guy. We've got to keep him hidden until I can try just one thing—"

"Hide him? *Where?*"

I grinned. "In the drunkards' tank."

WE got him stowed away in good shape, and I knew he'd be all right in a few hours. I changed back into whites, and Sally put on her nurse's uniform. The case was at a momentary standstill. Everything depended on what I did next, and I was giving my mind one awful beating. There was this tangent and that. I decided on an angle which seeing Sheila Gray had suggested to me. I didn't have time to tell Sally about it, though. I went up to the floor where they had Sheila, and fixed it up with the nurse to go in and have a look at her.

"How is she?" I asked.

"All right. Sleeping."

"She'll live?"

"I think so."

I went quietly to the bed and looked down at Sheila. I hated to wake her, but it was necessary. A time element had crept in; I knew I had only a few hours left to work things out along the lines of my plan. Sheila opened her eyes when I touched her. Sally came in, and was on the other side of the bed.

"I want to talk to you, Sheila," I said.

"Yes?"

"About Miami. I want to help you."

She nodded, and I talked to her quietly. Sally listened, nodding now and then.

IT was almost an hour later when I left Sheila's bed. Sally and I went back downstairs. We had heard about Sheila's whole life—how she had begun singing, where she had met Bill Harmon, and all the details of their contract. She talked at length about her romance with Lester Reid. She had lain there whispering in words that were clear and eloquent in their simplicity, and there was something sort of sweet and sad in the nostalgia of her memory.

Sally and I went back to the tank and began working on Reid. We put him through the paces. There are ways of sobering a man up. At four in the morning Lester Reid could look at me without blinking. He said he had a headache and that his mouth felt like leather. He asked me for a cigarette. He seemed like a decent chap.

"Sally," I said, "go and see if it's

all right for us to use one of the spare ambulances."

"Oh," she said; "getting technical."

There are times when I don't ask. She came back and said it was O. K.

I drove, and Sally sat on the outside. Reid was between us. The spare ambulance was old and it rattled when it ran, but I wheeled it out through the driveway and into the street. The rain was pouring down. When we reached Forty-second Sally glanced over at me.

"Hadn't we better call Lefty Magee?"

"As soon as we've checked at the mortuary," I said.

We swung over to Broadway and shot along at a pretty good clip. The stunt I had figured to pull at the funeral parlor never could have been done in civilian clothes. That's why I had brought the ambulance. I wanted to give it an authentic ring.

We stopped on Seventy-second Street in front of the place where they had Harmon's body. The three of us climbed out, crossed the sidewalk in the rain, and banged on the door. It was a small brownstone dump. We kept banging at the door. Nothing happened for about ten minutes. Then a huge sleepy-looking guy came through the front room and peered at us on the other side of the glass. I motioned for him to open up. He unlatched the door and opened it just a crack.

I put my weight against the door and shoved it open. Sally and Reid went in, then I stepped inside. This big civilian was trying to push us all back. I could see a gun in a shoulder holster under his coat.

"Hey, listen," he said.

"Orders from the cops," I said.

"What cops?"

"The morgue cops. We've got to get the body of Bill Harmon." I paused. "There's something that—"

WE didn't want the body, just a look. Sally had broken loose and was moving toward the back rooms. Reid was on her heels. The big guy broke out his gun. He was swearing like an outraged parrot. If there was one thing my old man—the police commissioner—taught me when I was a kid, it was jujitsu. The kind the cops use. But it wasn't hard. The hoodlum was concentrating his sleepy eyes on Sally and Reid. At the same time he was yelling and pointing the gun. I did a bender on his arm, cracked at his knuckles, and the gun dropped to the floor. By the time he started to crawl all over me, I had turned around and, using his arm for leverage, brought his feet off the floor as though he had wings. When he thudded on the floor in front of me, it was hard. He lost his wind, and in the excitement of that he passed out. But cold!

I made a dash for the room I had seen Sally and Reid go into. Reid was inside, tearing the lid off a nailed-up coffin. He had an iron ash tray he was using to pry the board up. I gave him a hand, and we were working like that—doing fine, too—when Sally shrieked, and Reid and I turned around.

A heavy-set man stood there with a gun on us. He wore a dressing robe and had evidently come down from upstairs. He had curly black hair and fleshy cheeks; he must have been forty-five. I hadn't figured on this.

It was Bill Harmon!

Harmon said: "Well?"

"Nice meeting you," I said.

"Me too," said Sally. "I always get a bang out of meeting dead men."

There wasn't a flicker on Harmon's face. He looked up at Reid. Reid was burning.

"It was a sweet idea you had," he said, "framing me for your murder, when you weren't even dead. But this interne figured it out."

"Sure," I said. I didn't know how we were going to get out of this, so I kept talking. "Sheila Gray apparently committed suicide, but she wasn't dead either, and that's what tipped me off; that's what got me thinking maybe you could do the same thing, Mr. Harmon. Only more elegantly."

Harmon was white with rage. I think he wanted to talk, but he was so filled with fury that he couldn't. The gun was steady in his hand. I could see he intended to use it, and not very long from now, either.

I went on in a mumbling voice: "It seemed like a set-

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up. This kid Reid going to your office, and running out. Then Sheila taking the blame. Figuring she had got him into the mess and the least she could do was clear him. That's what love is, Mr. Harmon. She tossed her coat in the river and wrote a confession. She planned to disappear. So Reid thought she was guilty and went to pieces.

"But all the time it was you. I suspected something phony when I learned that the federal men were closing in on you and at best you faced ten years at Alcatraz for income-tax evasion. You got the tip about that, and you were pretty desperate. You knew, if you simply ran away, that Uncle Sam would track you to the end of the earth. But if they thought you were dead, then you'd have a chance."

Harmon moved a foot forward. His eyes went from Reid to me, and then back to Reid. I thought that he was deciding he would shoot Reid first. He was in a trap, and I knew he didn't like having to kill three people to get out of it; but it was his only move and he was going to make it.

"I questioned Sheila about whom you employed before you left Miami. She said you had a bodyguard—that's the lad that's out in the foyer right now—but that you hired another. A fellow who looked just like you. I guess you had been planning this escapade for some time, and you looked all over to find this man. Nobody knew you very well, even in Miami; but in New York you were a cinch to get away with it. And the argument you were having with Reid fitted in perfectly. You even established a motive for murder and had Reid to pin it on.

"When you came to town you had this new bodyguard pose as you, so a few people could get a look at him. Then, when you knew Reid was coming up to your office, you killed this fellow. Reid beat it. Everything was swell. You planted your own identification on the body of this man you had hired ostensibly to guard you but actually to die for you. Your other bodyguard, the real one, identified the corpse as yours, and two waiters also made identification. Whatever other witnesses there were had seen the other fellow posing as you, and believed the fraud. So every one thought Bill Harmon was dead. Of course there was no one who really knew you but the bodyguard."

"Shuddup!" he snapped.

I was sweating; the room was hot and it seemed to be going around. I saw that gun, and Harmon's glistening face. I went on hoarsely: "The federal men that worked to get evidence against you had obtained the books from old employees of yours, and they themselves hadn't seen you up close enough times to notice the difference when they went to the morgue to look at the body. You had never been arrested, so there were no fingerprints. It was as clever, Harmon, as the life you led. You were never flashy; you dodged cameras; you weren't a man to show his hand. One thing I didn't figure, though."

"One thing?"

"That you'd be so scared that something might happen at the last minute to the body you were pawning off as your own that you'd stay here until it could be shipped to Florida. Once there you could dispose of it, but—"

Sally screamed. It was a trick to divert his attention. When he looked at her, she threw the iron ash tray at him. If I do say so myself, it was pretty the way it hit him. The gun went off, but the bullet was wild; and Reid had leaped the moment the gun exploded. He was on Harmon now, grappling with him for the gun. I picked up the ash tray Sally had thrown. I brought it down on the back of Harmon's head, held out my hands, and caught him as he sagged.

A few minutes later we were in the ambulance with two patients, roaring downtown now. The rain was a drizzle of silver, and daylight was beginning to show through. We pulled up in front of the Centre Street station. Sally had phoned ahead and Lefty Magee was waiting for us. I parked White Wilma, slipped around behind, and pulled out Harmon and his bodyguard.

"Bellevue has no use for these guys," I said.

Lefty was laughing and weeping. "Willie—Willie, you're a honey—"

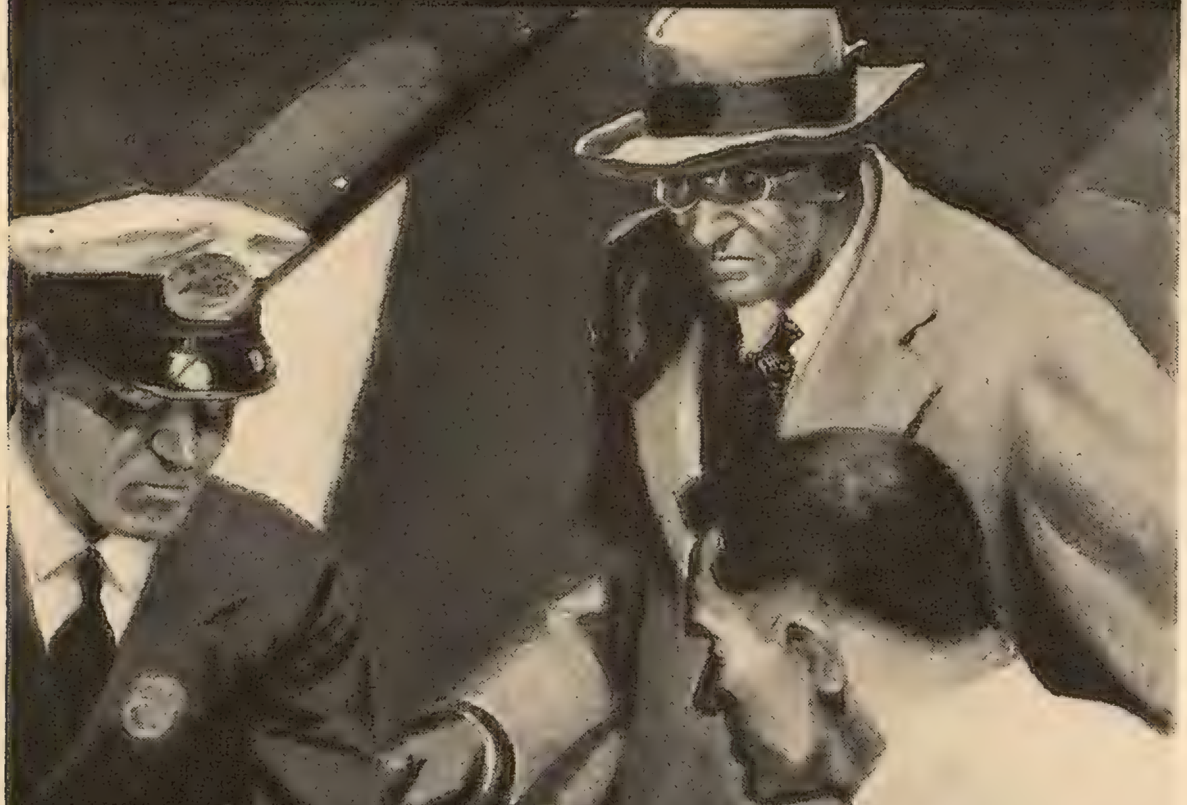
Sally and I and Lester Reid got back into the ambulance. I was going to have the emergency duty all day long, and remembering that suddenly made me tired. Sally sat back and folded her arms, and she seemed kind of glad. Reid, though, he kept talking about how he was going to see Sheila Gray when we got back to Bellevue. You know how guys in love talk, so there's no use telling you the things he said; and I guess this is the end of the Willie Wayne log for this time. Good-by now!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—Bette Davis'.
2—By one non-voting delegate each.
3—Ohio.
4—Because the Greeks gained entrance to Troy by using an apparently harmless wooden horse which later proved to be filled with warriors.
5—Their work for the American Revolution.
6—Paris green is an insecticide made from arsenic trioxide and copper acetate.
7—A filibuster.
8—Two.
9—Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli.
10—Stomach cavities in which a supply of water may be stored.
11—Federal Bureau of Investigation, National Youth Administration, and Federal Loan Agency.
12—The police strike, settled by the late Governor Calvin Coolidge.
13—The French.
14—Five.
15—Benjamin Harrison, grandson of William Henry Harrison.
16—An allergy.
17—Japan.
18—The Rocky Mountains.
19—Anthracite.
20—Geo. M. Cohan

HOW UNCLE SAM SMASHED THE NAZI SPY RING



Customs Guard Jacobs seized the violin case and opened it.

The government is on the job! Consider the way its men followed the trail of our secret enemies

by JOHN F. DAILEY, JR., and ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 25 SECO

This is the first in a series of inside st of cases prosecuted by the office of t United States Attorney, Southern District New York, where Mr. Dailey was head of th Criminal Division and chief assistant befo his recent resignation to become Special sistant to the Attorney General of the Uni States.

WHEN the liner Europa docked in Manhattan from Germany on September 28, 1935, Customs Guard Morris Jacobs noticed a steward standing at the foot of the crew gangway, holding a violin case. The steward was deep in conversation with a tall, finely tailored man of military mien who cast frequent furtive glances about him.

The combination, in that particula spot, looked somewhat suspicious. As the customs guard approached, the tall man saw him and said loudly with a heavy Teutonic accent, to the steward:

" Very well. Now just declare the violin to the customs authorities, an I'll get it when the duty is paid. It very nice indeed."

Guard Jacobs seized the violin case and opened it, only to find it empty. Then, thinking that the steward must have smuggled something out of it, he turned to the tall man, whose clothing yielded an interesting-looking envelope, large and heavy, on which were the words, " For Berlin."

" So this is what was in the violin case—or about to be put there? " sa the guard. " You'd better come along with me." The steward meanwhile had vanished up the gangplank.

Thus it happened that the curtain was raised on the activities of the Nazi spy ring—and on a case which, as to both importance and interest, was typical of the front-page crimes now prosecuted by United States Attorneys throughout the country. There was a time when prohibition and contraband-smuggling cases made up the bulk of the work. But today, due in part to the ever-increasing use of the mail-fraud statutes and to recent Congressional legislation widening the scope of the federal statutes, United States Attorneys are bearing down heavily on criminals who heretofore found themselves subject only to state laws—laws which, unfortunately, were all too vulnerable to evasion.

During my recently ended term as chief assistant to the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and before that, when I was chief of the Criminal Division of the same office, there passed over my desk the details of crimes engineered by some of the most cunning malefactors with whom the country has ever been cursed. In order that these offenses might be brought into our office for prosecution by my superior, my associates, and myself, some outstanding detective accomplishments—definitely ranking with the fine work of the G-men—were turned in by agents of the State, Post Office,

Johanna Hofmann, hairdresser, whose story implicated the whole spy ring

Erich Glaser, Otto Hermann Voss, and Guenther Gustave Rumrich, who, like Johanna, were found guilty of espionage and are now in prison.

and Treasury Departments, ever alert investigators about whom the general public knows little.

As I recite details of some of the outstanding cases of the past five years, I hope to make it clear, among other things, that the bigger they are the harder they fall when Uncle Sam goes after 'em.

And now for the mystery that developed following the discovery of the envelope in connection with the violin case:

In the office of Supervising Customs Agent John W. Roberts, the envelope was found to contain a large number of tiny photographic negatives. The camera had apparently been focused on diagrams or plans of some sort. It would take an expert to make head or tail of them. Accompanying each negative was a page of description written in German. When hastily translated, this was dry technical stuff, except for one passage reading:

> With reference to a previous report about velocity ammunition I was to have received from an officer, the officer has already contacted Von Papen.

Von Papen! Could that have been Franz Von Papen, who at the time was Hitler's representative in Austria?

The suspect, who gave the name of William Lonkowski, said he was a piano tuner. A quick check in places where he said he had tuned pianos bore him out.

These films? Why, he explained simply and humbly, they were pictures of airplane designs, copied from American technical publications. He wrote for aviation magazines in Germany on the side, he said, and this Von Papen was merely the editor of one of them.

And the steward? Well, Lonkowski said, he had just been trying to save heavy postage by arranging with the steward to deliver the envelope for him abroad.

Unfortunately, there was no solid basis for holding Lonkowski, at least not for any length of time. There was no proof that he had violated any major statute. And so he was released.

The negatives were retained, and Major Stanley Grogan of G-2, the Army Intelligence, was called in. One look at one negative, and he said it appeared to be a highly secret plan for a new streamlined landing gear then being built for pursuit planes by the Seversky Aircraft Company at Farmingdale, Long Island.

When greatly enlarged prints of the films were made, Major Grogan's impression proved correct. Not only that, but many of the other negatives were found to show closely guarded designs, including those of an automatic machine-gun sight for navy planes and of a new navy scout bomber being manufactured by the Curtiss-Wright aircraft plant in Buffalo.

Inquiry at the address Lonkowski had given disclosed that he had never lived there. By this time, too, the Europa had gone back to Germany, and with it the steward with the violin case. Who the steward was couldn't now be ascertained, because Lonkowski had attributed to him a name that was not on the crew list, and the customs guard hadn't obtained a detailed description of him.

Notification of this episode came to me as head of the Criminal Division of the office of the United States Attorney, Southern District of New York. It was up to the United States Attorney's office to keep an eye on whatever investigation was made, with a view to seeing that the kind of evidence obtained would stand up in court.

The Army Intelligence Service decided to scrutinize every German-born worker in both the Seversky and Curtiss-Wright aircraft plants.

Obviously the Nazi espionage system had for some time been desperately at work in this country. No one had realized that a plot of the magnitude suggested by the Lonkowski seizure had been afoot.

Now, it was the rule that only American-born or naturalized citizens were permitted to work in the aircraft factories engaged on United States government orders. It was learned that in both the Seversky and Curtiss-Wright plants there were some employees who had been born in Germany but who had later become American citizens. Two such emerged immediately as suspects.

One was Otto Hermann Voss, a big man with gold-rimmed glasses who worked in the experimental or "dream department" of the Seversky plant. That was where ideas were cooked up, and those employed in the department in question could conceivably have business in any part of the huge establishment. Moreover, the Army Intelligence, in checking up on Voss, learned that he was prominent in Nazi activities on Long Island.

Then, in Buffalo, at the Curtiss-Wright plant, there was employed, in the key position of foreman of the metal cowling division, a man with a square, closely cropped head, by name Werner George Gudenberg. He lived at 252 Victoria Boulevard and seemed to spend a great deal of time home. Voss, likewise, was seldom observed to leave his little flat at 225 Jericho Turnpike, Floral Park, Long Island, except to go to near-by Farmingdale to work or to attend a Nazi meeting.

It was learned that both men had been aviators for their Fatherland during the World War. So had Lonkowski, investigation in Germany disclosed; and he proved to be back in Germany now. Further information from the other side was to the effect that he had held no less a post than chief of aviation espionage for Germany in the United States!

It was arranged that both Voss and Gudenberg should be carefully watched for any untoward move. But almost a year passed and no such move was made. Voss, however, was becoming more active than ever in the Nazi movement, and Gudenberg had left Curtiss-Wright to take a responsible position with the Hall Aluminum and Aircraft Company at Bristol, Pennsylvania, which was turning out a certain type of bomber for the navy. Moreover, he had put in a bid for a job in, of all places, the United States Navy Aircraft Plant at Philadelphia!

One night Voss was trailed to a Nazi meeting a few miles from his home, and seen to meet and talk with a well dressed man wearing horn-rimmed glasses. The two went to Voss' flat, where the caller remained until the early hours of the morning. Then he was trailed to Manhattan. He turned out to be Dr. Ignatz Griebl, a prosperous physician who specialized in women's disorders.

Dr. Griebl, we learned, had been a German artillery officer in the World War. After the armistice he had come to New York, attended Long Island Medical College, meanwhile becoming a naturalized American, and then put an M. D. sign outside his door. Brilliant, and with quite a way with the ladies, he soon prospered handsomely. Later on he got into the United States army as lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps.

He was known to be one of the chief Nazi leaders in the United States, being the president of the Friends of New Germany—later to become the German-American Bund. Nor was he a stranger to the United States Attorney's office. We had questioned him when the State Department had learned that he had offered asylum to a personal press agent of Hitler when Washington was trying to locate the agent to ascertain the why and wherefore of his presence in this country.

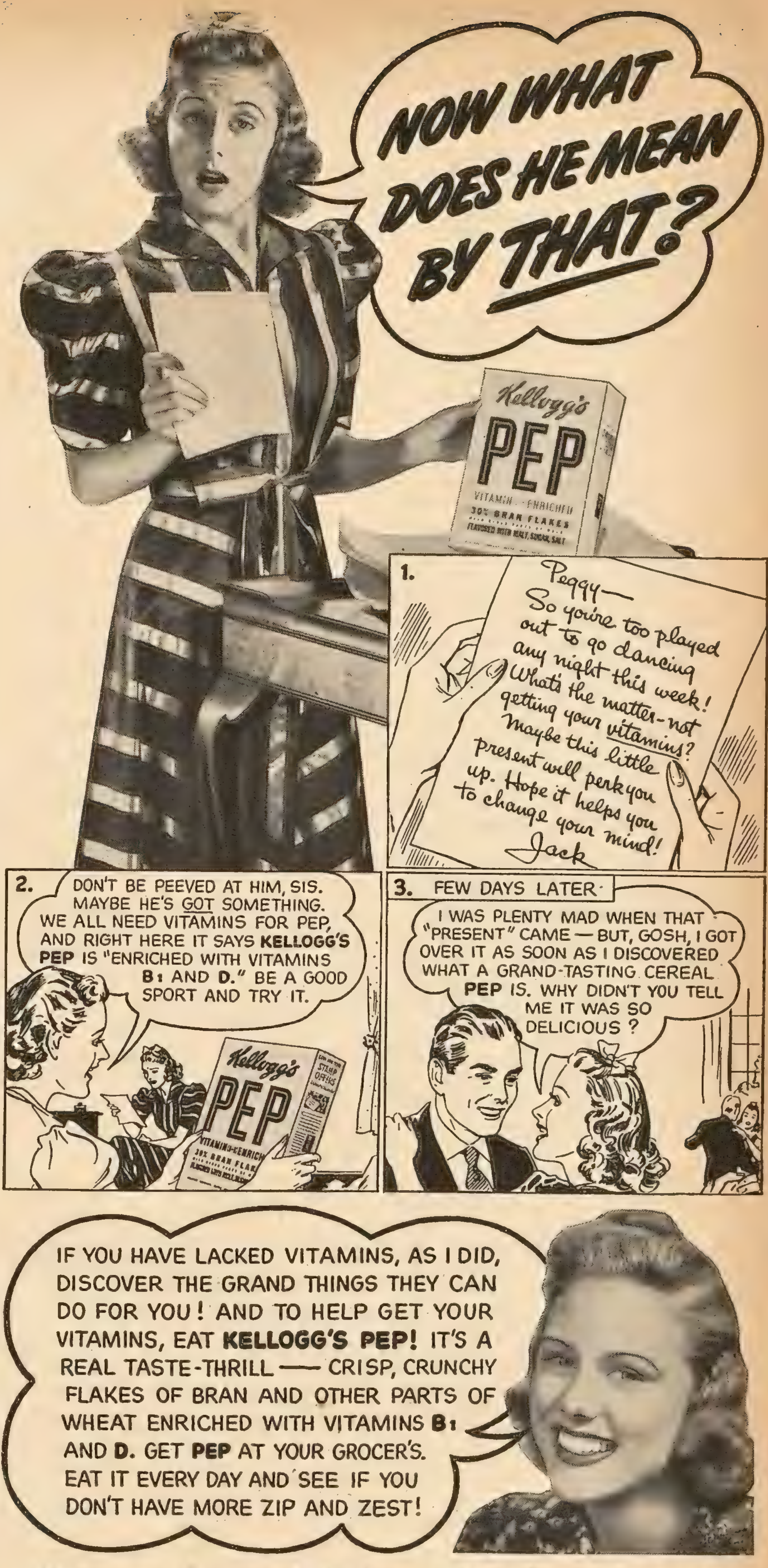
AND this was the man who was a reserve officer in the United States army! What had been the reason for his long conference with Voss, the aircraft worker, after dark in the Jericho Turnpike flat? It certainly didn't seem to us that it could have been about the activities of the Friends of New Germany, for Voss was not an important person in that organization.

So a watch was placed on Dr. Griebl's home and office at 56 East Eighty-seventh Street—a swank neighborhood. His patients, for the most part, were wealthy women. His personal callers were mostly men, from middle-class to the seamy side, and they showed up after office hours.

Any visitor who looked like a good bet was trailed. The most that we got on such individuals was that they attended Heil Hitler meetings in beer stubes in the German section of Yorkville, which was not far from Dr. Griebl's place. One night, however, a furtive-looking man came shortly after eleven o'clock. He had been trailed from the Jericho Turnpike flat. He stayed in Griebl's only a short while, and then left to board a midnight train for Philadelphia.

He was trailed to the lobby of a shoddy hotel on the fringe of Philadelphia's Chinatown. There, in the early hours of the morning, he met none other than Gudenberg, now working in the Bristol establishment that was filling United States orders.

Here was the first direct link between Gudenberg and Voss, the Long Island aircraft worker, for this fur-


NOW WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT?
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN-ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES FLAVORED WITH MALT, SUGAR, SALT
1.
Peggy— So you're too played out to go dancing any night this week! What's the matter—not getting your vitamins? Maybe this little present will perk you up. Hope it helps you to change your mind! Jack
2.
DON'T BE PEEVED AT HIM, SIS. MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING. WE ALL NEED VITAMINS FOR PEP, AND RIGHT HERE IT SAYS KELLOGG'S PEP IS "ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D." BE A GOOD SPORT AND TRY IT.
Kellogg's PEP
3. FEW DAYS LATER
I WAS PLENTY MAD WHEN THAT "PRESENT" CAME — BUT, GOSH, I GOT OVER IT AS SOON AS I DISCOVERED WHAT A GRAND-TASTING CEREAL PEP IS. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS SO DELICIOUS ?
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, AS I DID, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A REAL TASTE-THRILL — CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

Copyright, 1939, Kellogg Company

tive figure had gone from the Voss flat to Dr. Griebl's. Though it was impossible to ascertain the nature of the hotel-lobby conference, this turn of events was encouraging.

Then came another standstill. Watchers simply couldn't get anything on either Voss or Gudenberg—or Dr. Griebl—except that their pro-Nazi leanings were apparently becoming stronger than ever, and you can't send a man to jail for that.

At length two solid years had elapsed since the episode at the Europa gangplank. Spies had been picked up here and there throughout the country, some of them being sent to prison for violation of the National Espionage Act; but they were small fry. We wanted to get to the core of this sinister business.

Then, along toward the end of 1937, things began to happen in various places simultaneously. A bulletheaded visitor to Dr. Griebl's place was trailed one night straight back to the Europa, which had docked only that morning. He was found to be a steward named Karl Schlueter, and he answered in a general way the description of the man with the violin case. Two men whom Gudenberg was seen to meet in Philadelphia turned out to be Europa stewards also. Their names were Karl Eitel and Herbert Haenichen.

At the same time Voss was trailed to a midtown New York hotel, and there seen talking in the lobby with an attractive young redhead. This girl was trailed back to the Europa. It was learned that she was a hairdresser on the liner and that her name was Johanna Hofmann.

NOTHING developed that would warrant an arrest. But it was clear that something of moment was being planned. Stewart Schlueter seemed to be the head man of the crowd from the liner, as it was always he who called at Dr. Griebl's. So he was checked up on in Germany, where it appeared that he was very close to high official circles in Berlin—rather lofty company for a ship's steward.

It was while the situation was getting increasingly interesting in New York that a singular thing happened in Scotland. Up in Dundee there was under suspicion of the British authorities a certain Mrs. Jordan, the Scottish-born widow of a German World War officer. She had been observed lingering in the vicinity of British fortifications time and time again. Shortly after being put under surveillance, she was observed going to Berlin and visiting official quarters.

The British authorities put a watch on her mail. Late in January, 1938, they intercepted a letter from New York. The envelope, addressed of course to her, bore no return address. Inside it was another envelope, left blank. Inside this was a message, printed by hand in German and signed " Crown."

This message detailed an amazing plan which Crown was to carry out on January 28 in New York. On what he proposed to do, Crown was reporting to an unnamed superior, obviously the person whose name Mrs. Jordan was to put on the plain envelope. The plan was this:

Crown, on the morning of the 28th—a Friday—was to telephone from a public booth in midtown New York to Colonel Henry Eglin, commanding officer at Fort Totten, New York—location of the world's finest mobile antiaircraft regiment—and was to say that he was Major General Malin Craig, chief of staff of the United States army. As General Craig, he was to inform Colonel Eglin that an emergency staff meeting was being called at the Hotel McAlpin at 12.30 P. M. He was to instruct the colonel to arrive at the hotel at that hour, alone and in civilian clothes, bringing with him *all mobilization and coast-defense charts and maps.* He was to tell the colonel to wait in the lobby until he heard a Mr. Thomas W. Conway being paged, and then to speak up as Mr. Conway.

HAVING done so, Colonel Eglin was to be led to a room where Crown would be waiting. Just outside the room, on a window ledge, there was to be another spy, working as a window washer. If Crown was not successful in overpowering Colonel Eglin and taking from him the vitally important plans, the window washer was to jump in and put into play a fountain pen filled with a deadly gas! Near the unconscious form of Colonel Eglin there was to be left a copy of the Daily Worker, a Communist organ, to tie the crime to Moscow!

You can imagine our feeling when news of this astonishing letter was cabled to the United States! The Federal Bureau of Investigation was immediately called in, as it was time for action now, and Director J. Edgar Hoover dispatched several of his best men to the New York area. At this time I had been assigned to the post of chief assistant to United States Attorney Lamar Hardy, and from now on it was my duty to keep acquainted with every move made by the G-men, working in co-operation with the Army Intelligence.

Long before the hour when Crown was to phone Colonel Eglin, proper preparations were completed. Radio cars of the New York Police Department were ready to speed to whatever place the phone call was made from. The idea was that Colonel Eglin was to play dumb, pretend to be deceived, and hold Crown on the wire until it could be ascertained where the call was coming from.

But the call never came.

Meanwhile the British authorities had sealed up that letter and let it trickle through to Mrs. Jordan. They wanted to know to whom she was going to readdress it. They found out. She sent it to one Spielman in Berlin, and secret information there indicated that Spielman was none other than the noted Dr. Pfeiffer, head of the entire German espionage service!

With a high official like Dr. Pfeiffer involved, the situation might well border on a dangerous international incident. And so the known facts were laid before President Roosevelt. He issued instructions that the investigation be carried forward, no matter whom it involved.

One day early in February, 1938, after the Europa had docked, the bulletheaded steward Schlueter and the redheaded hairdresser Johanna Hofmann were trailed to a Brooklyn apartment that had not previously figured in the picture.

It was learned that the apartment was occupied by two former soldiers in the United States army, one a deserter, the other with an honorable discharge.

The deserter, an F. B. I. probe disclosed—and how that F. B. I. can find things out!—was one Guenther Gustave Rumrich, twenty-seven-year-old member of an old and illustrious Austro-Hungarian family. Rumrich had been born in Chicago, where his father had been secretary to the Austro-Hungarian consulate. Raised in Germany, he had come back to this country and enlisted in the army, serving in Panama in the Medical Corps until he deserted in 1936.

Rumrich lived with a fellow about his own age named Erich Glaser, who had been born in Germany, had been naturalized over here, and had joined the army. The two had served in Panama at the same time. For some time before the visit of the steward and the hairdresser, neither Rumrich nor Glaser had had any apparent means of support.

It was while these two young men were on the surveillance list that a letter mailed in New York was received by Ensign William Butler Brown of the aircraft carrier Saratoga, stationed at San Pedro, California. It read:

> An enterprising young man can always make his way without much trouble. Why don't you wise up to yourself and make some money? If you are open for contact, insert the following advertisement in the N. Y. Times. The ad should read: " Brownie. Okay for contact. W. B."
>
> If you pass this on to Naval Intell., you will suffer dire consequences. If you play ball, you will benefit.
>
> BROWNIE.

ALMOST simultaneously with the arrival in New York of this letter, forwarded by navy officials to whom Brown had turned it over, a corporal at the base hospital at Fort Hamilton, New York, received a phone call.

" This is Major Milton speaking," said the caller, representing himself as a prominent officer of Fort Hamilton. " I'm on my way to give a lecture on a certain disease and forgot to bring along my report. I want it immediately—the report on that disease for this area. Please send it immediately by taxi." He designated a point in Brooklyn only thirty cents distant from Fort Hamilton.

The unsuspecting corporal sent a

soldier with the report. A man who seemed youngish for a major met the cab, gave the soldier a dollar to pay for the ride, and got the report.

When this came to our attention, we figured that some one linked with the spy ring had done the job, for the report would indicate the strength of the army man power in the area in question, since the number of cases of such disease is invariably a certain small percentage of any large group of soldiers.

Here was our tip-off on the lengths to which the spies would go to get information. The F. B. I. immediately took steps to have all army posts very much on guard in the future.

Meanwhile the soldier who had delivered the report so described the "major" to whom he had given it that we figured the man might have been Guenther Rumrich!

By this time, Rumrich was being tied up in more ways than one. Samples of his handwriting were obtained from army records, and experts decided that he might well have written both the Crown and the Brownie communications. But he wasn't falling into any traps just yet. An advertisement was placed in the New York Times, as per instructions to Ensign Brown, but there was no answer.

Over in Scotland, Mrs. Jordan was still getting mail from Crown in New York. The latest communication to be intercepted disclosed that certain unidentified associates of Crown had succeeded in obtaining a replica of White House stationery, and that duplicating the stationery and forging President Roosevelt's signature to "important documents" was regarded as a "simple matter."

WE figured that it would be but a question of time until one of the spies would make a slip. We wanted to wait until that moment; for then, if we nailed one of them under the most incriminating of circumstances, the chances were good that he would break and confess, implicating others. Then more confessions might be forthcoming.

On the morning of February 14, 1938, a call came into the Passport Bureau of the Subtreasury Building on Wall Street. "I'm calling for Mr. Hull, Secretary of State," said a man's voice. "I wish you would send fifty passport application blanks to me at the Hotel Taft. This is Mr. Weston, Undersecretary of State."

The clerk pretended to fall for the scheme—obviously phony, for there was no Mr. Weston in the State Department. This looked pretty hot, for passport application blanks aren't handed out indiscriminately. The government wants to know who has them. Was it possible that the Nazi spy crowd was going to use these blanks as a first step toward obtaining, somehow, fifty fraudulent passports?

The Hotel Taft was thick with sleuths when a dummy package was delivered. No Mr. Weston was registered, but a man giving that name

America's
FIRST GIN IS
EXTRA
DRY
NOT SWEET
FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distil
Peekskill,
4/5 QUART
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19
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PROOF

NO HARM IN ASKING

You don't always get the best things in life unless you ask for them. Learn to say Fleischmann's when ordering gin drinks. We're sure you'll say they taste better.

Learn to say FLEISCHMANN'S—that's the spirit

TRY FLEISCHMANN'S SLOE GIN FOR YOUR SLOE GIN DRINKS. 65 PROOF.

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had phoned and requested that a package be held for him. A Western Union boy called for the package. It now developed that Mr. Weston would call for it at a midtown Western Union office.

Sleuths waited at the telegraph office all night—in vain. Next morning a boy from another Western Union office, in the Greenwich Village section, came in and picked up the package. Mr. Weston, it appeared, had now made arrangements to pick it up at that office.

He did not show up there, either. But a call came through instructing that the package be delivered at a tavern on near-by Houston Street. At the tavern it was learned that a Mr. Weston had phoned, asking them to hold a package for him.

And now another Western Union boy appeared. He was to get it and deliver it to Mr. Weston—who was right down the street, waiting.

The rest was easy. The moment Mr. Weston took the package from the boy, sleuths pounced upon him.

He was Rumrich, the army deserter. Brought down to our office in the United States Courthouse on Foley Square, he quickly confessed to Mr. Hardy and several others of us that he had been the mysterious Crown who had written, via Mrs. Jordan, to Dr. Pfeiffer, head of the German espionage service. He said, too, that he had written the letter to Ensign Brown.

Rumrich, who implicated his pal Glaser, who was also picked up and who corroborated his story, said that he had been employed by Schlueter, the Europa steward. Schlueter, both Rumrich and Glaser said, had directly represented Dr. Pfeiffer, and had constantly urged the two men to cultivate army acquaintances and try to find some way of obtaining secret defense plans. Rumrich admitted that he had phoned for the disease report and obtained it from the Fort Hamilton soldier.

We had now to get stories that would incriminate individuals higher and higher in the espionage set-up. Schlueter wasn't on the Europa when it landed in New York next time. He had been tipped off, no doubt. But Johanna Hofmann, the hairdresser, was, and Johanna quickly implicated everybody from Dr. Pfeiffer and Lonkowski down to Dr. Griebl, the American Nazi leader.

At a Park Avenue dinner party somebody spoke very frankly of Hitler. A German housemaid shrieked a protest. Result, an exposure of smuggling that loosed front-page bombshells. The inside story of this Chaperau case will be told in full in Liberty next week!

The hairdresser's story corroborated everything we had known or suspected. A gigantic spy network, extending into the very heart of the nation's state and industrial affairs, was well under way—just in case of emergency. Nothing even approaching it had ever before existed in this country in peacetime. The ways were greased for the theft of every important military or naval secret and every important defense plan. The plot had not really reached its full flower, fortunately.

Dr. Griebl and Voss and Gudenberg were picked up. Griebl laid everything to the German government and the vanished Lonkowski, and expressed every desire to co-operate with us. Gudenberg did likewise. But, while the grand jury was probing the case, both Griebl and Gudenberg slipped back to Germany! Once there, they were out of our jurisdiction.

The grand jury handed up indictments for violation of the National Espionage Act against every one involved, from Dr. Pfeiffer down to Rumrich and Glaser. But all the indicted persons except Johanna Hofmann, Voss, Rumrich, and Glaser were beyond our jurisdiction when the trial opened in October, 1938. The quartet were found guilty after a brilliant presentation of the case by Assistant United States Attorney Lester C. Dunnigan. The hairdresser got four years, Voss six, and Rumrich and Glaser two each. Meanwhile, over in Scotland, Mrs. Jordan was sentenced to four years at hard labor.

Thus, while the really big shots of the ring escaped actual punishment, their craven work was thwarted—forever, we hope—and President Roosevelt himself expressed great satisfaction at the smashing of the ring.

THE END

RED LIGHT

Two-Minute Story

THE customary Fifth Avenue weekday crowds were augmented by an influx of out-of-town visitors on their way to the World's Fair. Impatient pedestrians waited for the traffic lights to change in order to follow the well known example set by a legendary chicken.

At the corner of Forty-second Street outside the lion-guarded library, a very jittery matron had been hesitating on the curb for some time. In fact she had hovered in uncertainty through two red-light intervals, unable to believe that the pulsating length of snorting cars that stretched beyond her vision would remain controlled long enough for her to cross the road in safety.

She finally turned and touched the arm of a tall gray-haired man who stood by her side, leaning nonchalantly on his cane.

"Would you mind helping me across the street?" she asked him. "I've managed all right by myself so far, but I'm a little too nervous to cross Forty-second Street alone."

"It will be a pleasure to help you," was the gallant reply, and at the next change of lights the man steered her skillfully through the mass of people that, also released, now rushed toward them from the opposite side.

When the matron and her handsome escort safely reached the sidewalk, she turned and thanked him profusely.

"It's so easy to become afraid of the crowds and the traffic in such a big city," she explained.

"I can well understand that," replied her guide politely. "I am quite used to them, however, having lived here all my life."

He turned to leave her, but she stopped him again.

"May I ask one more favor? Can you tell me what time it is?"

"There is a big clock opposite the bank, a couple of blocks away." He pointed up the avenue with his cane. "You can probably see what time it is from here. I'm afraid I'm not much help to you in this case. I am blind!"
—*Barbara Maclaren.*

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES ON PAGE 22

SOLUTION TO WORD MAZE

PEAR, GUAVA, FIG, NECTARINE, LIME, GRAPE, DATE.

ANSWERS TO WORDS—THEIR SOUND, SENSE, SOURCE

Preferable pronunciation is gay-la. Gala is usually a noun, meaning a festival or celebration.

The original meaning of the word was "habitual." Medical men have always used it, together with "flush" or "fever," to describe a habitual or consumptive fever. Probably from this usage came that of using it as a synonym for "feverish."

The Roman god Janus had two opposite faces. He could look two ways at once. To him was dedicated the first month, for "January" looks back upon the old year and forward to the new one.

GEOGRAM SOLUTION

Austin, Texas—914 miles from Frankfort, Kentucky.

PUZZLE POEM SOLUTION

SNUG, SUNG, GUNS, GNUS.

Hearts IN DANGER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

I HEARD Shorty Dolan, the desperado, and Paul Ford, the kid-killer, reach the top of the stairs and start along the balcony. The hall door, which swung inward, was still open. Catching hold of Loors' ankles with my left hand, I dragged him hurriedly over behind the door; stood there, tensely waiting.

Mimi eyed the gun in my right hand and retreated swiftly to the far side of the room. Bright girl, getting out of the line of fire—if there was to be any firing.

Shorty Dolan walked straight into the room; Paul Ford was right on his heels.

"If you're lookin' for Stan," Mimi began ungraciously, "you—"

"We ain't lookin' for Stan," Dolan interrupted. "We're lookin' for that newspaper guy."

I gave the door a gentle push, and as it swung shut they saw me.

"Reach!" I snapped, making it plenty tough.

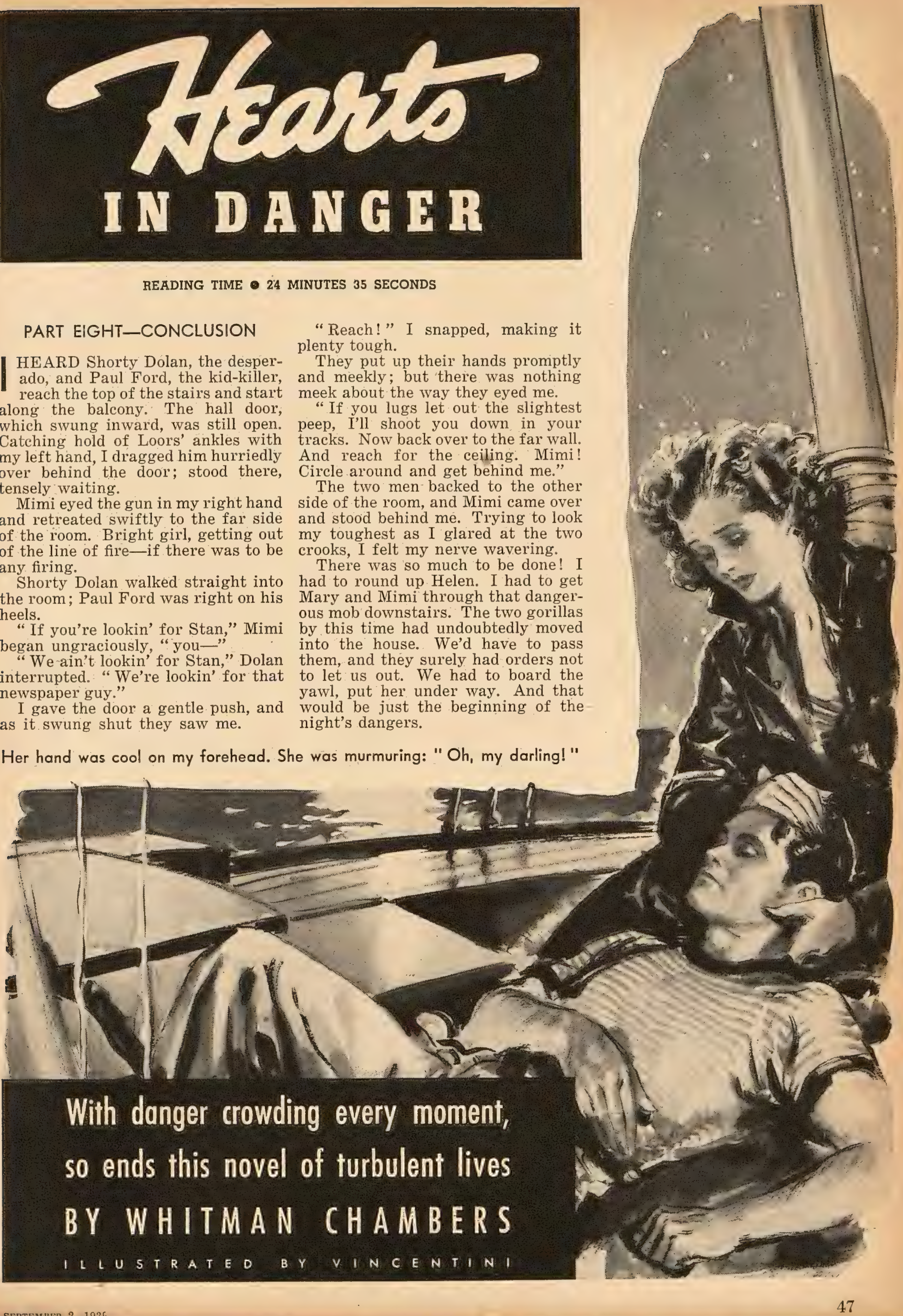
They put up their hands promptly and meekly; but there was nothing meek about the way they eyed me.

"If you lugs let out the slightest peep, I'll shoot you down in your tracks. Now back over to the far wall. And reach for the ceiling. Mimi! Circle around and get behind me."

The two men backed to the other side of the room, and Mimi came over and stood behind me. Trying to look my toughest as I glared at the two crooks, I felt my nerve wavering.

There was so much to be done! I had to round up Helen. I had to get Mary and Mimi through that dangerous mob downstairs. The two gorillas by this time had undoubtedly moved into the house. We'd have to pass them, and they surely had orders not to let us out. We had to board the yawl, put her under way. And that would be just the beginning of the night's dangers.

Her hand was cool on my forehead. She was murmuring: "Oh, my darling!"



With danger crowding every moment, so ends this novel of turbulent lives

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

Mimi must have sensed what was running through my mind, for she said:

"This'll be a push-over, Bill. There's not a guy in the joint with any guts. You can take 'em like Hitler took Czechoslovakia."

"Says you!" muttered Shorty Dolan.

"You keep your trap shut, Shorty. And you too, Ford." It heartened me to see the way they gaped when I called them by name; I suppose they had been hoping against hope that I hadn't identified them. "Mimi, do any of Loors' guests pack guns?"

"There isn't a gun among them. It's one thing Stan would never allow. Would you, *darling?*" She prodded the prone figure with the toe of her shoe.

"How about the gorillas that handle the boats?"

"They're probably rodded up," Mimi admitted.

"I see. Well, one thing at a time. Mimi, I want you to go out on the balcony and tell everybody except Mary Moore to step into the dining room. Tell them Loors is coming right down and wants to talk to them. Tell Mary to stay in the lounge."

"I got it, pal." She opened the door and went out on to the balcony, while I kept Ford and Dolan covered. I sweat blood until she came back into the study. If our little ruse didn't work, we were in a jam for fair.

"They've all gone into the dining room, Bill," she said.

"Good." I stepped back and nodded toward the door. "All right, you mugs. Get going. And keep your hands high."

THEY marched into the hall and I followed close behind them. The wide doorway to the dining alcove, fortunately, was under the balcony. The men gathered there could not see us descending the stairs and had no inkling of what was coming until Dolan and Ford walked in with their hands up. Then I had them covered.

"Take it easy!" I snapped. "You're going to be here for quite a while, so you might as well sit down."

I counted them, and they were all there.

"What's the angle?" Phil Gerrish demanded.

"Where's Loors?" some one else asked.

"Suppose we yell for the servants?" M. Manford Yates suggested.

"If you do," I retorted, "somebody will get killed. Loors is temporarily indisposed, and the angle is this: About an hour from now, when the servants are at dinner, I'm taking it on the lam. In the meantime, I'm staying out here in the lounge and you're staying in there. The curtains will be drawn, and if anybody pokes his head through them in the next hour he'll get it shot off. Mimi, pull those curtains."

As Mimi drew the curtains across the doorway, the men in the dining alcove broke into a babel of indignant conversation. I moved one of the big easy chairs to a point in the center of the lounge where it covered the dining-room entrance, and sat down. Then I hastily got up, glanced around the room.

"Where's Mary?"

"She was here when I called down from the balcony," Mimi said.

I groaned, sat down again. "If she balls up the detail at this stage of the game—oh, hell! What time is dinner usually served?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Then I want you to go out to the kitchen and tell them Loors doesn't want dinner until eight. And while you're out there size things up. Figure out our chances of getting past the gorillas and outside. Please don't be long. Those men will talk for a while and they'll start something. We've got to be out of here before they do. And keep your eyes open for Mary."

She turned without a word and hurried toward the servants' wing just as Helen appeared on the balcony and started down the stairs.

"Have you seen Mary?" I asked as she came over.

"No."

"Great Jupiter, where is she?" I was almost crazy. "Don't get in front of me, Helen, and please light me a cigarette."

SHE stood aside, glancing at the curtained doorway. She heard the excited voices and didn't ask any questions. As she handed me a lighted cigarette she said:

"I'm ready to go whenever you say the word."

"You're traveling light." She had only a handbag.

"I'm taking nothing—but my money."

"A great deal?"

"Fifty-five thousand dollars in big bills. Bridge winnings."

"How'd you get into this, Helen?"

"I didn't. My brother did. He was one of Loors' first guests. After Bob left the newspaper business he went to work with a brokerage house. He got to gambling at Loors' resort outside of Washington. He also got to borrowing the firm's money. He finally embezzled fifty thousand dollars. He went to Loors for help, and Loors helped him—by sending him to Buenos Aires to handle that end of the underground, and by teaching me to cheat at cards. He's let me keep half my winnings."

"What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Bob wants to come home," she said simply. "I'm going to return the money he stole and he is coming back to face the music."

At that point Mimi came back from the kitchen.

"Did you find Mary?" I demanded.

"No."

"Did you see the gorillas?"

"They're in the outer hallway. I know they're armed. I don't see how we could possibly get past them."

"She couldn't have gone upstairs," I remarked, dismissing the threat of the mugs. "She couldn't have got by us without our seeing her. Where could she be, Mimi?"

"How should I know?" Mimi flared. "What are you going to do about that pair in the hallway?"

"Forget 'em for a minute, will you?"

"No, I won't. Look here, Bill Lowell! You have to get me away from here. When I threw in with you I burned my bridges. Now I've got to scram—or else. And what do you do? Sit there yelping about Mary! If she was fool enough to—"

"She's not a fool!" I burst out. "She's—"

"Say it, honey. She's a blamed smart girl."

MARY had walked up behind us. She spoke calmly, pleasantly.

I was out of my chair, demanding: "For the love of Mike, where have you been?"

"Skip it, Bill. If you've got your harem ready, we'll go."

"Where? How?"

"The way we came. Out the front door."

"It's boarded up."

"Not any more it isn't boarded up. Come on!"

I glanced at the heavy curtains screening the dining alcove. The men had quieted, but the air was so full of noise and we were so far away from the curtains, I knew no one could have overheard us. I said:

"I'll meet you at the door. Wait for me there—inside."

As they started toward the hallway I glanced at my watch. It was then half a minute past six. I went over to the radio and switched it on.

The announcer of WQAM came booming in: ". . . of gale force. The disturbance was centered over Bimini at 5 P. M. and appears to be moving north-north-eastward at a speed of twenty miles an hour. . . ."

I left the radio blaring and slipped quietly out of the lounge and down the hall to the front door. The three girls were waiting there. Mary was leaning on a heavy poker which I remembered seeing beside the big fireplace.

"What are you doing with that?"

"Nothing—now," she grinned. "But it sure was a swell crowbar."

When I opened the door I saw what she meant. The heavy storm shutter which had been nailed over the doorway was lying flat on the ground. While I had been making the round-up, Mary had been prying off that shutter. Some girl!

We stepped outside and I closed the door. It was as dark as the bilge of a loaded tanker, as noisy as a dog show at feeding time. The greater part of the sky was covered with a heavy veil of cirrus. But off to the south, against the film of lighter cloud, I made out a pitch-black nimbus shaped like an enormous thick-stemmed mushroom.

The wind here, on the lee side of the big building, eddied violently. I knew that once we got away from the house we might not be able to stand on our feet.

I didn't, I couldn't believe we had a

chance. And yet, now, there was no turning back.

Clinging together against the gale, we started down the wide path to the dock. Out of the lee of the lodge the wind picked us up like a thousand ungentle hands.

"Lift your feet high!" I yelled. "Don't stumble!"

Then the boards of the pier were under us and we were racing with the wind toward the open water. I pulled up, skidding like a runner going into second base. Some one fell and then we were all sprawling.

I scrambled to my knees and crawled, not daring to stand up, toward the end of the dock.

I couldn't see the motorboat, but at the end of the pier, riding nicely to its taut painter, I found my dinghy. I got on to my feet and, bent double, started back to the girls.

"The dink's afloat," I yelled when I reached them. "Come on! Hurry!"

I clumsily tried to help them, and in some way we reached the end of the pier. I pulled the boat in and dropped aboard. "All right, one at a time!" I shouted, holding the dinghy off the pier.

Mary scrambled into the stern, Mimi slid down into the bow. Helen stayed on the dock, crying hysterically: "There isn't room! You'll drown us, Bill!"

Mary reached up and caught her hand. "Get in here, you!" she shrieked.

"I can't! I can't! We'll drown!"

"Get in, Helen! Get in!" I shouted.

"No, no, no!"

"Damn you, Bill!" Mary shrilled. "Shove off. Let her stay there!"

I COULDN'T go off and leave her on the dock. With the wind increasing every minute, I knew she'd never get back to the house, knew she'd be killed when the real blow struck. I reached up and grasped her ankle, and almost swamped the boat as I dragged her into the stern sheets and shoved off. I caught only a few of Mary's scathing words:

". . . should have left her . . . no guts . . . love the girl . . . see if I care."

I bent to the oars as the gale swept us away from the dock. Despite the fact that I headed into the wind and rowed as fast as I could against it, we seemed to shoot across the harbor with the speed of a hydroplane. If the Black Hawk, which I didn't see until we were thirty feet away, hadn't been almost directly in our path, we would never have made it.

The boat, brought up short against the yawl's stem, tipped precariously.

"Grab hold!" I shouted.

And then the boat slid out from under me and we were all in the water. Helen was screaming. Mimi was hanging on grimly with one hand and holding Helen with the other, while Mary went up the stay and on to the bowsprit like a monkey.

She lay across it and shouted, with her lips a foot from my ear: "Get 'em out, Bill! Then cut the mooring!

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I'm starting the motor. The front door of the lodge is open and they're after us."

Then she was on her feet and running aft. Blowing like a porpoise, I pulled myself on to the bowsprit and managed to get Helen and Mimi on the deck.

"You two go below and keep out of the way," I ordered as I got out my knife and started sawing at the hawser.

I glanced at the lodge and saw light streaming from the open front door, and, through the swirling dust, men running toward the dock. I heard two or three shots.

I had two strands of the hawser severed when I felt the deck vibrate as Mary raced the engine. I cut the other strand, and as the bow began swiftly to fall off, I stumbled aft, barely making the cockpit.

MARY was at the wheel; the clutch was in; the motor was wide open and running as smoothly as a clock.

"I'll take it, Mary."

"Over my dead body," she retorted flippantly. "You don't know this channel."

"I remember it perfectly. Please get below."

"Why?"

"Because, you little fool, they're shooting at us. The mugs."

"So I'm a little fool, am I? All right. Take the wheel. Run us aground. I don't give a hoot."

"Mary, I didn't mean—"

She dove down the companionway into the cabin. I headed out of the basin. I didn't look back once—didn't dare. I had all I could do to keep in the center of the channel.

After ten or fifteen minutes Mimi came up on deck and sat down beside me. She put her head close to mine, shouted: "How you doin'?"

"Fine. How are the others doin'?"

"Helen is so scared she's practically in hysterics. Mary is poring over charts. She's trying to dope the path of the hurricane and the time it'll hit us. Are we being followed?"

"Not yet—so far as I know."

"We will be, don't worry! If not tonight, then tomorrow. Stan may not want you—after all, rubbing you out wouldn't cancel that phone call to New York. But would he like to get his paws on me! And on the dough I've got pinned to my bra! Darling, I'm going south with a hundred Gs of Stan's best folding money."

We didn't talk any more after that—it was too much effort making ourselves heard above the roar of the gale.

After a while Mary poked her head out of the hatch, yelled, "Where's the wind now?"

I switched on the binnacle light, told her after a moment it had hauled until it was about east-northeast. She disappeared again. I made a quick calculation. Wind ENE. Twelve points to the right put the storm center SSW of us. At 5 P.M. the storm had been moving NNE.

We were squarely in the path of the hurricane.

I sent Mimi below to get some food, and after a few minutes Mary came on deck again.

"What time will we get the eye?" I asked.

"About eleven tonight. Watch your steering, mister. Here. Give me that wheel."

She made me think of a battleship captain talking to a junior officer. I gave her the wheel, asked:

"What are your plans, Mary?"

"We'll run as long as I can see. Then, unless you want to break out your searchlight, we'll have to take shelter."

"I don't dare show a light. They've released Loors by this time and he may be chasing us. Mimi got away with a hundred thousand dollars."

I guess it was just as well I didn't hear Mary's opinion of Mimi.

The great black cap of the nimbus mushroom had reached the zenith now and was moving over us fast. I gave Mary another half hour before she'd have to give up. That would put us less than ten miles from Angelfish Cay. Easy picking for Loors and his mugs when the hurricane passed—if we were still afloat.

I went below, found Mimi spreading tinned beef on crackers. Helen lay prone on one of the bunks. I went over and sat down beside her, trying to think of something to reassure her. But no words would come, because the wind so far was only a sample and I didn't see how the yawl could possibly survive the real blow.

I drank a cup of water and took one up to Mary on deck. It was so dark now I could barely see her white face. As I held out the cup, the wind whipped it dry in an instant. I heard Mary shout above the howling voices of the storm:

"Get forward and unshackle your anchors!"

"Unshackle—"

"Get forward, mister!" she bellowed.

IT was the last time that night I attempted to question her orders. I went forward, unshackled the anchors, hauled out the chain and line, and coiled them on deck. When I started aft again I felt Mary slow the engine. The wind changed direction sharply as she swung to port.

The water became quieter after we'd run a couple of hundred feet, and I knew we were in a cove. The wind was still hauling forward; we were still turning slowly to port. Finally, when we were heading into the very teeth of the gale, I felt the bow lift as we grounded. Mary raced the engine a moment, shoving us higher into the mud, and then cut it.

"I want light!" Mary shouted. "All the light you've got. And make it snappy, mister."

I leaped below, broke out my searchlight and two droplights, and plugged them into deck sockets. I saw then that we were in a small bight which ran roughly north and south. It was less than a hundred feet wide, and we were hard and fast aground on the east shore, our bowsprit jammed into a mangrove thicket.

"Get ashore, mister!" Mary yelled. "I'll pass you the lines. The tide's coming and we gotta work fast."

We worked fast and hard. Fighting the wind, the mud, the tangled mangrove roots, I carried out two lengths of chain and two lengths of hawser, made them fast to the heaviest roots I could find. When I finally scrambled aboard I was exhausted and covered from head to foot with mud.

"That's all, mister. You can go below."

I went down, cleaned up as best I could and put on a pair of trunks in the forward cabin. When I stepped out into the main cabin again, Mary had just come down the companionway and was closing the hatch.

HELEN was sitting up now. Her face was dead white. The awful howling of the gale had her completely terrified. Mimi, on the other hand, was perfectly calm.

"Everything's secure, mister. We'll ride out the first half like nobody's business," Mary told us. "The water'll rise ten, fifteen, maybe twenty feet. But the wind'll be from the east and we'll hold."

Then she sat down and reached for a cup of water. She didn't have to tell me, and she wasn't cruel enough to tell Mimi and Helen, that we would be in what is called the manageable semicircle until the eye of the storm passed over us. That in those few minutes of calm we'd have to cast off our moorings, swing the boat around, and tie up against the other shore. That when the wind started to blow again we'd be in what is called the danger semicircle. Few ships have lived through the danger semicircle of a West Indian hurricane.

I felt the yawl lurch a little. "That tide's coming fast," I remarked.

"It isn't the tide any more," said Mary. "It's the storm wave."

Then I realized by the motion of the boat that we were off the bottom, and I jumped toward the companion. Mary caught my arm.

"If you're smart, mister, you'll stay below. If those roots hold, all right. If they don't"—she shrugged—"there ain't a thing we can do about it."

"You're right, of course," I admitted, and tried to relax my taut muscles as I felt the boat swing and haul up short on the mooring lines.

Mary cocked her head, listening, sensitive to every sound, every slight vibration. Finally she nodded, grinned at me, and I breathed again.

"We're holding, mister. Take it easy and get some rest. We got a job of work coming up—and I mean a job of work."

The wind was increasing steadily. Even now, though we were in a lee, the yawl was rolling heavily and I could tell by the tremors that shook her that the mooring lines were as taut as steel cables. I wondered how long a calm we'd have in which to shift them. If the eye passed squarely over us, we might have ten, fifteen, even twenty minutes. But if the edge of the center passed us there would be no calm at all. We'd go aground, capsize, drown in the tangled mangrove.

"What's that?" Mary cried.

I heard it too. A sound of splintering. Then a thump as we rolled to starboard, another as we rolled to port. I knew instantly what had happened.

The boom crutch had carried away, and the main boom, secured only by the sheet, was whipping to port and starboard with each roll of the boat. Mary knew too. She looked at me hard, began tersely:

"If a block carries away and that boom gets loose—"

"It'll snap the shrouds—the mainmast'll come down—"

I grabbed a flashlight and ran up to the cockpit. I saw the boom coming, sweeping like a gigantic scythe from port to starboard. I ducked low. At that instant—as I learned afterward—the topping lift carried away and the boom came down with a crash on the cockpit. And on my head.

I woke up in what, I thought, was the most blessed calm since the rain stopped and Noah found his ark on Ararat. The breeze on my face was light and cool. There was no sound but the restful lap of wavelets against the yawl's hull.

I opened my eyes and looked up at a moon and stars. And I looked up at Mary, a bedraggled little figure sitting in the cockpit with her head in her hands.

"Mary."

SHE was on her knees beside me in an instant. Her hand was cool on my forehead and she was murmuring brokenly:

"Oh, my darling! My very own darling!"

She put her head down on my chest and sobbed. I put my arm around her, and even that slight movement set my head to throbbing and for a minute I was too dizzy to speak.

"It's over," I said slowly at last, "and I wasn't here to help you. What happened, babe?"

She raised her tear-streaked face. "Your poor head. I don't know how you lived. You've been out for hours."

"But I mean—the storm—"

"It's gone on, dear."

"I know. But how—"

"We had to do it, that's all. And we did it. Mimi was grand. Our lights went out on us and I thought we were gone. But that girl has eyes like a cat. She can see as good in the dark as we can in the daylight."

"How was Helen?"

"Helen was all right too—after I slapped her face a couple of times and snapped her into it. But—oh, Bill!" Her voice broke a little as she rushed on almost hysterically: "It was awful! Through it all—you were lying here in the cockpit—with the rain beating down on you. We didn't have time to carry you below. And all the

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time I thought you were—were dead."

"You poor kid!"

"Then, after it was all over—we didn't have the strength to carry you below." Her voice was still hoarse and shaking. "And Mimi said anyway we shouldn't move you. And they've been sleeping for hours. And I've—just been sitting here—watching you and—and praying."

Later, when she was calmer and my head wasn't throbbing so hard, I struggled erect, said:

"We ought to get out of here, Mary. If Loors saved any of his boats, he'll be after us."

"I know. I've been waiting—for you. We'll go now. We'll get as far as we can by dawn."

Ten minutes later we were under way, moving in the moonlight down the bight toward the main channel. Except for the floating leaves and branches, the churned-up muddy water, the few whitecaps, there was nothing to show that a hurricane had passed that way but a few short hours before.

My head was still splitting, but shortly before dawn I got up and took the wheel while Mary went below and made coffee.

"They're sleeping like the dead," she remarked when she brought up my steaming cup. "Look, honey! There in the east. Your bright star of danger."

I looked over my shoulder, and there it was. But now the moon was up and there were thousands of other stars, and it looked pale and a little sickly and no longer beckoning—for we were headed south.

"You silly dope," I laughed. "That's only Jupiter."

DAWN found us anchored in a little cove not far from Green Turtle Cay. Too dead to try to keep a watch for Loors, we were all sound asleep at noon when an airplane roared over the boat. I was first on deck, and the girls weren't far behind me, just in time to see the big seaplane land in the cove and come taxiing over to the boat. I wasn't greatly surprised when Harvey climbed out astraddle the bow and threw me a line.

"How's it, Bill?" he called, grinning.

"Swell, you bum. Where'd you come from?"

"I grabbed a plane right after you phoned. Knew by the tone of your voice you were in trouble. Got to Miami this morning and chartered this job. Stopped at Cat Cay for a man who knew the islands—and here we are."

By that time I had hauled the seaplane over and he jumped aboard. He looked at Mary and Mimi and Helen, and grinned. "Say, Bill, you're not doing so bad for yourself."

The pilot followed Harvey aboard, and after him came a middle-aged man in shabby jeans and a ragged blue sweater. Mary greeted him with: "Look, Captain Jake. Do you know where the Irish Star is?"

Jake nodded soberly. "Passed 'er at Hallen's Cay. She's hall right. They weren't 'ard 'it there. But Green Turul and Marsh 'arbor looks bad. And Hangelfish! *Tsch, tsch, tsch!*"

"Angelfish!" I think the four of us cried the word in unison.

"Swept clean's a whistle. Hain't a sign of life on the 'ole cay. An' the big castle that fellow Loors built—gone with the wind, Mary, gone with the wind." Captain Jake chuckled reminiscently. "Well, it served 'im right, what? 'E comes in 'ere an' troied to get somethin' fer nothin'. 'E should 'ave knowed better. 'E should 'ave knowed you can't get the best of a Bahamian."

I said, thoroughly awed by this news: "I thought the lodge was hurricane-proof. According to Loors, there was enough steel and concrete in it for six buildings that size."

Captain Jake chuckled again as he held a match to his stubby pipe. "The steel—was cast iron. The concrete—was ninety-nine per cent sand. 'E got, loike most heverybody helse in this world, just what 'e paid fer. That castle of 'is must 'ave gone down like a 'ouse of cards. You got anything to eat aboard this 'ooker?"

WE fed our guests, and I gave Harvey my story, and at one o'clock they were ready to go.

"Anybody want to go to Miami?" Harvey said, eying the three girls hopefully.

There was a short silence. Then Mimi said in a tired voice, "I'd like to go with you, Mr. Harvey."

"I would too, if you don't mind," said Helen.

"Mind!" Harvey beamed. "Do I look that old? Bill, when're you coming back to work?"

"Probably not for a long time."

"Huh? Where you bound now?"

"The Virgin Islands."

"No fooling? Look, if you run into any nice—oh, skip it. Miss Fremont, may I help you aboard our noble chariot?"

Mary and I waved to them from the Black Hawk's cockpit as they took off. We watched in silence until the seaplane was only a tiny speck on the western horizon.

"Bill, are you really going to the Virgin Islands?"

"I really am. I'm going to Allen's Cay first, where I have a little job for a licensed master called Captain Mike."

Her lips started to tremble. She looked up at me, her eyes misted. I put my arms around her and drew her close.

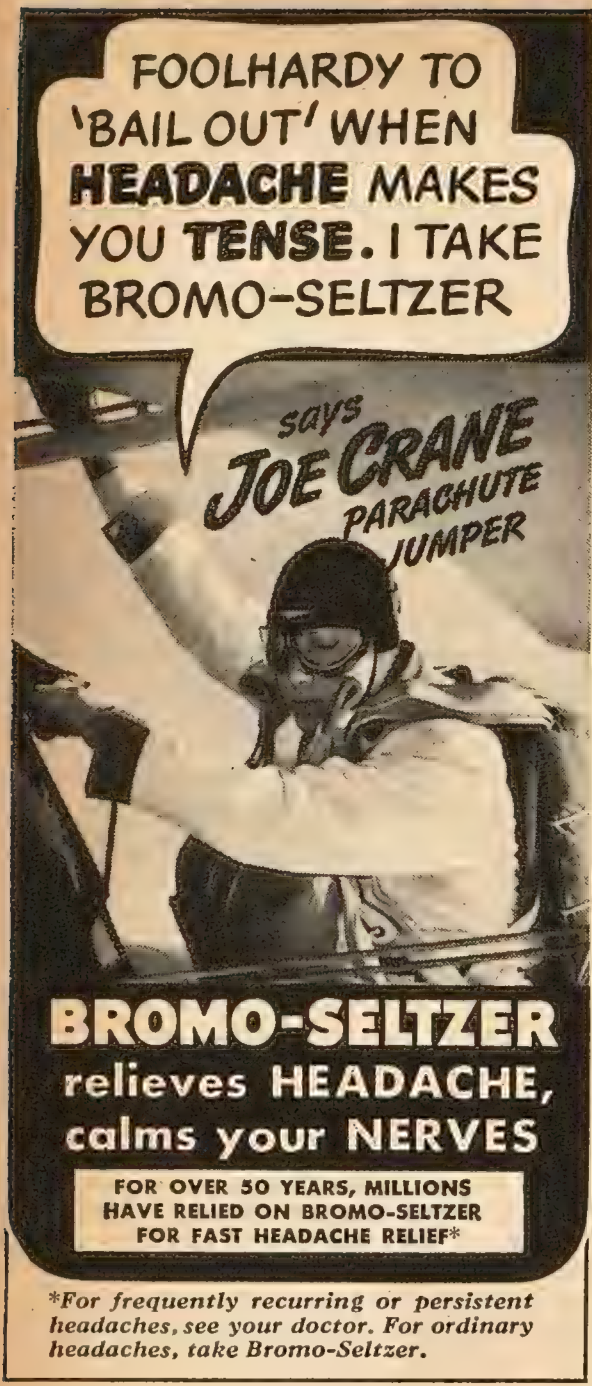
"Then," I said, "I'm going to Nassau to buy a wedding present for my bride. A necklace."

"Oh, *Bill!*" she murmured, and her arms moved slowly around my neck.

"And then—Haiti and Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. When we get there, I'm going to park under a palm tree and write a book. A book about a little rapscallion I picked up on a dock in West Palm Beach."

Well, this is the book.

THE END



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★ ★ ★ EACH DAWN I DIE

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, George Raft, Jane Bryan, George Bancroft, Maxie Rosenbloom, Stanley Ridges, Alan Baxter, Victor Jory, John Wray, Edward Pawley, Willard Robertson, Emma Dunn, Paul Hurst, Louis Jean Heydt, Joe Downing, Thurston Hall, William Davidson, Clay Clement, Charles Trowbridge, Harry Cording. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff from the novel by Jerome Odlum. Directed by William Keighley. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 92 minutes.

THE Warners are specialists in cell symphonies. Their jailhouse melodramas have power and punch. This Jerome Odlum novel is a sinister tale of the drab, restless, vicious social outcasts who live out their debts to society behind prison bars. It is a brutal, sordid, cruel story of a newspaper reporter, engaged in exposing political racketeering, railroaded to a cell for twenty years. It pictures the gradual metamorphosis of this man, hemmed in on all sides by fear and brutality, until he becomes a snarling, savage animal as one injustice piles upon another.

A strange kinship springs up between the reporter and another, a hardened lad from the underworld who, like himself, came from the slums. One went right, the other wrong, but both end up behind bars. When this gangster makes his escape during a courthouse trial, he sets out to track down the men who framed his pal.

James Cagney is the newspaperman and George Raft is the lad from the slum shadows. Both give taut, vigorous performances. There are other excellent bits, such as Stanley Ridges as a convict slowly going "stir nutty" under the eternal shuffle of prison feet and the pound of the twine-mill machinery.

There is a prison outbreak, when hatred flares into rebellion and tear-gas bombs and machine guns are turned upon the men trying to get out of the shadows.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jerome Odlum quit his job as managing editor of the Minneapolis News to write. And his first novel, written in eleven days, makes the screen. Odlum was first a news photographer, then a reporter, was graduated to editing. He's thirty-one. . . . George Raft turned down $4,500 a week, fifty-two weeks a year, because he didn't want to play gangster roles. Raft had been eight years at Paramount, but he was tired of doing hard-boiled lads. Then he moved over to Warners, and here he is doing another gangster. He explains it this way: "This hard, tough con has redeeming qualities. He's the product of vicious environment and, in the end, does a fine decent thing. I wouldn't have dared to walk into this part if the fellow was all bad and died a rat. That's the kind of gangster role I draw the line at playing." . . . That only appears to be Raft jumping from a courthouse window forty feet down through the top of a seven-ton truck. The truck was packed with furniture padding and cartons filled with excelsior in alternate layers. On the canvas top was a painted white cross to serve as a target for the stunt man. . . . Hollywood is a town where they like to go to prison: 600 extras tried for the prison sequence; 300 of them got jobs.

When hatred flares into rebellion in Each Dawn I Die.

★ ★ ★ WINTER CARNIVAL

THE PLAYERS: Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson, Helen Parrish, James Corner, Robert Armstrong, Alan Baldwin, Joan Brodel, Virginia Gilmore, Cecil Cunningham, Robert Allen, Marsha Hunt, the McCash Twins, Morton Lowry, Jimmy Butler, Kenneth Stevens, Benny Drohan, Martin Turner. Screen play by Lester Cole, Budd Schulberg, and Maurice Rapf from an original story by Mr. Schulberg. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 91 minutes.

WINTER CARNIVAL must have been a sort of labor of love for Walter Wanger, its producer. He is a Dartmouth grad and this is a picture with the New England university as a background. Here social life reaches its hardy apex in the annual winter carnival, with its skiing, bobsledding, and skating competitions, its elaborate snow and ice sculpturing, its fraternity dances, when over a thousand starry-eyed co-eds pile into the little town of Hanover. All this is adolescent, even a little juvenile, but it presents a phase of collegiate life.

Specifically it is a tale of Jill Baxter and John Weldon. Six years before she was queen of the carnival, but she has gone on her wealthy way, marrying and divorcing a title, scattering her escapades and her fortune across the headlines. He loved her then as a student, but with the years he has become a Dartmouth professor, forgetting his broken heart in training boys for life. Then, on a whim, she suddenly comes out of the past in Paris gowns and pursued by a trainload of reporters.

Ann Sheridan is the spoiled maiden of millions, while personable Richard Carlson is the professor who never stopped loving.

Some of the students are a little hard to take, but I doubt if this will affect the general popularity of the picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: There's Indian, besides Scotch-Irish, blood in the veins of Ann Sheridan, born Clara Lou Sheridan, in Dallas, Texas, twenty-four years ago come February 21. After going to North Texas State Teachers College, Clara Lou was going to be a teacher, of all things, but that was before she won a beauty contest, Hollywood discovered her, and named her the Oomph Girl. Says she hates spinach and traffic cops, just loves a good book, wouldn't get in a plane for anything, drives a Ford, has a secret passion for black and white orchids. . . . Richard Carlson hails from Albert Lea, Minnesota. Born in 1912, dad an attorney. Danish granddad was an itinerant minister on Sundays, a carpenter the rest of the week. Family moved to Minneapolis, Dick went to school there and on to University of Minnesota. Graduated in 1933 with a Phi Beta Kappa key, stayed on as an assistant English instructor. Not enough excitement to the job and Carlson turned to acting. Wanted to write plays, too. First film job was in The Young in Heart opposite Janet Gaynor. Likes golf and tennis and insists he loves a good book, too. . . . The cast didn't go to Hanover. But the Wanger technical staff spent most of a month in the New Hampshire hamlet, shooting not only the winter carnival but college life in and around the campus. The scenes with the actual principals were shot back in Hollywood in a huge refrigerator stage. Adjoining were special rooms in which the players spent twenty minutes undergoing the switch from out-of-door temperature to a few degrees above freezing. A fifty-degree shift. Why the cold stage? To get the requisite steaming winter breath. It's little details like this that—well—make steaming breath. . . . Winter Carnival is very collegiate. Budd Schulberg, the author, is Dartmouth '36, the scenarists are Dartmouth and Columbia grads. Werner Jenssen, who did the musical score, was graduated from Dartmouth in '21. During his campus days, Werner was the piano player at Dartmouth's one movie house, the Nugget.

★ I STOLE A MILLION

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Claire Trevor, Dick Foran, Henry Armetta, Victor Jory, George Chandler, Irving Bacon, Tom Fadden, Robert Elliott, Joe Sawyer. Screen play by Nathaniel West from a story by Lester Cole. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Produced by Universal. Running time, 75 minutes.

HERE snaky-eyed George Raft plays another bad boy, not as sinister as his Hood Stacey of Each Dawn I Die but a slippery lad who would bear watching when he wandered into a jewelry store. This time Raft is a tough taxi driver who gets in wrong with the police, runs away, gets in even deeper when he innocently acts as chauffeur for a gang of bank robbers. Then, when he meets and marries a girl who works in a florist shop, he tries to go straight, with a little garage of his own. But that black past is there, the police pursue unrelentingly, and—

It isn't fair to compare a run-of-the-basket program film with a feature, but the George Raft of I Stole a Million at no time approaches the George Raft of Each Dawn I Die.

The story moves loosely. Claire Trevor, so good as the garish frontier-town girl of Stagecoach, is just so-so as the inspiration for Raft's attempt at righteousness.

VITAL STATISTICS: Like many films, this was made with two endings. In one, the ex-taxi driver deliberately runs away from his pursuers, to be shot down. In the other, he gives himself up, after wifie promises to wait. You'll see one or the other. . . . Claire Trevor has been playing opposite Eddie Robinson on the airways in Big Town. She's the ether Lorelei. Claire went to Smith College, then to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, on to Hollywood. . . . George Raft owns four race horses, loves bridge, works out daily at a gym, never eats lunch but naps an hour instead, hopes sometime to own a Connecticut farm and maybe a baseball team.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid.

★★★—Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter.

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I talk with THE DUKE and DUCHESS of WINDSOR

They want to visit America but they're just a little timid about their welcome

BY MARJORIE SHULER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I HAVE just been to tea with Cinderella and the Prince, the woman who got a glass house in exchange for a glass slipper, and the man who lost the pumpkin coach and with it the best job in the world. Are they living happily ever after, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, in their new home in the Boulevard Suchet, Paris? If not, they did their best to make me think so.

It was quite an event for me, that tea. I had never met the Windsors, and so the invitation to drop in at five o'clock was a pleasant surprise for me. As for them, they have suffered a great deal at the hands of the press. Therefore the suggestion to "come and ask any questions you like" was rather a brave gesture on their part.

Would they be met with kid gloves or ruthless claws? They could not know. But they dared to try. And the result? Well, so far as I am concerned it was a happy one. I liked the Windsors. Pitied them too.

When I arrived, a red-coated footman immediately ushered me up a winding stairway into the second-floor drawing room, where the Duchess stood just within the door. Her dress was of stiff black taffeta, very short and very full as to skirt, and with an old-fashioned basque, fastened down the front by clusters of corals and pearls loosely strung in pendent loops like the matching earrings. Her hair was rolled back from the forehead and had just a suggestion of a chignon low in the back of the neck. There was an emerald at her throat and another square-cut one on her "engagement" finger, but no wedding ring. She wore little make-up and no nail polish, her nails looking rather dry and brittle.

If the Windsors have a grudge list, I think that photographers would be close to the top, for certainly the Duchess is better-looking than her pictures would indicate. Her smile is delightful and her greatest charm is the lilt of expression which no camera can catch.

I had not curtsied to the Duchess. Instead, I had shaken her outstretched hand and was standing a few steps beyond her when a slender fair-haired man walked with quick nervous steps into the room, apologized for being late, shook my hand, and asked me how I was. He wore a gray lounge suit and a shirt with tiny, almost invisible, stripes of color.

A more unlike husband and wife could hardly be found than this pair seemed as they stood side by side. The impression the Duchess gives is that of a spontaneous, naturally gay woman trying to impose the restraint due to her new position. While the Duke seems to be trying to break through a shyness and imposed discipline which cover his quivering nerves badly without bringing them peace.

The Duchess led the way into a second room, where a collation was served, and I found myself sitting on an apple-green velvet divan with the Duke and asking him questions.

There were two of these divans, big plushy things. The Duchess sat in the center of one with a group around her, while the Duke was on the opposite side of the room, and they exchanged places to talk with different groups of guests.

We talked of various things, including flying, since I was just completing a world tour by air and other guests had flown the Atlantic Ocean with me two days before. We spoke, too, of the visit of the King and Queen of England to the United States, and the Duke showed real interest and pleasure in the accounts of the kindly reception given to his brother. Then we discussed the prospect that the Windsors may some day come to this country.

"It is constantly in our minds," said he. And "We are afraid of you," said she, with a gay little wave of the hand to the press.

The conversation was informal, friendly. But it proceeded from two entirely different focal points. The Duchess stimulated the guests to chatter as they liked, while she sat, with an eager air of welcoming new topics; of elasticity toward whatever life might bring, by speech or otherwise.

The world's most-talked-of couple at the gate of their Paris home.

The Duke, on the other hand, introduced the topics, put many questions, quick, staccato sentences which seemed to be asked from duty rather than from any really deep interest in the answers. He worked hard to make conversation, just as he struggles to find tasks to do. He simply does not know how to be idle, how to relax and let interests come to him. Watching him, at least one of his guests wished she knew of a nice berth for which to recommend him.

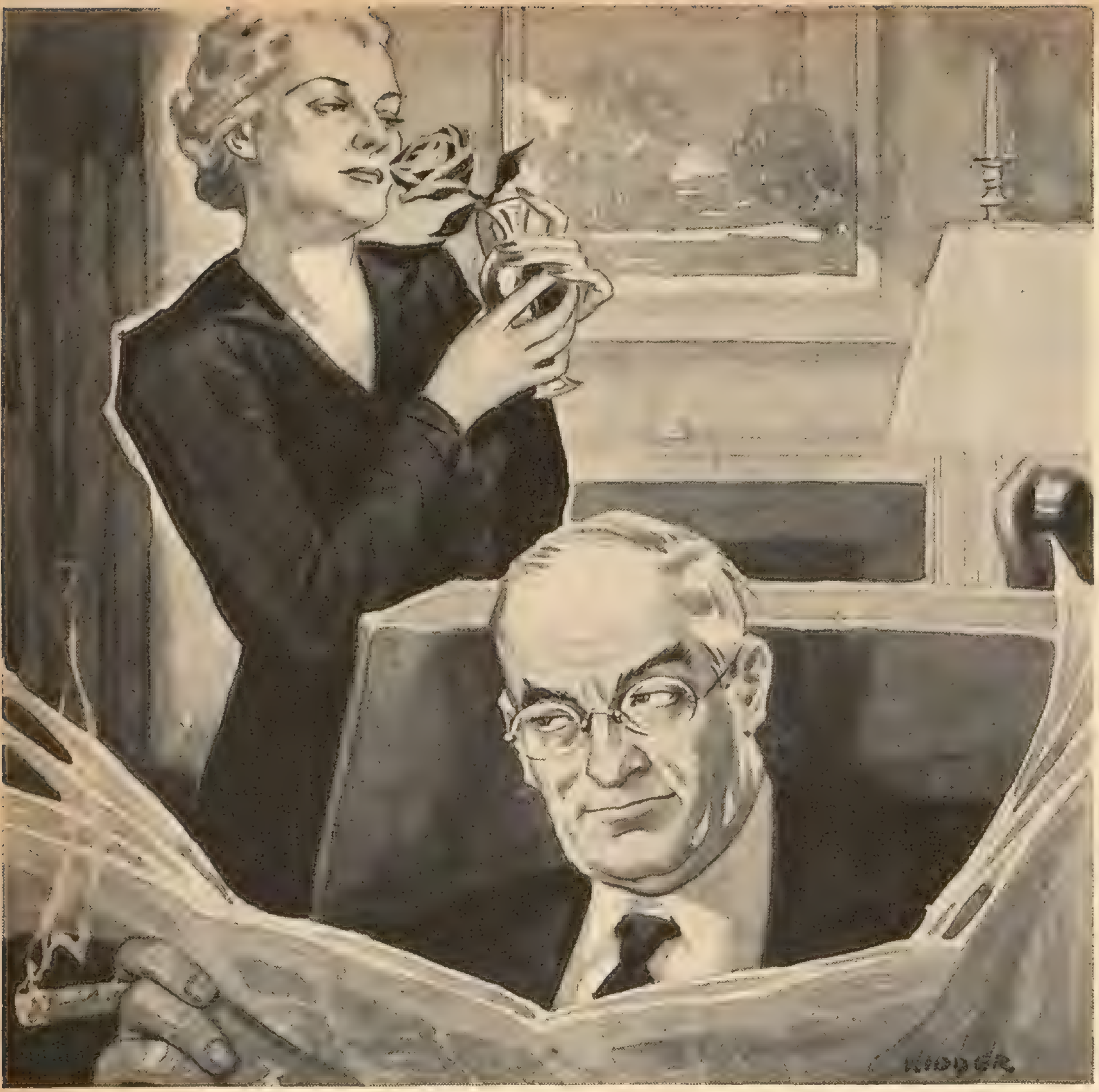
What the Duke wants most himself is to turn his energies to the making of peace in the world.

"We ought to do all that we can against the destructiveness of war," he remarked with deep seriousness. "I say whatever I can, whenever I can, for peace. I think that when politicians speak, people believe they have some little game to play. But every one knows I have no game."

The world which has expected the Duke and the Duchess to arrive at a state of boredom with each other is due to be disappointed, certainly at the present time. For frequently during the afternoon they turned to each other, the man and the woman without a country. They turned to spare each other, to help each other, displaying a family solidarity which so far shows no evidence of strain.

When I reached the street after cordial handshakes from both host and hostess, I stepped into my cab with one bit of knowledge tucked away in my mind: It is still well with the Edward David branch of the Windsor family. And one hope: That two who temporarily at least have lost their countries are finding themselves, and permanently.

THE END



ROSES

Liberty's Short Short

BY PHILIP COLDREN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

HELLO, sis! What did you see? MacDonald and Eddy in Sweethearts. Huh. . . . What's that? You met Pop and Mom at the door when you came in and Mom had been crying? Well, it was just something Pop said to her. . . . Sure I know all about it. But I don't want to tell you now. Can't you see I'm reading?

Aw, all right! As long as you got to know. Well, this is how it was:

I was sitting here on the couch and I guess they didn't notice me or something. They thought I was too busy reading to listen. But I listened all right. After dinner Pop said he was going down to the store to get a cigar, and when he came back he had a red rose and he gave it to Mom and said, "Here's a token of my affection, honey." And Mom said, "Will, you're silly to be spending your money for roses." And Pop said, "It's my money, by gum."

And then Mom got a vase and put the rose in it and set it on the table, and Pop got the paper and was reading, and pretty soon Mom picked up the vase and smelled the rose and said:

"There isn't anything else as beautiful as a rose, is there?"

Pop didn't say anything, and she asked him again, and Pop put down the paper and said, "Huh?" And he sat and watched the smoke from his cigar curl up toward the ceiling and pretty soon he went on: "Like as not you've forgotten, but I remember exactly how that American Beauty looked that I brought you the night I proposed."

"I remember," Mom said.

They didn't say anything for a little bit, and then Pop went on: "But it wasn't anywhere near as beautiful as the roses you held when you walked down the church aisle that June day twenty-five years ago. Remember?"

"Yes, I remember," Mom said.

Pop smoked some more, and pretty soon he said, "I believe the roses I spent the most time selecting, though, were the ones I brought you to the hospital when Jennie was just one day old. Gosh, honey, I sure thought I was going to lose you the night before!"

Mom smiled, but Pop looked awful serious. In a jiffy, though, he quit looking serious and grinned kind of wicked. "Like as not you've forgotten that bunch of yellow roses you tore up because you thought I had bought 'em for Miss Elkins, my secretary, when all the time I'd turned 'em over to her to send out to you."

"I'm not absolutely sure about that yet," said Mom. Then she said, "Like as not it's you who's forgotten the ones you sent me as a peace offering the night after you played poker and lost the rent money."

Pop looked sheepish then, but he grinned. "Guess I'd have gone to the devil long ago if it hadn't been for you, honey."

Then they didn't say anything for a while again, and Pop blurted out, all of a sudden, "Gosh, you sure always was the belle of the ball with a red rose stuck in your hair." And Mom smiled and picked the rose out of the vase and stuck it in her hair and asked, "Like this?"

Pop turned to look at her and for a minute there was a funny look on his face. Then Mom got up and walked over to the mirror. For a minute she didn't say anything either, and then, real soft like, she said, "But I don't look like that girl now, do I, Will?"

"Shucks, honey!" Pop said. "You don't look a day over twenty-one. Not a day."

Mom quit looking in the mirror, and then she sat down again and she said, "But you haven't answered the question I asked you three times. I said there isn't anything as beautiful as a rose, is there?"

Well, Pop put his paper down and looked straight at Mom sort of queer like, and then he reached across the table and took hold of her hand and said, "Honey, compared with you a rose isn't beautiful at all." And then Mom began to cry. Now why in heck would that make her cry? I can't understand it, can you?

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

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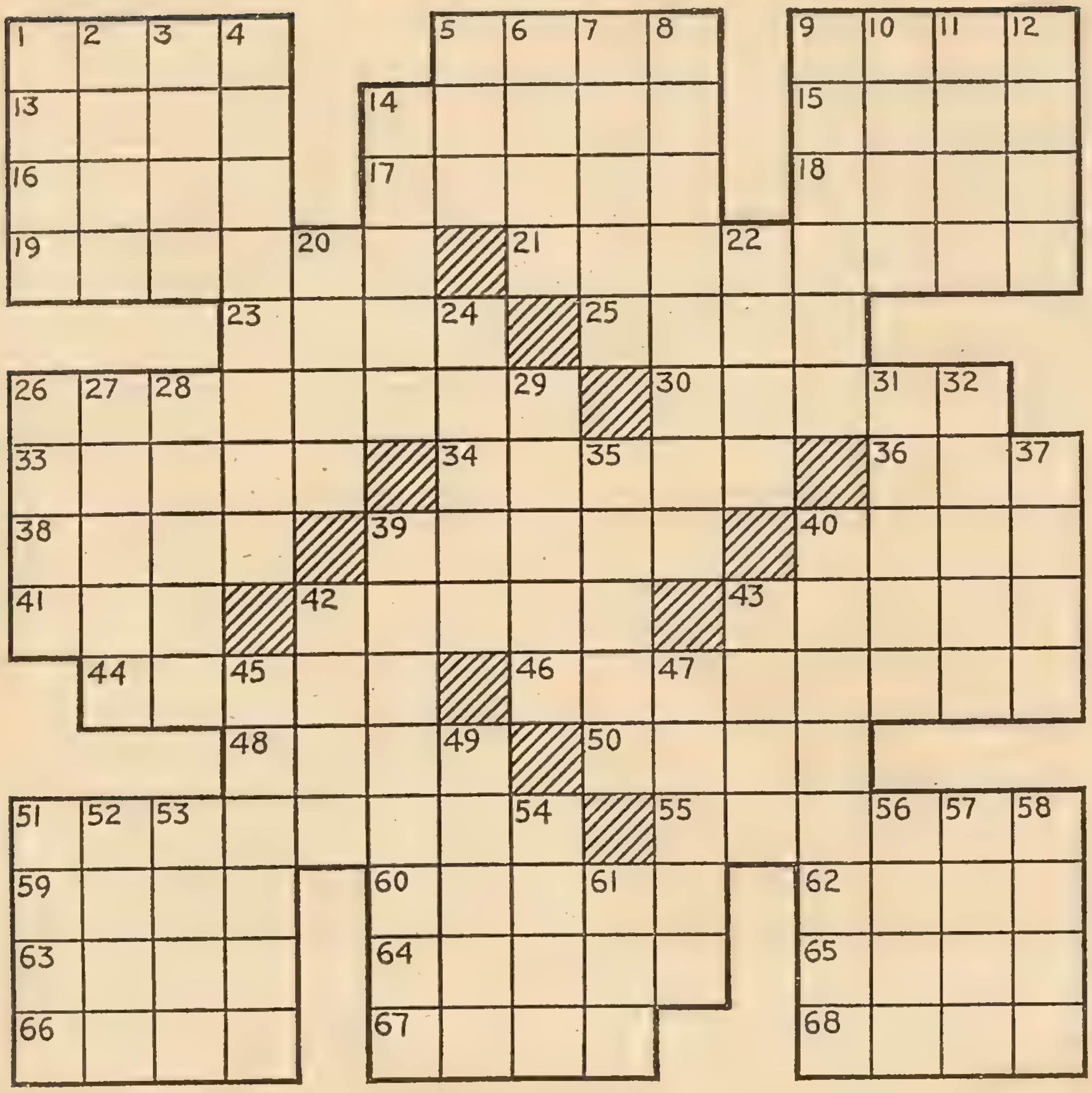
Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

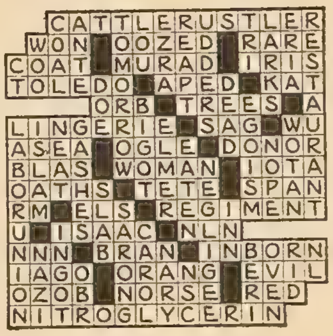
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Liquid food
5 Bans
9 Slag
13 Direction inward
14 Proofreading mark
15 High tableland
16 Playing card (pl.)
17 To set down in writing
18 Paradise
19 Median
21 Bagpipers
23 Threesome
25 Blemish
26 To take a tenth of
30 Sticky substance
33 Any mixture of metals
34 An axman
36 Gone
38 Security for payment
39 A king of Judea
40 Begged (var.)
41 Greek letter
42 A rare object
43 Got up
44 Upper, purer air
46 First or main principle (pl.)
48 Sins
50 Spot made by soot
51 Used
55 City in Germany
59 Gather in
60 Silly
62 Part of a church
63 Term used in poker
64 Famous
65 Pulled
66 Entreated
67 Developed
68 Dispatched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ORB■TREES■A
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ASEA■OGLE■DONOR
BLAS■WOMAN■IOTA
OATHS■TETE■SPAN
RM■ELS■REGIMENT
U■ISAAC■NLN
NNN■BRAN■INBORN
IAGO■ORANG■EVIL
OZOB■NORSE■RED
NITROGLYCERIN

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Thailand
2 At one time
3 American Indian (pl.)
4 Situation
5 Prohibit
6 Practical skill (pl.)
7 Smokes
8 Made bare
9 Fish (pl.)
10 Give
11 Employer
12 Equip with man power
14 Woman's name
20 Multitude
22 Bellow
24 Different
26 Valley
27 Choicest part
28 Strip of wood nailed across a board
29 Weird
31 Bird's claw
32 To excrete
35 Soft thick hair (pl.)
37 Poems
39 Speeding
40 Makes believe
42 Fish
43 Siberian river
45 Aided
47 Set in surrounding matter
49 Title of respect (Sp.)
51 Periods
52 Bill of fare
53 Crown of the head
54 Kind of fruit
56 Domestic animal
57 Level
58 Salamander
61 Fresh

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

The I. C. S. student

STANDS OUT!

• Does your employer "know you from Adam"? Does he consider you "just another employee"? Or does he keep an eye on you, waiting for a chance to advance your position and pay, because he knows you are training yourself for a bigger future?

Read this letter recently received by the International Correspondence Schools:

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☐ Air Conditioning and Cooling
☐ Architectural Drafting
☐ Architecture ☐ Boilermaking
☐ Auto Electric Technician
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☐ Bridge & Building Foremanship ☐ Coal Mining
☐ Bridge Engineering
☐ Building Estimating
☐ Civil Engineering
☐ Contracting and Building
☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Diesel Engineering
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Foundry Practice
☐ Fruit Growing ☐ Heating
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ House Planning ☐ Machinist
☐ Management of Inventions
☐ Managing Men at Work
☐ Manufacture of Pulp Paper
☐ Marine Engineering
☐ Mechanical Drafting
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Navigation
☐ Patternmaking
☐ Pharmacy ☐ Plumbing
☐ Poultry Farming
☐ Public Works Engineering
☐ Radio ☐ R. R. Locomotives
☐ R. R. Section Foreman
☐ R. R. Signalmen
☐ Reading Blueprints
☐ Refrigeration
☐ Sheet Metal Work
☐ Steam Electric Engineering
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Telegraph Engineering
☐ Telephone Work
☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Woolen Manufacturing

BUSINESS SUBJECTS

☐ Advertising ☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Business Management
☐ Cartooning ☐ Civil Service
☐ C. P. Accounting
☐ College Preparatory
☐ Cost Accounting
☐ First Year College
☐ Foremanship ☐ French
☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating
☐ Lettering Show Cards
☐ Railway Postal Clerk
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Service Sta. Salesmanship
☐ Signs ☐ Spanish
☐ Stenography and Typing

DOMESTIC SCIENCE SUBJECTS

☐ Advanced Dressmaking
☐ Foods and Cookery
☐ Home Dressmaking
☐ Professional Dressmaking and Designing
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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

DEEMS TAYLOR thought he heard a footpad following him down a dark and lonely street in Paris. "I imagined the apache knife already at my throat," he says, "but had determined upon selling my life dearly, when the man behind me started to whistle. What a relief! Recognized him at once as an American of my own generation, and knew we'd have no violence. He was whistling I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

Celebrated composer, music authority, radio counselor, Deems Taylor told me the above story to illustrate one of his many interesting ideas about popular tunes. He believes all music destined to survive the test of time—even opera or symphony—must be melodic enough for the theme to be whistled. Thinks radio has limited the career of any big-hit song to about six weeks, since we now learn our new songs by turning a dial instead of trying to whistle them, and constant radio repetition plays a song quickly to death. . . . I asked Mr. Taylor to explain why so many of us dislike classical music at heart (although, of course, we pretend to adore it). "That's easy," he said. "The average person can retain in mind no more than thirty-two bars of musical impressions, whereas most classical compositions run to about two hundred and fifty bars for the first movement alone. It's simply too long for the untrained listener to manage."

Take your kids to fine concerts and plays, Mr. Taylor advises, but never let on that they're *classical*. "Don't prejudice them," he says, "by the use of that painfully high-brow word." His twelve-year-old daughter, Joan, knows three Shakespearean roles — Juliet, Portia, and Rosalind—yet remains comfortably unaware of the awesome fact that Shakespeare is a *classic*.

ANTIQUES
LePAR

"Yes, madam, this is a genuine Louis XIV."

"I *exposed* her to good music," her father says, "at the age of eighteen months."

☆ Advance fashion tips, inexpensive to follow: . . . Miniature apples and apple blossoms, or lemon and lemon flowers, combined as lapel bouquets for the adornment of your new autumn suit. . . . Old-style locket containing sweetheart's photograph, strung on a narrow black velvet ribbon. Wear around neck or attached to black suède belt. . . . Fall hats will tower as high as the cost of folly; will be trimmed with velvet leaves, with ribbons, with curly ostrich plumes.

☆ The romance of a lover returning from far away can misfire sadly. I am acquainted with a pretty girl who has been engaged for the past five years to a young engineer employed in Mexico. When he departed he was a rather laconic youth, not particularly interesting. She expected him to come back imbued with some vague sort of glamour. You know how girls like to dream of home-town boys adventuring in distant lands. She talked and talked about him. But he failed her. Home he came, last month, his job curtailed by Mexico's expropriation of American oil properties. He is just as laconic, not a bit more interesting, than before he went away. She eloped with a local band leader.

☆ It is just the right time—between now and Moving Day—to read Dorothy Duncan's useful new book, You Can Live in an Apartment. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ Among dozens of old-umbrella fanciers writing letters to me from everywhere, John D. Swain tops the antiquity record, so far, with his report of a seventeenth-century umbrella owned by Professor Harry B. Center of Boston University. Large enough to shelter a numerous family, Professor Center's umbrella was brought to this country by his English ancestors around 1650; is still in good condition after nearly three hundred years of service. Professor Center has placed it in the Historical Rooms at Gloucester, Massachusetts.

I've a notion that Mr. Swain's letter will be the old-umbrella letter to end all old-umbrella letters.

☆ Out of Florida arrives a novelty cookbook published by the Department of Applied Education of the Woman's Club of West Palm Beach. Katch's Kitchen is the title. Local ladies renowned for their cooking have contributed their best recipes, which are reproduced in their own handwriting. Here's how Evelyn Beall makes her delicious *Sweet Potato Pone:*

Grate 4 raw sweet potatoes. Cream them together with ½ cup butter, 4 well beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, ¾ cup brown sugar, ¾ cup molasses, 1 cup chopped black walnuts, 1 tablespoon dry ginger, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Last add grated rind 1 lemon. Mix together thoroughly, then bake 1 hour in buttered pan. . . . Perfect for Sunday supper with cold chicken or ham.

☆ Most gracious social gesture I've encountered in a long while is the practice of a Minnesota novelist and story reader for the movies, Ivan Bede by name. When he's a guest at a cocktail party he hangs around until the end, and then invites his host and hostess out to dinner. They're always grateful, you can bet, to be rescued from their home, littered and disorganized after the cocktail mob scene.

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

$2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN A SUBSTANTIAL SUM!

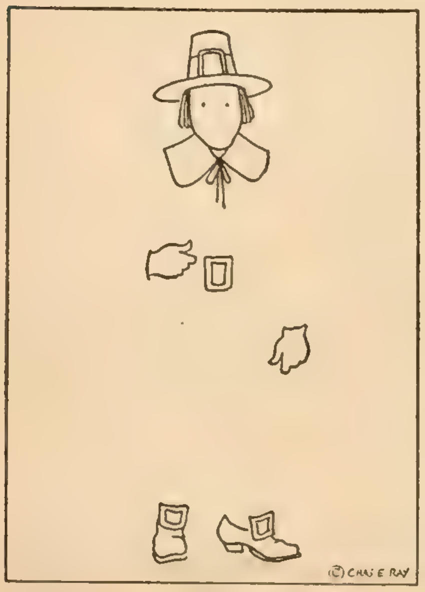
THIS week Liberty presents the sixth Funny Fill-In for your attention. If you are already playing the game, you know exactly how to proceed. If you have not started, you can enter today with an excellent chance of capturing one of the major cash awards. No artistic training or talent is required! A child has equal opportunity with an adult. The fun's the thing and a few unskilled lines may achieve a result that will score over uninspired technical ability. On the other hand, ability to draw need not prove a handicap. The point is that this is not a drawing competition. It is a FUNNY Fill-In game. Keep that in mind as you complete No. 6 at the lower right. Perhaps you will want to make a number of tracings of the lines supplied and work out several ways of completing it and then choose the one you like best for your official entry.

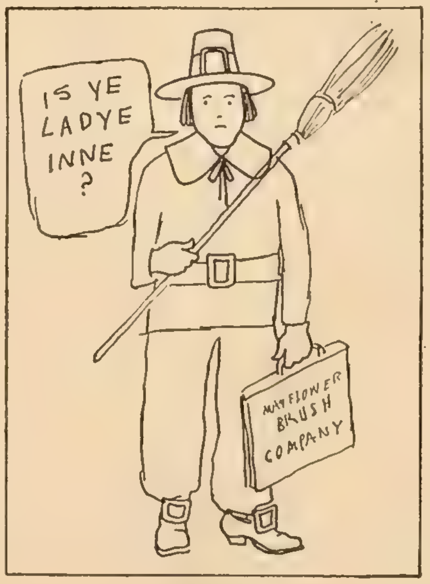
LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you require the first five Funny Fill-Ins to bring your entry up to date, send to the address in Rule 3, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them you can draw in the lines at your leisure and your entry will be even with the field. Save all Fill-Ins until the end of the game.

TO HELP YOU START

As an example of the possibilities of this game, Liberty publishes an illustration below. Perhaps you will use this for practice before working on Funny Fill-In No. 6. Possibly you will make tracings of the Fill-In and complete them in various ways before selecting your final version. No matter how you proceed, please remember that artistic talent is not necessary at all. The fun's the thing!





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THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

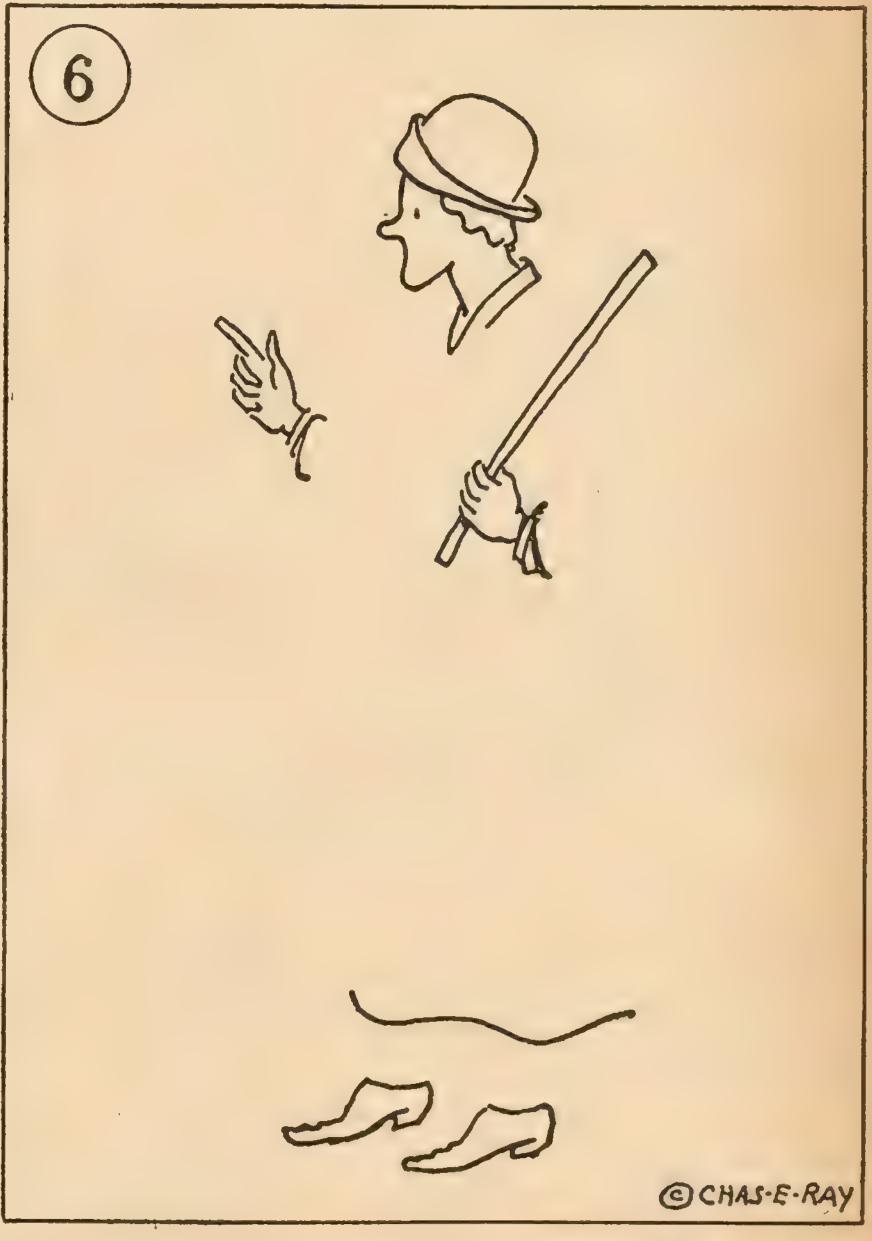
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

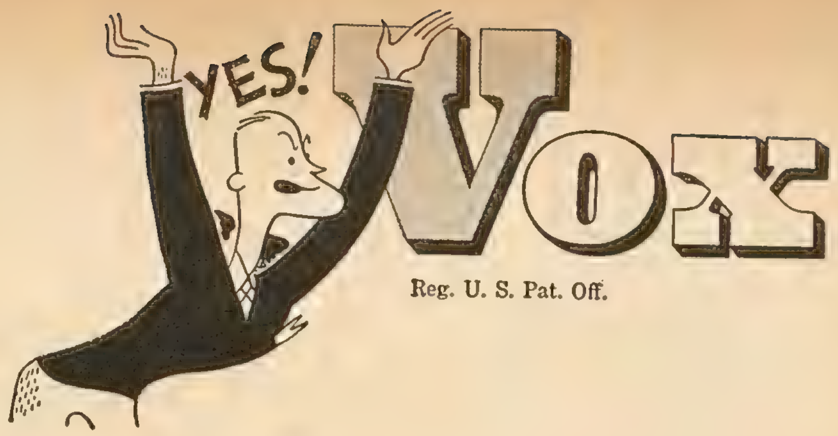
4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.





Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE LONG TRAIL OF THE NEELY BILL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It is not surprising that lengthy letters on the Neely Bill matter (July 1 Vox Pop) should be received, as these come from professional organizers who have spent many years promoting this legislation and have had a lot of practice writing "letters to the editor." The hearings on the bill in Washington ran from April 3 to April 17 inclusive, and the record of the hearing, when printed, will run well over two thousand pages.

This legislation has been pending for ten or twelve years, under one name after another. The organized agitation for this legislation has been kept alive all that time by the "executive secretaries" by whom letters are written. They are using the endorsements of the officers of a number of organizations accumulated years ago by telling them that this bill will improve motion pictures and prevent the showing of any particular films which they feel should not be shown to the public.

Rarely have any of these good people taken the trouble to read the bill themselves, or given any serious consideration to how it will work. And there is no indication that the rank-and-file members of these organizations have any understanding of the Neely Bill, or any particular interest in the bill itself. Quite likely they are part of the 88,000,000 who register their views on motion pictures at the box office every week.

One big difficulty which producers have to face is that the public interest is in better entertainment but not in the "technical" or enforceable part of the Neely Bill. The two quite different things are confused, perhaps intentionally, by the promoters of this legislation. They invariably ignore discussing the actual provisions of the Neely Bill and the practical problems of making and marketing modern motion pictures, merely assume that the application of this law will improve the pictures, and go on from there to appeal for support on the grounds that this law is the only way to do the job. Nothing could be farther from the truth of the matter.—*P. A. S.*

WHILE IN MID-AIR

KENDALLVILLE, IND.—In July 22 Vox Pop you printed a piece very aptly entitled Most Thrilling Sight.

One sentence in this letter reads as follows:

"While in mid-air a young man drove a light truck into the alley."

That certainly would be a "most thrilling sight."—*Z. Kelly.*

RED-BLOODED COLLEGE MEN

DALLAS, TEX.—The patriotic Mr. Steinberger (July 15 Vox Pop) leaves the impression that college men have "no red blood." If that is the case, sentiment has suffered a great change since the World War.

The college youth of the United States, Great Britain, and France were among the first to go over the top. Not only that, they were among the immortals of the great struggle whose bravery and self-sacrifice will live for all time.

In my opinion, Mr. Steinberger and Miss Betsey Barton (April 29 Liberty) are lacking in gray matter.—*Wister Lewis, Jr.*

RASTUS' RIDE

CORNING, IA.—The pump-priming program takes me back to Alabama, where Rastus and Sally were attending the county fair. Rastus had ridden the merry-go-round until he had spent all his money. Sally said, "Look heah, you black baby, you rid that thing round and round and round till you spent all yore money. Wheah you-all bin?"—*Jay H. Kay.*

GEM TO ENGLISH SPEECH

KANE, PA.—The other day I heard a gentleman of foreign extraction propound a remedy for all ills on this side of the Atlantic Ocean and contribute a gem to English speech in one sentence.

Pounding his fists on a table for emphasis, he roared:

"If the continent of North America would only get up on its own two legs everything would be all right!"—*Joe Norton.*

A YOUTH ON YOUTH

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—In this modern day and age we hear much about the "wildness" of our younger generation.

They drink heavily (so we hear), smoke incessantly, scoff at marriage, have no sense of responsibility, and spend most of their spare time at roadhouses, night clubs, and houses of disrepute. Let me give you a side of this problem which most people never consider.

Just what does one gain by forgoing these "pleasures"? To my knowledge, there is no premium offered for clean living.

I am twenty-seven years old. I do not smoke, drink alcoholic beverages, visit disreputable houses, or otherwise indulge in modern "pleasure." And what benefit do I derive? Apparently none.

True, I have a job and earn fairly good wages; but I did not obtain the job, and do not hold it, by my abstinence. There are thousands of young people who indulge in the above-mentioned pastimes who hold positions as good as and better than that which I have.

You may think I am writing this for personal reasons, but such is not the idea. I live the way I do, not in search of reward, for I have no complaint to make, but because I prefer my way of living. I am writing this to you, hoping that you might pass it on to our business leaders, that they might think about it and offer the very young youth some incentive to live cleanly. As things stand today they wonder why they should be among the few who live clean, religious, and decent lives.—*Jonathan Quick.*

BEER NON-ALCOHOLIC IN SOUTH CAROLINA

FLORENCE, S. C.—In July 15 Liberty there was an article, States at War, in which the author, George E. Sokolsky, makes the unqualified statement that "Beer is, as every one knows, an alcoholic beverage."

Act No. 599, Volume XXXIX, Statutes at Large of South Carolina, page 1211, approved June 21, 1935, says:

"SEC. 1. From and after the approval of this Act, all beer, ales, porter, and other similar malt or fermented beverages, except natural wine, containing not in excess of five (5%) per cent of alcohol by weight and all natural wines not exceeding fourteen (14%) per cent of alcohol by weight shall be, and are hereby declared to be non-alcoholic and non-intoxicating."

It is quite evident that Mr. Sokolsky was not an expert psychiatrist when he made the above quoted unqualified statement without taking into consideration the mental condition and excepting the members of the General Assembly who enacted and the then governor of South Carolina who approved the foregoing legislation.—*J. D. Gilland.*

" HERE COMES THE JUNKIE "

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. — The Auto-biography of a Used Car, by Bert Green (July 1 Liberty), was fine as far as it went; but he left it unfinished when he closed with, " Here comes the *junkie*."

With apologies to Mr. Green, allow me to close his story in a truer way, the way all junked autos go now:

" Here comes the junkie, and soon I'll be on my way to the Orient, the Flowery Kingdom, to be made into shells to shoot at the Chinese, British, French, and Russians; and who can tell but I may eventually return to the glorious U. S. A. as a souvenir on the end of a watch chain, after having been taken from the interior or leg of some American marine or soldier."

There is no death to an auto, but it deals out death in any form.—*J. Jay Castle.*

SAME SPEED

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Question No. 10 of July 15 Twenty Questions asked, " Which is done with greater speed, the filming or the projection of a motion picture? "

You will receive many corrections to your wrong answer, as they are filmed and projected at the same speed.

In the case of a 16-mm. amateur film it is taken and projected at sixteen frames per second. The sound film, 16, 35, and 70 mm., are taken at twenty-four frames or pictures per second. The only case where pictures are filmed at different speed than they are projected is in the case of slow motion. Slow-motion pictures as originally made are taken at a very high speed and when projected look very slow.—*J. M. Wall.*

WOULD MR. COLLINS CARE TO ANSWER ?

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Hell in Hot Springs (July 22 Liberty) is truly an eye-opener for a large portion of your public; however, you must realize that the people of Arkansas have known of it for some time.

Since the article deals with a menace of lawlessness just outside my own front door, I think a few observations are in order at this point.

Would Frederick L. Collins care to answer a few questions? (1) How many of these big-time racketeers were natives of our state? (2) How many of the corrupt officials were native born? (3) Wasn't the F. B. I. a long time in making up its mind to clean up the city? (4) Is it clean now?

Arkansas wants Hot Springs cleaned up more than most outsiders imagine. But, with all the debts piled up from the rotten political bigwigs of the past, our present administration is being hailed on all sides for its attempts at settling some of the old outstanding debts. Is not Liberty open for rebuttal?

If so, why not commission some one to write a constructive article on the other wonders of our state? Which are, I assure you, most numerous. —*B. B. J.*

GAY PARTIES AND GOD

COLUMBIA, MO.—Mrs. Alice Talcott's impressive letter about prayer (July 8 Vox Pop) quotes her husband as having said, " It brings me peace, courage, hope, inspiration, faith—everything that makes life worth while." And she states further that she and her husband kneel and pray every night, " no matter how late we may have been out or how gay a party we may have been on—for we have our good times."

Now, what I would like to know is this: Just how *gay* a party and just how *good* a time does God approve of?—*H. L. Arbenger.*

RITA WEIMAN DIDN'T FORESEE THE CLIMAX

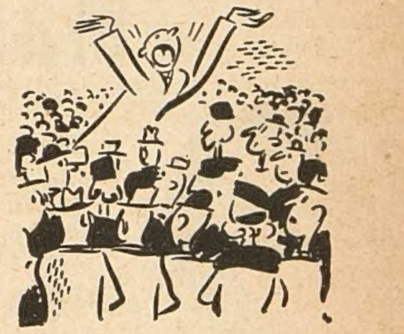
NEW YORK, N. Y.—What a magnificent Short Short you have in Tomorrow's Trust, by Morton Thompson! (July 8 Liberty.) Here's one seasoned reader who did not foresee the climax. And the satire was not in any way overstressed. The story is written with an artist's pen. I should like to know more about the author.

Congratulations to him and to Liberty!—*Rita Weiman.*

COMMON HORSE SENSE TRAGICALLY NEEDED

DETROIT, MICH.—Mr. Macfadden's Common Horse Sense Tragically Needed (July 15 Liberty) applies to him to a far greater extent than it does to the government. It is evident he is in the higher-income bracket and feels he has a big ax to grind, but he mustn't overlook the fact there are some 38,000,000 brothers and sisters that have been and still are on their last fifty-cent piece.

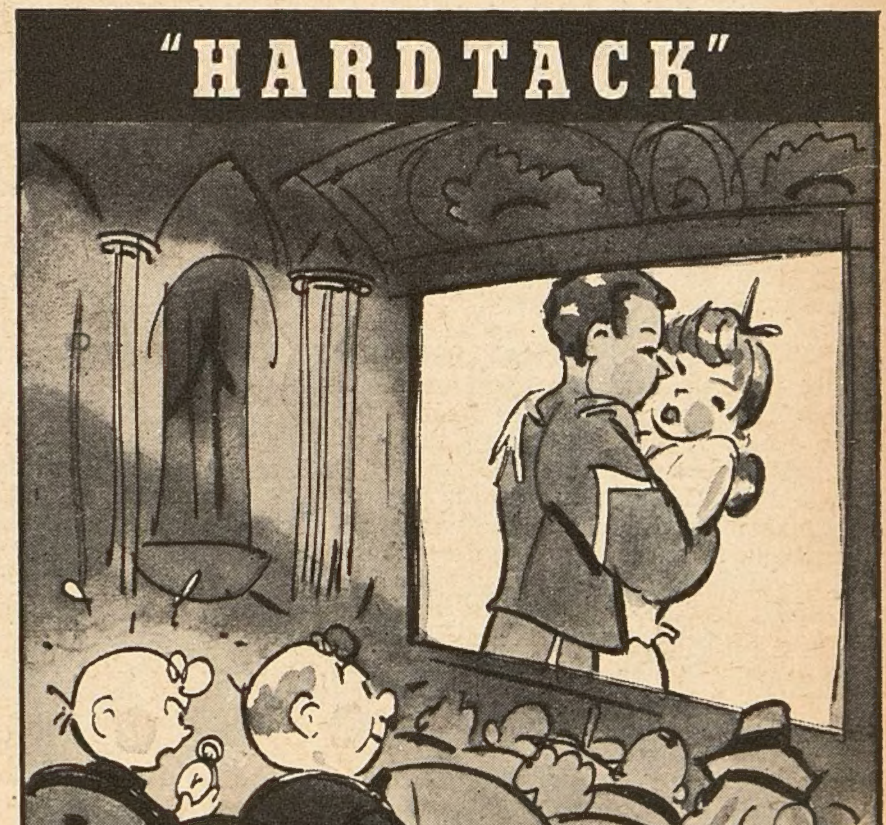
Had Mr. Macfadden and others in the higher-tax bracket been what he would like people to think he is, he would have gotten behind the New Deal wholeheartedly and by this date he would not have to tell of the need for common horse sense.



No, Mr. Macfadden, it's not the administration or the New Deal; it's both big and little business men who refused to support the government.—*W. J. Regan.*

PERSIANS LIKE LIBERTY

TABRIZ, NORTH IRAN—The Persian post-office employees here seem to appreciate Liberty as much as I do, for I only receive two out of three issues, and even they have obviously been opened and well thumbed!—*Edward A. Crane.*



" Gosh, pop, ten minutes and forty-five seconds! The projector musta stopped! "

Why Was This Man Fired?

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

SOME TIME AGO on this page we published a letter from a young married man, a shoe salesman, who had lost his job. In reply, we held up to him the example of the water spider. As a result, we received hundreds of letters, bouquets and brickbats, and other letters that asked for help on similar problems. One of these came from Mr. Willis Reed of 8 Shawhan Avenue, Carnegie, Pennsylvania. Writes Mr. Reed:

"I agree heartily; but there is another side of the picture which I would like for you to discuss in your magazine. What about the man who has spent years in the employ of a corporation, studied and worked and then studied some more to constantly improve his mind and his value to the company, and again himself, eighteen to twenty hours a day, and then reports for duty one morning to have the official in charge inform you that your services are no longer required?"

WHY WAS THIS EMPLOYEE discharged? If it was done to reduce expenses, perhaps the company's situation was so serious that bankruptcy might follow if reductions were not made. On the other hand, this might be an example of the economies of shortsighted and therefore incompetent management. If that is the case, the business could hardly last long, especially in these days of fierce competition. Or the dismissal might have been due to personal prejudice against the employee.

OBVIOUSLY, THAT PREJUDICE would be only another form of incompetence. When a business is managed on a basis of personal prejudice, it is headed for bankruptcy. Certainly, to spend a lifetime in the employ of one organization, and then suddenly to be dismissed, is a tragedy—more so today than ever before. But, while there are hundreds of cases like this one, they are getting fewer every year. Times are changing. The day of the employer who hires and fires as he likes, arbitrarily and even capriciously, is passing. With the Wages and Hours Act and the Wagner Act, the government has attempted to regulate business so that injustice is impossible. Candidly, I do not believe that government interference is ever the sound method of settling anything. Today, in the agreements between organized labor and employers, the discharge of an employee is rightly regarded as a serious matter. The employee is surrounded with protection. Many safeguards are much fairer to the employee than to the employer. Most important of all, there is a deepening sense of social responsibility, so that men are more and more safe in their jobs even when there are no union contracts.

BUT THERE IS SOMETHING more important in all this than the mere rights and wrongs. The trouble with government interference is that it tries to make a perfect world of an imperfect world. The danger of coddling is that we will turn into a race of weaklings—a nation of men lacking in courage, in self-confidence, in the energy and the will to win against all odds, including injustice. It will be a long time before injustice is ruled out of the world. As Gilbert and Sullivan make the Mikado sing:

> "See how the Fates their gifts allot,
> For A is happy—B is not.
> Yet B is worthy, I dare say,
> Of more prosperity than A!"

George Bernard Shaw, in Back to Methuselah, indicts whatever gods may be for the same apparent injustice. He points out that at threescore and ten a man who has taken care of his health has probably acquired not only maturity and experience but some measure of wisdom. He is at that point in his life where he is best equipped to serve his fellow man. Yet that is the point when he is supposed to die.

THE WORLD IS FULL of injustice. Some of the finest women in the world, women who would make the best of wives, never can attract a man because they were born with homely faces, bodies that do not charm. Can any one do anything about such cosmic injustice? One thing remaining to all of us is to meet injustice gallantly, without bitterness or self-pity. It sounds trite to say that often the blessings of life come disguised as misfortune; but then, it sounds trite to say any of the immortal truths of life. It is beneath the dignity of a man to set himself completely at the mercy of one job or of one employer. Strength lives in faith in oneself.

It happens that recently I ran across a man who had had just such an experience as Mr. Reed describes. He tried to get another job and failed. When he had sold all his small assets, cashed in on all his insurance, raised money from every other source possible, he had only $500. Yet, on that comparatively small sum, he retired. Now his life is happier than it has ever been before. He is his own master. No one can fire him. No one can dispossess him of his house or his acres. No one can take away from him the spiritual satisfactions which are his greatest treasure. What this man did was to go into the wilderness. He had never before slept out of doors, never handled a saw; yet he built his own house, and, more than that, built a new life for himself. In a few weeks this man is going to tell his story in these pages. It will be called How to Retire on $500, and it is the story of a man who did not complain against injustice, although he knew it intimately and bitterly. He did not nurse a sense of injury, nor yield to fear. He is a simple and practical Christian. He forgave the man who fired him and got busy on his own account. Perhaps he knew that discouragement, doubt, hatred are the principal poisons on the devil's laboratory shelves. This man's greatest assets were courage and faith, and with those he won happiness in spite of the injustice done to him.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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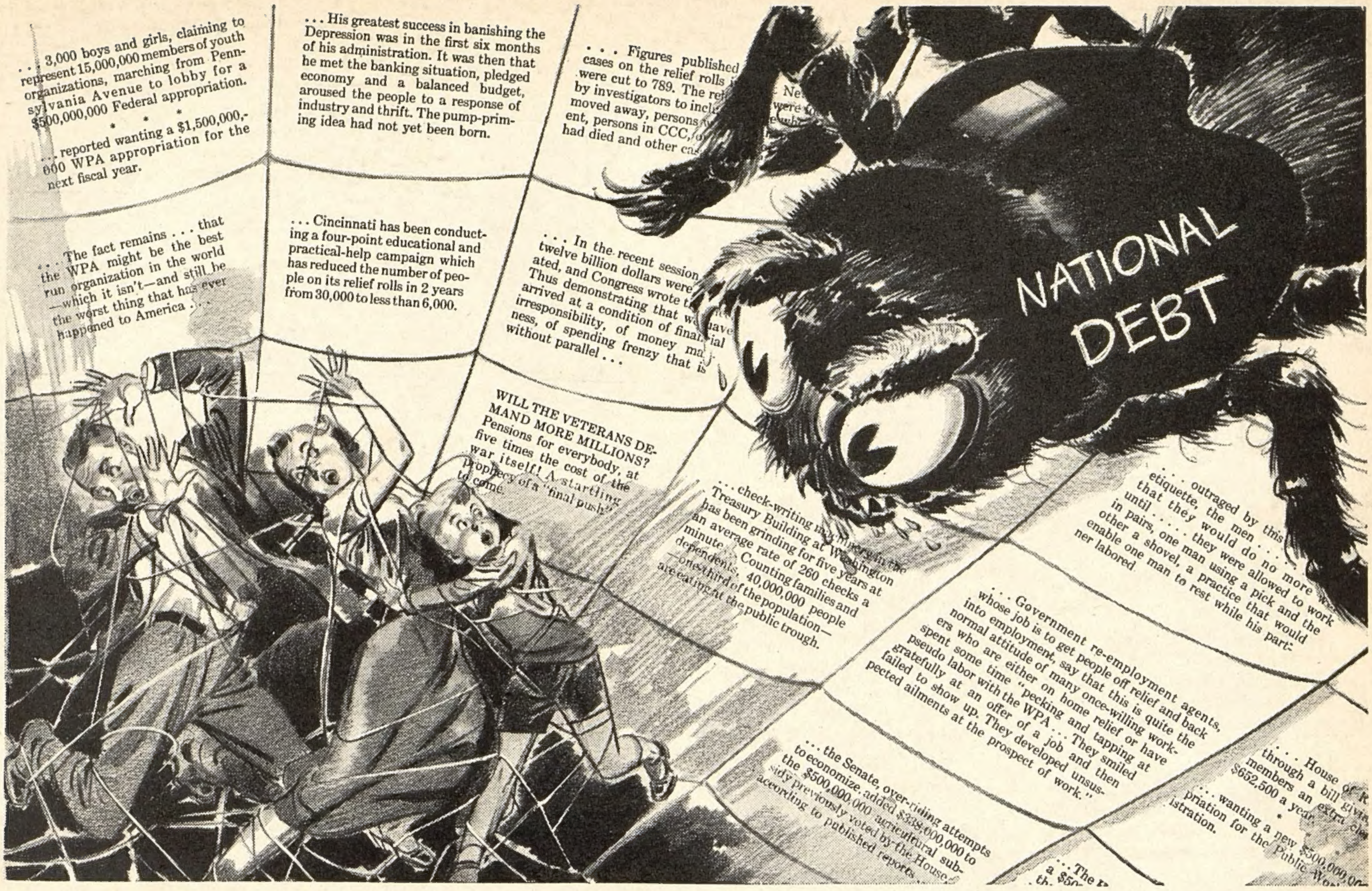
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MONTE CREWS


NATIONAL DEBT
. . . 3,000 boys and girls, claiming to represent 15,000,000 members of youth organizations, marching from Pennsylvania Avenue to lobby for a $500,000,000 Federal appropriation.
. . . reported wanting a $1,500,000,000 WPA appropriation for the next fiscal year.
. . . His greatest success in banishing the Depression was in the first six months of his administration. It was then that he met the banking situation, pledged economy and a balanced budget, aroused the people to a response of industry and thrift. The pump-priming idea had not yet been born.
. . . Figures published cases on the relief rolls were cut to 789. The re by investigators to incl moved away, persons ent, persons in CCC, had died and other ca
. . . The fact remains . . . that the WPA might be the best run organization in the world —which it isn't—and still be the worst thing that has ever happened to America . . .
. . . Cincinnati has been conducting a four-point educational and practical-help campaign which has reduced the number of people on its relief rolls in 2 years from 30,000 to less than 6,000.
. . . In the recent session twelve billion dollars were ated, and Congress wrote t Thus demonstrating that w have arrived at a condition of financial irresponsibility, of money ma ness, of spending frenzy that is without parallel . . .
WILL THE VETERANS DEMAND MORE MILLIONS? Pensions for everybody, at five times the cost of the war itself! A startling prophecy of a "final push" to come.
. . . check-writing machinery in the Treasury Building at Washington has been grinding for five years at an average rate of 260 checks a minute . . . Counting families and dependents, 40,000,000 people —one-third of the population— are eating at the public trough.
. . . outraged by this etiquette, the men . . . that they would do no more until . . . . they were allowed to work in pairs, one man using a pick and the other a shovel, a practice that would enable one man to rest while his partner labored.
. . . Government re-employment agents, whose job is to get people off relief and back into employment, say that this is quite the normal attitude of many once-willing workers who are either on home relief or have spent some time "pecking and tapping at pseudo labor with the WPA . . . They smiled gratefully at an offer of a job and then failed to show up. They developed unsuspected ailments at the prospect of work."
. . . the Senate, over-riding attempts to economize, added $338,000,000 to the $500,000,000 agricultural subsidy previously voted by the House, according to published reports
. . . House of R through a bill givi members an extra cle $652,500 a year.
. . . wanting a new $500,000,000 priation for the Public Wo istration.
. . . The a $50 th

YOUR LIBERTY . . . *a matter of arithmetic*

IF you want to ruin a young man, don't bother to make a drunkard of him . . . or steal his wife . . . or blackmail him. Those little activities might get *you* into trouble. There's a much simpler way—a "blameless" way:

Get him into debt. Get him in debt up to his ears. Make sure, year after year, that he spends more than he can earn. Watch him struggle as the debts pile up. Watch the creditors hound him. Watch worry wear him down. Watch his health fail. Watch him crack up!

Bearing this in mind, *Liberty Magazine* wonders if it hasn't occurred to some group—*interested in changing our American form of government, happy to find it so easy*—that THIS IS ALSO THE SURE-FIRE WAY TO RUIN A NATION.

Don't take *Liberty's* word for it . . . Read the history of other nations. Go back as far as ancient Rome, if you wish—then skip to modern Germany. HITLER GREW OUT OF THE SOUR SOIL OF FINANCIAL COLLAPSE.

Liberty is not questioning the integrity or motives of the top men in Washington. *Liberty* knows them to be sincere humanitarians, patriots. But *Liberty* is not so sure about some of the "help"—the advisors you didn't elect—the schemers of grandiose and *always costly* schemes.

Government spending has exceeded income by 1½ billion to 4½ billion *every year* for the last six years.

Any eighth-grade pupil knows that 2–3=*less than zero*—an absurdity in arithmetic.

Every year, the financial strength of our Government is "growing" just that way—*by shrinking to less and less than nothing*.

This is the kind of "growth" through which governments disappear.

Will it mean anything to you, personally, if our present Government should fail financially?

You'll lose more than your life savings and insurance.

YOU'LL LOSE THE GUARANTEES OF LIBERTY WHICH ARE YOURS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION—FOR THE CONSTITUTION WILL BE GONE WITH THE WIND.

That is why *Liberty*, week after week, is fighting editorially for what seems to have become a dead issue in Washington—A BALANCED BUDGET . . .

(*"Balanced budget?" says John Q. Citizen. "I don't like arithmetic. Turn on the radio."*)

Why *Liberty*—and its publisher, Bernarr Macfadden—are fighting for the day when Washington will say—NOT "how can we raise more money?"—but "how can we spend LESS?". . .

(*"Forty billion dollars?" says John Q. Citizen. "That's away over my head—but I guess those fellows down in Washington know what they're doing."*)

Why *Liberty* is fighting to augment the 2,500,000 families who read it with other millions of Americans WHOSE VOTES ARE NOT FOR SALE . . .

("Me *sell my vote?" says John Q. Citizen. "I'll slap you down! But if they cut my brother Ed off WPA—or don't kick through with my equalization check—watch me fix 'em next election!"*)

Why *Liberty* invites you to join this crusade to save Democracy . . . not from dictatorship, but from a nearer, more threatening foe. Save Democracy FROM ITSELF!

* * *

LIBERTY—American liberty as we know it and value it above all else—will end unless the deficits end. IT'S A MATTER OF ARITHMETIC.

give me **Liberty**

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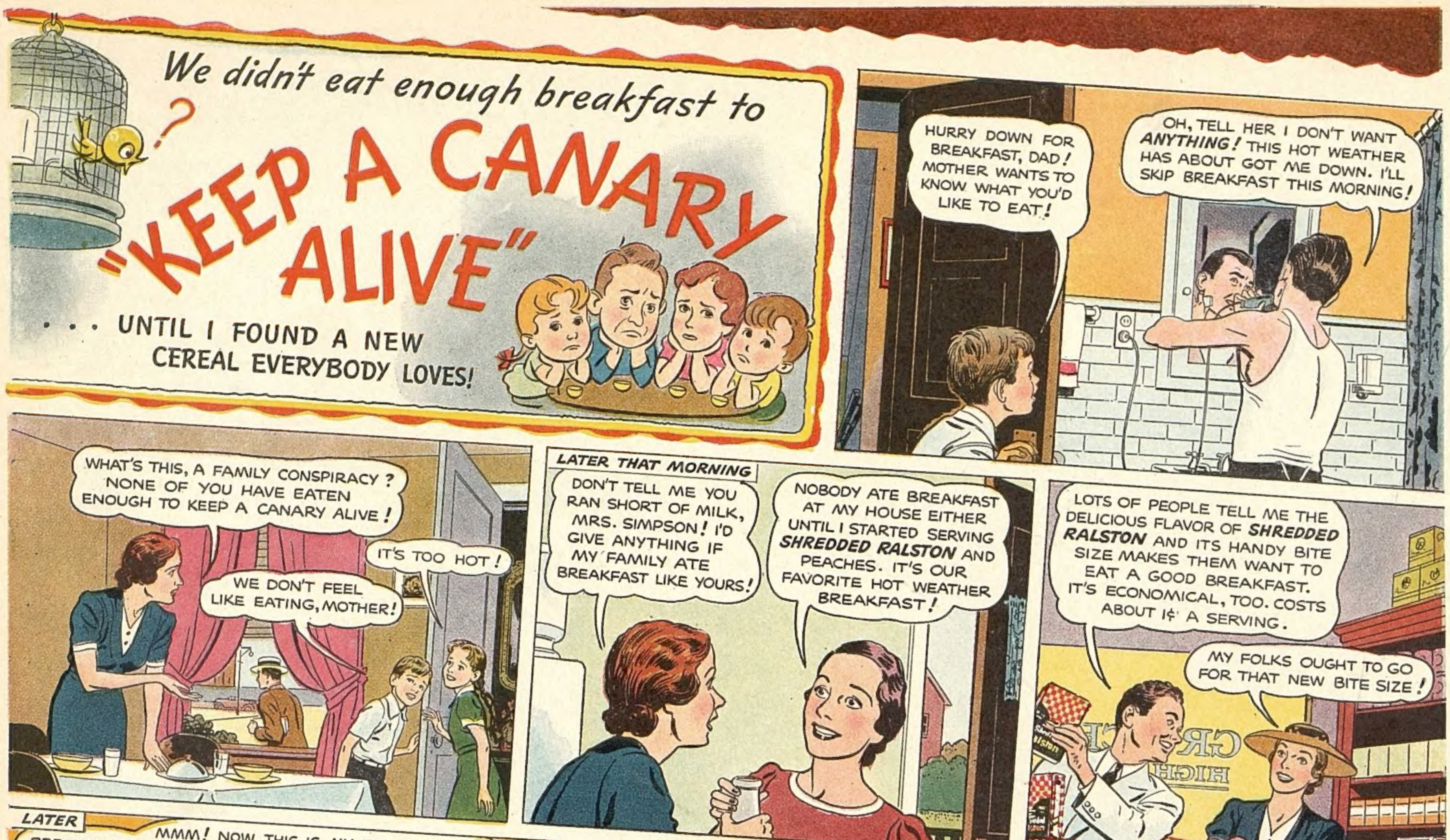
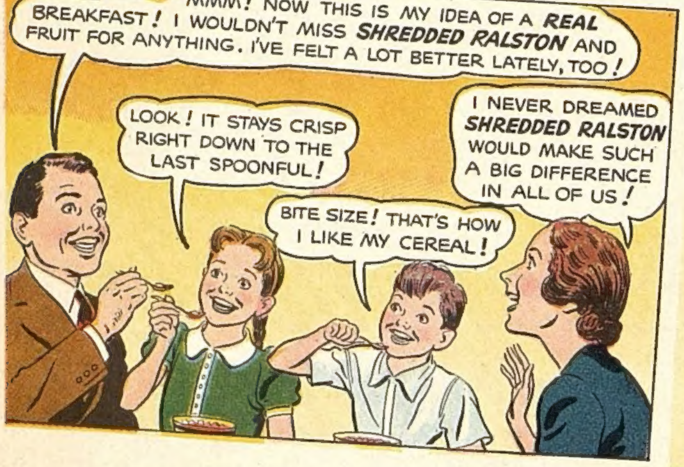

We didn't eat enough breakfast to
"KEEP A CANARY ALIVE"
. . . UNTIL I FOUND A NEW CEREAL EVERYBODY LOVES!
HURRY DOWN FOR BREAKFAST, DAD! MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO EAT!
OH, TELL HER I DON'T WANT ANYTHING! THIS HOT WEATHER HAS ABOUT GOT ME DOWN. I'LL SKIP BREAKFAST THIS MORNING!
WHAT'S THIS, A FAMILY CONSPIRACY? NONE OF YOU HAVE EATEN ENOUGH TO KEEP A CANARY ALIVE!
IT'S TOO HOT!
WE DON'T FEEL LIKE EATING, MOTHER!
LATER THAT MORNING
DON'T TELL ME YOU RAN SHORT OF MILK, MRS. SIMPSON! I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF MY FAMILY ATE BREAKFAST LIKE YOURS!
NOBODY ATE BREAKFAST AT MY HOUSE EITHER UNTIL I STARTED SERVING SHREDDED RALSTON AND PEACHES. IT'S OUR FAVORITE HOT WEATHER BREAKFAST!
LOTS OF PEOPLE TELL ME THE DELICIOUS FLAVOR OF SHREDDED RALSTON AND ITS HANDY BITE SIZE MAKES THEM WANT TO EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST. IT'S ECONOMICAL, TOO. COSTS ABOUT 1¢ A SERVING.
MY FOLKS OUGHT TO GO FOR THAT NEW BITE SIZE!


LATER
MMM! NOW THIS IS MY IDEA OF A REAL BREAKFAST! I WOULDN'T MISS SHREDDED RALSTON AND FRUIT FOR ANYTHING. I'VE FELT A LOT BETTER LATELY, TOO!
LOOK! IT STAYS CRISP RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST SPOONFUL!
I NEVER DREAMED SHREDDED RALSTON WOULD MAKE SUCH A BIG DIFFERENCE IN ALL OF US!
BITE SIZE! THAT'S HOW I LIKE MY CEREAL!

IDA JEAN KAIN, dietitian, lecturer and columnist on dietetics, says:

Shredded Ralston with milk and fruit is an excellent way to stimulate poor appetites. The tempting flavor and novel bite size of this delicious cereal make us want to eat breakfast—a meal too often slighted these days. The whole wheat in Shredded Ralston provides quick energy, and other food elements we need every day to keep us feeling fit and regular.

IT'S BITE SIZE

TUNE IN! THE INSIDE STORY

Radio's sensational new program. Thrilling inside facts about the news behind the news . . . famous men and women in person.

NBC Blue Network Every Tues. Evening

Shredded Ralston
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston

TRY SHREDDED RALSTON AND PEACHES . . . SUMMER'S "FLAVORITE" BREAKFAST